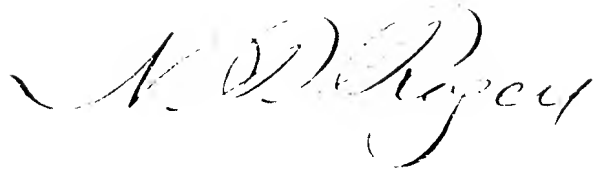

A

COLLECTION

FROM

THE NEWSPAPER WRITINGS

OF

NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS.

CONCORD:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN R. FRENCH.

.....

1847.

B

"The world is out of tune now.—But it will be tuned again, and all discord become harmony.—When Slavery and War are abolished, and hanging and imprisoning, and all hatred and distrust—when the strife of humanity shall be, who will love most and help the readiest; when the tyrant steeple shall no longer tower, in sky-aspiring contempt of humanity's cowering dwellings about its base; when pulpits and priests, and hangmen and generals, gibbets and jails shall have vanished from the delivered earth, then shall be heard music here, where they used to stand. The hills shall then break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

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CONCORD, N. H.
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY MORRILL, SILSBY AND CO.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In collecting, from the abundance of Mr. Rogers' newspaper writings, articles sufficient to fill the proposed "volume of four hundred pages," the constant difficulty has been to decide "*What shall be omitted?*" All the productions of his peerless pen, scattered with such generous profusion through various newspaper columns—all are worthy of more permanent and extensive circulation. Where *all* are so beautifully in earnest and so full of important thoughts, a *se*lection is not to be made, and so a *col*lection, only, has been attempted. The articles composing this volume have no peculiar excellency of style or sentiment over scores of others standing by their side in the columns from whence they were taken. The aim has been to take such as, from the *subjects* treated of, might interest the greater number of the friends of the lamented author, and such too as seemed fitted peculiarly for still further work in advancing the great interests to which their author gave the last years of his life with such complete devotion. No attempt has been made to establish a *consistent* character for our friend, for "*consistency*" was no part of his aim while living; constant, uninterrupted progress—GOING FORWARD—the reader will notice; never anxious for the sentiment spoken yesterday, but always careful to give utterance to the honest convictions of the hour. Such was he in life—let such be his reputation now that he rests from his labors.

It may be due to the memory of our friend to say here, for the information of such as may read this volume, and who were not of his intimate acquaintance, that some of his associates in the Anti-Slavery cause, who are fre-

quently spoken of in these pages in warm commendation, he was afterward, from further acquaintance and trial, forced to regard as men and women of very different character. William Lloyd Garrison, especially—a name that will be met with often in this volume coupled with utterance of the most affectionate and enthusiastic esteem—Mr. Rogers, during the last two years of his life, was under the mortifying and painful necessity of holding in very decidedly different estimation. Our friend carried a warm and trustful heart; never looking for selfishness and ambition in others, knowing none himself, he often had to drink of the bitter cup of unappreciated disinterestedness, and partake of the mortification of unworthily bestowed commendation.

Many articles that friends have desired should appear in this collection, from fear of swelling the volume to an undue size and expense, we have been obliged reluctantly to omit. It is possible that another collection of Mr. Rogers' newspaper writings may be made and published at a future day.

J. R. F.

Plymouth, 24 June, 1847.

CONTENTS.

Page.

Introduction ix
"The Presence of God" 1
The Discussion 5
Call to a Convention 9
Patience of Abolitionists 11
Dr. Farmer dead 13
Constitutionality of Slavery,—Keene Sentinel 15
Colonization Love and "Logic,"—Rev. R. R. Gurley 21
Eclipse of the Sun 25
Balloon Ascension 27
George Thompson 29
Limitations of Human Responsibilities,—Dr. Wayland 31
Jaunt to Vermont 34
Dr. Francis Wayland 39
Color-phobia 44
The New Hampshire Courier 47
Colonization 48
The New Hampshire Patriot 51
Reverend Ralph Randolph Gurley,—Elliot Cresson 54
Ichabod Bartlett,—Osceola 56
Massachusetts,—The Liberator 59
Anti-Slavery Divisions 62
War with Great Britain 65
Unparalleled Outrage 66
Extract of Letter from Durham 70
Emancipation in the West Indies 73
The African Strangers 75
Cingues 78
Pierpont ejected from the Pulpit 80
The North Star 82
The Monthly Miscellany,—"Slavery as it is" 84
The Fifteen-Gallon Law 87
Anti-Slavery 89
The World's Convention 91

Letter from Edinburgh 93
To the Abolitionists of New Hampshire, on return from Europe..... 96
Ride over "The Border" 102
Daniel Webster 105
Wincobank Hall,—James Montgomery 106
Wentworth House and Park 109
Ride into Edinburgh,—Melrose Abbey,—Abbotsford 113
Letter to Editorial Chair 118
Pro-Slavery "Excommunication" 121
Correspondence with Pierpont 122
"Ailsa Craig" 128
Extract of a Letter,—Philadelphia 135
Meetings at New York,—Harriet Lloyd 138
"Tales of Oppression,"—Isaac T. Hopper,—James S. Gibbons 140
Mary Clark 143
Proceedings of the Annual Meeting 144
Trees 146
Salem,—Newburyport,—Whitefield 153
Anti-Slavery Jaunt to the Mountains,—Meeting at Plymouth,—North Hill,—Baker's River,—Franconia Notch,—The Flume,—The "Old Man of the Mountain,"—Convention at Littleton,—Fabyan's Tin Horn,—Ride up Mount Washington,—"The Willey House" 157
Poetry 194
Sectarian Worship 196
Rhode Island Meeting,—Public Buildings in Providence,—Frederick Douglass 197
Lecture on Elocution 206
Clerical "Jugglery" 208
Poetry 210
British Abolitionism 213
Anti-Slavery 219
Church and State 221
Cobbett's American Gardener 227
At Home again.—Lynn,—Swamscott,—Marblehead 230
Bell-Ringing 232
Great Meeting-House Eruption 234
Newburyport Jail,—Thomas Parnell Beach 241
The Hutchinson Singers 244
Speech 247
The Boston Miscellany 248
Richard D. Webb 250
Labor 255
Spring 259

The stultifying Power of Superstition,—Daniel O'Connell.....261
Politics.....263
"Shakespeare Gallery".....266
O'Connell.....270
The Hutchinsons.....272
"The Tigers".....274
"Muster".....275
Authority.....280
Property.....285
Macbeth.....288
Letter from Plymouth,—Woburn Butchers,—The Hutchinsons.....290
The Anti-Slavery Platform.....292
Letter from Plymouth.....294
Funeral at Sea.....296
The Jews and Holy Land.....301
"Pen and Ink Sketches,"—Byron.....304
The Anti-Slavery Movement.....307
Letter from Plymouth.....309
The Great Question of the Age.....311
"You are before the Age".....314
Aristocracy.....317
The Learned Blacksmith.....320
It rains.....322
The Legislature.....324
"High Rock".....327
Letter from Plymouth,—The Franconia Mountains.....329
"The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,"—George Bradburn,—Lysander Spooner's Essay.....332
The American Board.....337
"The Rights of Animals".....339
"Infidelity".....340
Thanksgiving.....341
Reply to "H. O. S.".....343
The "Attic Weaver".....350
Henry Brown,—Crayon Portraits.....352
Thoughts on the Death Penalty, by C. C. Burleigh.....355
Instrumentalities.....357
Letter from Lynn.....359
War.....363
The Death of Torrey.....366
"Pastoral Convention".....370
Tilling the Ground.....373
Bursting of the Paixhan Gun.....375
Free Speech.....377

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting to the public a volume of the miscellaneous writings of Nathaniel P. Rogers, his family and friends feel that they are meeting a demand, often and earnestly pressed upon them, and, at the same time, contributing something to the cause for which he made great sacrifices, and devoted his highest powers and the best years of his life.

To all those who are interested in the writer's reputation, it is a matter of deep regret that his own life was not spared either to make the selection himself, or at least to let a selection, made by another, pass under his eye, and have the benefit of his own judgment, as to the pieces upon which he would be most willing to rest his claim upon the grateful regards of those who should commune with his spirit when his body should be

"Commingling slowly with its mother earth."

Yet, even had he lived, it is doubtful whether he would ever have been induced to do for himself, what his friends have here attempted to do for him. He was more mindful of the good of others, than of his own fame. And it was more in accordance with his nature to produce and cast abroad the gems of thought, feeling and imagination, than to gather them up and arrange them in a cabinet for his own gratification, or the admiration even of his friends. But the treasures that he scattered with a liberal, and, for his health and life, quite too prodigal a hand, will be like choice seed, which, sown in a strong soil, not cultivated enough to be quite ready for it, will yet strike its roots and live, and the field into which it is cast will yet feel its virtue, and be subdued and fertilized by it. Rogers wrote, as he did every thing else, for humanity, not for fame. He consulted the good of the future, ' the fashion of the present; and his claims to the regard, even of the future, he chose to rest rather upon help given to those who "could not help themselves," than upon the good opinion of critics or literary connoisseurs.

Whoever reads this book, will see that it was written by an earnest, and therefore an honest man; a man whose soul was alive to the work to which he put his hand; and who expected not, and asked not, the applause of a sensual and servile age. He sought rather to gratify the cravings of his own fervent spirit, that glowed with love and pity

for those who were "despised and rejected of men;" and he did this, *knowing* that if "the world and they that are therein," have a Creator, who careth for his work, he cannot be indifferent to the welfare of the oppressed and enslaved, and that he *must* approve—as ultimately he will prosper—the labors of such as "preach deliverance to the captive, and set at liberty them that are bruised."

Our friend *might* have worn, but he did not "wear soft raiment, or dwell in kings' houses." Lazarus-like, here "he received evil things." He might have received "good things," or what in the world pass for such, had he pleased. With his hands full of talents, that he might have readily caused to be coined into golden eagles, for the sake of the slave "he became poor." He might have died under a silken canopy, and been followed to the grave far otherwise than he was. But, with his eyes wide open, he chose the course of a confessor and martyr; and, as a natural consequence, he drank a confessor's—a martyr's cup. He drank of that cup, especially, for several of the last years of his life. He drank it to the very dregs, during its closing hours;—drank it *like* a martyr—like a man.

And why should he not? A martyr's blood ran in his veins. He was a lineal descendant from that "John Rogers who was burnt at Smithfield, during the reign of Queen Mary;" nor had the blood that was shed, nor the spirit that was then tried in the baptism of fire, degenerated by its transmission from the old martyr's stake at Smithfield, to the modern *Abolitionist's* death-bed at Concord.*

I loved too well, and have lamented too deeply, this noble-spirited man, this sensitive child of genius, this self-sacrificing philanthropist, to

* While Mr. Rogers was in London, in attendance upon the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," in 1840, he was careful to go upon the ground at Smithfield,—now a cattle market—that was sanctified, in his sight, and that of all men who know where true greatness lies, by the martyrdom of his illustrious ancestor.

It may be interesting to some of Mr. Rogers' friends to trace the descent of the Smithfield blood and spirit through the successive generations; to gratify this desire, we have attempted to hunt up the genealogy of the family, which is here given as fully and correctly as we have been able to ascertain it.

1. John Rogers, the Martyr.

2. Nine or ten children; which number appears uncertain

3. Rev. John Rogers, of Dedham, England, a son of one of them, died 18 October, 1639, aged 67. His son,

4. Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, was born 1598, came to New England in 1636, and settled in Ipswich, Mass., where he died 3 July, 1655, aged 57. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Robert Crane, of Coggeshall, England; and she died 23 January, 1676. His children were,

5. John, President of Harvard College in 1682, died 2 July, 1684, aged 54; a

allow me to refuse the office, which, I learn from his afflicted widow, his cherished friendship assigned to me before his death. Speaking of the contemplated volume of Extracts from his writings, she says, in a note to me, "He began to prepare it, at the request of a number of his friends, some months before his death; and he often expressed his

daughter; Nathaniel, who died in 1680, without issue; Samuel, who married Sarah Wade, 13 November, 1661, and died 21 December, 1693; Timothy; and Ezekiel, who had several children, (Nathaniel, Ezekiel, Timothy and Samuel) and died in 1674.

The John Rogers who was President of Harvard College, had a son John, who was pastor of the first church in Ipswich, and died 28 Dec. 1745, in his 80th year. The latter had a son Daniel, who was pastor of a church in Exeter, N. H., and died 9 December, 1785, aged 78, and a son Nathaniel, who was pastor of the first church in Portsmouth, N. H.

6. Jeremiah Rogers, of Salem, Mass., who died 1729–30, was the ancestor of N. P. Rogers, and was probably a son of the Samuel or Timothy mentioned in 5. or else a grandson of Samuel, Timothy or Ezekiel; but at this time, and with the imperfect state of the records, it is supposed impossible to make this certain. His wife was Dorcas. That Jeremiah Rogers was a grandson of Rev. Nathaniel, of Ipswich, is attested on tradition. His granddaughter, Susanna, was the wife of Dr. Jacob Peabody, and mother of the late General Nathaniel Peabody, of Exeter, N. H. Jeremiah's son,

7. Rev. John Rogers was born at Salem, 22 November, 1684, graduated at Harvard College in 1705, and was ordained the minister of Boxford. He died at Leominster, 17 August, 1755, in his 71st year. His wife was Susanna, daughter of Capt. Manasseh Marston, of Salem. She was born 29 April, 1687, and died at Salem, 22 October, 1757, aged 70. They were married 24 March, 1709. The children were Susanna, John, Benjamin, Mehitabel, Nathaniel, Lydia and Eunice. Their son,

8. Rev. John Rogers, was born at Boxford, Mass., 24 September, 1712; was ordained the first minister of Leominster, 14 September, 1744; was dismissed, January, 1758, and died in October, 1789, aged 77. His son,

9. Dr. John Rogers, was born at Leominster, Mass., 27 March, 1755; graduated at Harvard College in 1776; settled in Plymouth, N. H., as a physician, and was eminent in his profession, and well known for his poetical talents. His wife was Betsy Mulliken, of Bradford, Mass. He died 8 March, 1814, aged 59. Their fifth child was

NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS, who, it will be seen, was one of the tenth generation from him who is so well known as the "first in that blessed company of martyrs who suffered in the reign of the bigoted Mary." The blood of the Martyr flowed pure and in liberal measure in the son even thus distantly removed. Not only did "heart answer to heart," but wonderfully did "face answer to face." Those who have seen both our deceased friend and a well-preserved portrait of the Martyr, hanging in one of the halls of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, cannot have failed to notice the great resemblance in the shape of the face and head, in the eye, the complexion, and the general expression of the two men

intention to request you to furnish an Introduction;—and I cannot but believe it would be gratifying to you to do it, especially as it was a favorite idea of the dear departed, whose attachment to yourself was both fervent and sincere."

Yet I know myself too well not to know that I shall best discharge the duty assigned me by letting others, who were more constantly in his society, and more closely allied to him than myself, speak in my stead. Being more frequently in his presence, laboring under his eye in the same cause, and partaking largely of his spirit—seeing how manfully he bore his cross while he lived and suffered, and how calmly, after all his labors and sufferings, he could die,—the language in which they speak of our common friend, is much more touching, because much more true to nature, than any that, without their aid, I could command. Much of what follows, therefore, is compiled from an obituary notice of Mr. Rogers, from the pen of John R. French, which appeared in "The Herald of Freedom" of Oct. 23, 1846, and from an article by Richard Hildreth, inserted in the same paper, from the Boston Chronotype, and a few other brief notices, transferred from other journals into the same number of the Herald.

Mr. Rogers was a son of Dr. John Rogers, of Plymouth, N. H., where he was born, June 3, 1794; consequently, he was fifty-two years of age at the time of his death. His father was a highly respectable physician, a man of brilliant intellect and superior education,—a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1777, and a son of the Rev. John Rogers of Leominster, Mass.,—a clergyman in his day somewhat celebrated for his talents and independence in religious faith, and for his rebellion against ecclesiastical domination.

Mr. Rogers' mother, an intelligent and quite active old lady, still lives, at the advanced age of eighty-six, to mourn the son of her strong affection. The only desire longer to live, expressed by our friend during his sickness was, that he might minister to the wants and comfort of his mother, in the decline of her life; and the only request that he left to his family was, that they would do all in their power to make her happy.

The subject of this notice entered Dartmouth College in 1811, but, after remaining one year, was, through ill health, obliged to leave. He afterwards returned, and, in 1816, took his degree with the class next below that with which he entered. He immediately afterwards entered upon the study of the law; spending two years with Richard Fletcher, then of Salisbury, N. H., now of Boston; and one year with Parker Noyes, also of Salisbury. He then commenced the practice of his profession in his native village, where he remained for twenty years, a diligent and successful lawyer. With an instinctive delicacy,—which,

while it was one of the ornaments of his character, kept all but his intimate friends in ignorance of his ability,—he shrunk from the rude encounter of the forum, and was seldom known as a pleader. But, so accurate was his knowledge of the law, and so industrious and shrewd was he in his business, that a client's success was always calculated upon from the moment that *his* assistance was secured.

The mind of our deceased friend was severely and beautifully disciplined. Enriched by a greedy and enthusiastic reading of the book of Nature, and made to love its pages, not only by his delicate and poetic organization, but by the beauty and sublimity of some of the finest scenery on the earth's surface, in the midst of which he had his birth, it had been cultivated by familiarity with the great writers of both ancient and modern times. But for the last ten years of his life, Mr. Rogers had almost entirely given up the reading of books, and turned his whole attention to the condition of men, in their various circumstances of suffering and oppression.

His susceptible heart was among the first to be touched, especially, by the wrongs of the slave. He entered into the Anti-Slavery controversy with great zeal, and presently removed to Concord, for the purpose of more conveniently publishing the "Herald of Freedom," which he edited for some years, with very slight, if any compensation, devoting the whole of his available time to the cause. This paper purported, during a portion of this period, to be under the patronage of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society. But it owed all its interest, and, in fact, its very existence, to the brilliant contributions and disinterested labors of Mr. Rogers.

To the readers of the "Herald of Freedom" nothing need be said of his ability. "As a newspaper writer, we think him unequalled by any living man; and in the general strength, clearness and quickness of his intellect, we think that all who knew him well, will agree with us, that he was not excelled by any editor in this country. His facility in writing was perfectly wonderful. His articles were always written with a rapidity which few can ever attain. Never under the necessity of waiting for the coming up of a thought, or for the arranging of a sentence, his pen seemed to be driven forward by the impetuous current of his thoughts, the fountains of which seemed never to be exhausted. When writing for his paper, the limits of his columns were the only limits to his articles; and during the time of his editing, probably as much that he wrote was omitted for want of room, as was printed. ""

Mr. Rogers, following the lead of Mr. Garrison, became a Non-resistant. He also, along with Mr. Garrison, loudly appealed to the Church, for aid. Of this, he had become an ardent and devoted mem-

ber; and, educated in the idea that to the Church we must look for the salvation of humanity, to whom, or to what, but the Church—it was natural for him to ask—shall we look for the redemption of the enslaved millions of our land? But the response that he met from that quarter—so unexpected and so mortifying—led him, as it has led many others, to review his opinions, and to inquire by what title, and by what authority, the Church claims to decide all questions of right and wrong. He came to the conclusion that "the Church" is a mere self-constituted association of individuals, whose claim to particular election, special inspiration, or peculiar divine guidance, is without any solid foundation.

Mr. Rogers had been educated in the most profound reverence for the Bible. But having once entered on the path of free inquiry, he did not shrink nor give back. He concluded, after much reflection, that all moral questions are to be decided by an appeal to reason and conscience, not by texts from ancient writings in Hebrew and Greek—texts, often quite as likely to perplex as to enlighten—however tradition may ascribe to those writings a mysterious or sacred character. At these conclusions our friend arrived, in company with many of his associates in the Anti-Slavery movement; though not all of them, perhaps, were quite so free and candid as himself in the avowal of them.

But upon another point, Mr. Rogers had the fortune to differ from some of his former associates; and a consequent coolness took place between them, which was never wholly removed. He refused to adopt the new war-cry lifted up by Mr. Garrison—"No union with slave-holders." He could bring his lips only to say, "No union with slave-holding." He looked upon Anti-Slavery as exclusively a moral agitation, and felt that its high office was degraded by connecting it with party politics, or with a political party. He was a thorough, and meant to be a consistent, Non-resistant. As such, he warmly condemned the formation of the "Liberty Party;" and having denounced the "Third Party," he did not feel himself inclined to join a Fourth, and, with it, or in it, to commence an agitation for the dissolution of the Union, even though that party was headed by Mr. Garrison. He went farther. Having, in company with his non-resistant friends, repudiated all political organization, by following out the same principle, he became an advocate for "free meetings," and opposed putting the Anti-Slavery movement under the guardianship and control of Chairmen, Committees and Boards. Disquieted by this inconvenient consistency, and this thorough carrying out of his non-resistant principles, his non-resistant friends in Massachusetts, consulting and co-operating with some of those in New Hampshire, decided that the property of the "Herald of Freedom" was not in him, but in the Board of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society.

It is not my purpose to enter into the question of the right or wrong of this decision.

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

I have neither the means, nor the power, nor the wish, to act as umpire in the case. I have friends whom I truly love and honor, on each side of the question, and I have observation and experience enough of human infirmity, and of the liability of the best men to err in their judgments, when deciding questions that deeply interest the feelings, to allow me to believe, as in this case I do believe, that both parties were honest in forming and in practically carrying out their judgments as to the right in this trying and keenly contested case.

But Mr. Rogers felt that he was wronged:—more yet—that he had been wounded in the house of his friends;—that they, with whom, for years, he had taken sweet counsel, had lifted up the heel against him. He had looked upon the "Herald of Freedom" as his own child. He had watched over it early and late. He had rocked its cradle alone during long night watches. He had dandled it upon his knee, when he was himself worn and weary in laboring to feed it. And when he did lie down to rest, it lay in his bosom—the object nearest to his heart. He had given it its life and his own;—had stamped upon it "the image of himself,"—made it glow with the fire of his own genius, and taught it to go forth into the world and do battle for the RIGHT, with his own brave spirit. He thought that it was his own child. But when his former friends decided that it was not; that he was but the foster-father of the young mountain genius;—though they told him that they wished him still to act as such,—still to feed and clothe it, and let it bear his name—he *could* not. The tie that had bound him to it was broken. It could never again be to him what it had been, and he withdrew himself from all further care of it, with a desolation of heart that, under no event of his life, had he ever felt before. The same shaft that thus struck the heart of the brave Mountain Eagle, broke also his wing. Though his spirit was unconquered, and, to the last, had the same high aim, the poor flesh was unequal to do its bidding. He never soared, afterwards, as he had done; and though, in conjunction with the former publisher of the "Herald of Freedom," he edited and published another paper, devoted to the same cause to which he had already given and sacrificed so much, yet he could never make the second paper what the first had been, and even a stranger could see that its editor felt himself a wronged and broken-hearted man.

It is unpleasant to me to say these things; but, in the words of Mr. Hildreth, "they are essential to a true understanding of the character

of Mr. Rogers. Tender and gentle, he was yet firm as a rock, neither to be cajoled, brow-beaten, nor driven. Ardent, keen, speaking out his whole mind, there was nothing about him of savage selfishness, or sectarian malice. Cant and humbug, of which so large a share enters into most newspaper compositions, were to him totally unknown."

While suffering from sickness and from abandonment by his former friends, Mr. Rogers had the additional misfortune to find his young and numerous family, through the failure of a relative, to whose hands a large part of his property was entrusted, suddenly deprived of the provision that his industry had made for their education and support. But amid all these sources of irritation, he remained gentle, collected, firm and hopeful as ever. He wrote for "The Herald of Freedom" even with increased diligence; with occasional severity, indeed, yet his sharpest articles were but the brilliant corruscations of indignant genius, and the bitterest were but the true expressions of an honest and uncompromising hatred of wrong. Whatever else there might be found in his columns, you would encounter no dull dribblings of a heart hardened with selfishness, or festering with party spirit.

Even among the weakness and sufferings of the summer immediately before his death, as a means, in part, of procuring bread for his children, he wrote the series of "Letters from the Old Man of the Mountain," published in the New York Tribune, which made him known to many who never saw "The Herald of Freedom." A part of the same summer he spent in Lynn, near Boston, whither he went, early in July, to visit his few friends there, and to meet "the Hutchinsons," who were then daily expected from Europe. In a few days after his arrival at Lynn, the disarrangement of his physical system, from which he had been a sufferer for thirty-five years, began to assume a more obstinate and fearful character. When about seventeen years of age, by too violent a participation in the exercise of "foot-ball," during his college life, he injured his side and stomach, which then occasioned a year's severe illness, resulting in chronic dyspepsia, which, together with the derangement of the other sympathetic organs, entailed upon him long years of suffering, and now seemed to be about to finish the work that had been given it to do. He remained at Lynn, and with his friend Rev. Mr. Sargent, of Somerville, some six weeks, being unable during that time, to undertake the journey home. Yet such was his desire to be doing good, and to work while the day lasted, that notwithstanding his weakness and pain, he every week furnished a large quota of the editorial matter for the "Lynn Pioneer," which labor, during Mr. Clapp's absence in Europe, he had taken upon his weak but willing shoulders, besides attending and taking part in many Anti-Slavery, Temperance,

and other reformatory meetings, that were held in Lynn and its vicinity.

After returning home, Mr. Rogers left his house but a few times. His pains soon became of the most acute character, and continued, without intermission, until about two weeks of his death. So intense was his suffering, that before the close of August his family were in constant expectation of his death. How he was enabled to sustain the conflict, through the long and painful hours of the last six weeks of his life, was a wonder to all who were acquainted with his condition. More wonderful still was it, that his mind, through all the distress of his body, never, for an instant, faltered.

From the commencement of his sickness, he was confident that death was to be the result, and spoke of his expectation of the event as calmly and bravely as he ever spoke of any incident of his life. A few days before his death, on observing one of his family in tears at his bed-side, he remarked that he was happy, and wished his family to be so, and to continue about their ordinary duties, just as if he were with them. To the hour of his death he retained an unabated interest in all that was doing in the world for the good of man. His constant inquiries were concerning the progress and state of the various philanthropic movements of the day, and for the health and doings of the friends with whom he had been associated in their common labors of benevolence. So strong was his desire still to be in the conflict for the RIGHT, and for those who have no helper, that when his hand had become too weak to hold his pen, he would dictate articles for the press, and ask some friend, standing by his bed, to commit his thoughts to paper; and it was only by the earnest remonstrances and entreaties of his friends, who found that these efforts increased the nervous excitement, from which he suffered greatly through all his sickness, that he was, at last, prevailed upon to quit the battle-field.

The friends of Mr. Rogers had seen, for years before, that the excitement and labors of the Anti-Slavery reform were fast wearing him out; and that his great mental activity was an overmatch for the delicacy and nervous sensitiveness of his physical system. But his deep love for the friendless slave, as well as his truly christian interest in the welfare of those who hold him in his chains, together with his devotion to the general cause of freedom and right, left little room in his heart—large as it was—for thought or care for himself. The alienation of old friends, and the feeling that some who had once loved him, and who, he felt, ought to love him then better than they had ever done, were now finally and hopelessly estranged from him, cast a shade of sadness over the evening of his life, and, doubtless, hastened the going down of his sun.

But from this, again, I turn, with something of the sadness and sorrow which one cannot but feel on seeing good and loving hearts torn—and one or both of them broken in being torn—asunder.

On Friday, Oct. 16, with the falling of the leaves, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers breathed his last. Without a struggle, without any of "the pains of death"—without a fear or a regret,—in the full, unimpaired enjoyment of his intellect and all his senses,—with his family and a few dear friends around him, his life went out, gently and quietly as fades the light of a summer's evening. At times, his bodily distress had been excruciating, causing him to cry out; yet his mind, never at rest, would draw food for thought even from his own physical sufferings. The Sunday night before his death,—a friend watching with him—in a paroxysm of his suffering, he exclaimed, "O dear!"—then, seeming to reflect upon his own exclamation, he repeated it, and said, "That's the cry now This is the closing up of my terrible labors." The friend replied that it must be a consolation to him to consider that he had not sacrificed himself in vain—that many had been blessed by his labors. Mr. Rogers said, "O yes, my dear N——; it sustains me unspeakably,—the reflection that I have acted right."

During his sickness he had suffered greatly from the want of sleep, and the night before his death he had not slept at all. This day, consequently, he was more feeble than he had been any day before. He evidently suffered much, but made no complaint; and, owing to his extreme weakness, he conversed but little with the friends that stood about his bed. His remaining strength seemed gradually to decrease, so gradually, indeed, that it was impossible to mark the moment when he ceased to breathe. But his mind, during the day, and up to the last moment, as, without any exception, it had been through all his sickness, was clear, calm and strong, as in the strongest hour of his life.

A short time before his death, he desired that some one would go and ask Judson Hutchinson, who was in town, to come and sing to him. While waiting for his friend, he requested one of his daughters to sing him Samuel Lover's beautiful song, "The Angels' Whisper." In the singing, a word was accented wrong, which he immediately indicated by whispering the word with the correct accent; thus giving evidence, at once, of the calm and natural state of his mind, and of his undying desire to have every thing, that was done, done right.

At the close of the song, he was asked whether Hutchinson, who had arrived during the singing, should come into the room. He spoke not, but made a slight motion of his hand, that was lying upon the pillow, which attracted attention, and, from the peculiar manner in which his eyes were fixed upon a window, opposite to his bed, it was seen that the event that had, for weeks, been expected, was about to take place.

His oldest brother, who is a physician, and who had been with him several weeks during his sickness, was called in from an adjoining room. He spoke to his brother, and asked if he knew him. The dying man turned his eyes to the speaker, and, with emotion, calling him by name, replied, "Certainly," and then asked his wife, who was standing by, whether he understood his brother right, and why he had asked that question. In about ten minutes, with no other word, or a groan, or the moving of a muscle, "he was not, for God had taken him."*

"On Sunday afternoon," says Mr. French, "a few neighbors and friends met at his late house, and, after an hour spent in social conversation, in which we relieved each other's sorrow by a remembrance of the virtuous life and calm death of our departed friend, we took his lifeless body and buried it in a retired corner of the village grave-yard, beneath the sheltering shade of a kindly clump of oaks. In the same yard are buried KIMBALL and CADY, the two noble men who were the Editors of the Herald, previous to Mr. Rogers' connexion with it. The paper has been published but eleven years, yet the three men who have conducted its columns, have passed from life,—two of them while in its service. An admonition to us, who are left, to be diligent in the work that is given us to do.

"From the establishment of the Herald, in 1835, Mr. Rogers had constantly furnished communications for its columns. He assumed the editorial care of the paper, the last week of June, 1838, and furnished his last copy the last week of June, the present year, [1846.] The amount of labor and thought that he has given through the columns of the Herald, its readers, for the eight years, well know. In addition to his tireless labors upon the Herald, he had, one year, edited the 'National Anti-Slavery Standard,' and, the past summer, had furnished the editorial for the 'Lynn Pioneer;' and for the eight years, had been in the habit of furnishing articles for various other papers; and was always ready, when his friends called, to attend Anti-Slavery meetings in all parts of New England; never consulting his own interests, but always the desires of his friends and the necessities of the cause."

Mr. French, to whom I am indebted for most of the facts, and for much of the language of these pages, says, in the same number of "The Herald of Freedom" that contains his obituary notice of the subject of this sketch, "Weary of contact with a world that gave him so little sympathy, Mr. Rogers, the last spring, purchased himself a small, but very beautiful farm, in a retired nook of his own native Pemigewasset valley; whither he was intending to remove, with his family, at about

* Heb. xi. 5.

the time of his decease. The world gave him not only little sympathy, but also little bread for his children. Upon his land he would be able—that was his hope—to procure the means of living; and, thus relieved from the cankering care and perplexity that were preying upon his life, and removed from the chilling intercourse of the world, which so little understood him, he hoped that he might be able to think deeper and clearer, and to wield his pen with a stronger heart. During the past summer, his thoughts were constantly upon his mountain retreat, where, in the quiet enjoyment of his most deeply cherished family, and amid the familiar scenes of his younger days, and in the healthful pursuits of agriculture, he was promising himself happy rest from the storm that had been tossing his shattered vessel for the last six years. But, alas! how uncertain are all man's hopes!"

True, he found not *that* "happy rest,"—but I doubt not, nor can I doubt, that he has found a happier one than that,—happier than even his affectionate heart, that clung so lovingly to his happy home, ever painted:—I mean, "the rest that remaineth to the people of God."*

But do I not forget that he was an "Infidel?" nay, that he was "an Excommunicated person?"—O, no. If to be an unbeliever in a religion—by whatever name you may baptize it—that expends itself upon catechisms and creeds, in church organizations and observances, in prayer-meetings, revivals, awakenings, and the singing of psalms,—to the neglect of Human Rights and Wrongs—of the sorrows and sufferings—the temptations, trials and oppressions of *man*, is to be an Infidel, N. P. Rogers was an Infidel indeed; yea, and he gloried in his infidelity. But let me add, had he been a believer in such a religion, and lived according to his belief, he would have been "worse than an infidel." But, was he not an outcast from the church—an excommunicate? Yes, the church excommunicated him; but, before that, he had excommunicated the church. The church, as a body, he had found unfaithful to what *he* understood to be its "high calling," *as* the church of Him who came "to set at liberty them that are bruised." He therefore "came out" from it, as the only condition of fidelity to his own high calling, not merely as a disciple of Jesus, but as a MAN—a child of that God, whom all nature—his own nature, not less than the rest of creation—revealed to him as the lover of right and humanity, and the Almighty hater of all oppression and wrong. He wanted no printed book to teach him this. A revelation older than King James' Translators'—older than the books that they brought over from Greek and Hebrew into the English tongue, had taught him—for he was a lover of

* Heb. iv. 9.

music—that slavery was a discord, that could never be brought into unison with the harmonies of the universe. To him,—if one should argue that slavery was from God, because it was approved in a *book* that came from Him; it would prove, not that slavery *was* from God, but that the book was *not*. To him, there was a Teacher above all books and all men:—the Being that had given *him* being—and it was in the spirit which that Teacher—and "who teacheth like him?"—had given, that when, on a certain occasion, a religionist by *Book* said to him, "Why do you go about as you do, agitating the community on the subject of abolition? Jesus Christ never preached abolitionism:" he replied, "Sir, I have two answers to your appeal to Jesus Christ. First, I deny your proposition, that he never preached abolition. That single precept of his—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'—reduced to *practice*, would abolish slavery over the whole earth in twenty-four hours. That is my first answer. I deny your proposition. Secondly, granting your proposition to be true—and admitting—what I deny—that Jesus Christ did not preach the abolition of slavery, then I say, *he didn't do his duty.*"

It would not be very easy, I admit, to stop such a man from doing *his* duty, by casting a Greek or a Hebrew *text* in his way as a stumbling block! And so he was an "*Infidel*;" and so he was "*excommunicated.*" When the church has attained somewhat more of "the wisdom that is from above," she will take such men into her bosom, instead of casting them out; and will show herself worthy of the communion of such men, by encouraging them in their work, and in going along with them to do it!

It is not to be denied, too, that Rogers did not pretend to know so much concerning a future life, as many others think that they know. But *this* he *did* know,

> "That if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
> A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
> To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,"—

the same Being that rules in this world *must* rule in that;—that there, as here, they will have served Him best, who have best served his children, by doing the most to help them who have most needed help. In this faith N. P. Rogers lived;—in this he labored, and in this he died. "Let *me* die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

His earthly labors are at an end. "He sleeps his long sleep, he has fought his last battle." He has no more sacrifices to offer here upon the altar of Truth, Liberty, and Humanity; no more cherished friends to lose because he would not sacrifice his convictions or his principles,

to retain them. From his earthly toils and trials he is at rest. I cannot but think that for him to die was gain, because I verily believe that for him to live was Christ;* that is, that making little or no account of the *name*, he lived for the advancement of the *cause* of Christ; the cause for which Christ himself lived, labored and died, namely, the redemption of universal MAN from slavery, spiritual and carnal; the emancipation of man from the power and the fear of man; the liberation of man, as man, from all dominion and all authority but that of REASON, TRUTH, and RIGHT.

Of Mr. Rogers, as a writer, I need say little. On this point, "he being dead, yet speaketh;" and he speaks for himself as no one else can speak for him. He wrote without any thing of that "fear of man that bringeth a snare" to so many writers in this age of criticism and Reviews—as though he was not aware that such an animal as a critic had ever been created. He wrote because he had something to say, and, true to nature—for to him nature was truth—he spoke "right on," with the artlessness and simplicity of a child. He sets down things just as he sees and feels them; using words not because others do, or do not use them, but because they are just the medium—the atmosphere—through which others can see what he is looking at, just as he sees it. In one word, his style is his own, and nobody's else. Transparency, purity, simplicity, earnestness and force will be seen to characterize whatever he writes; and when a reader has finished one of his paragraphs, the last question that he will ask himself will be, "Well, now, what does all that mean?" — Though humor was by no means his *forte*, whenever he chose, he could use it with great effect. In well-chosen words, Mr. Hildreth has said, "Many of his pieces have all the genial humor of Lamb, with a higher seasoning of sprightly wit than Lamb ever attained to. He had, indeed, higher objects, and, of course, greater earnestness and spirit. He was not, like Lamb, a mere writer for amusement, but one of those modern heroes whose sword is their pen. A champion for spiritual freedom and the right of private judgment, he will long be remembered and loved by many, to whom he first showed the way out of the house of bondage."

This true friend of his race—especially of the wronged of his race—this dear friend of mine is gone. I know that all who knew him well, will say with Mr. French, when remembering what he was, and thinking that he is with us no longer,—"Our hearts are sad; but our departed friend has left us a very pleasant memory. His righteous life and triumphant death lift our thoughts from the grave. In our sorrow let us not forget the slave. He still groans in his prison house, and the religion

* Phil. i. 21.

of the land still sanctions the wrong. When death comes to us, may it find us, as it did our dear friend, with the harness on, and in the midst of the conflict."

Sunday, the 18th of October, the remains of N. P. Rogers were borne to the grave by a few loving and faithful friends. Having loved him, they loved him unto death. I well remember the day. It was a snowy day,—the first snow of our northern autumn. Winter seemed to have come upon us before his time. Returning from the humble chapel where I had led the worship of a small society, concerning whose faith "we know, that every where, it is spoken against,"* I could not but feel saddened by the early desolation and dreariness of the scene. Little did I think that the frost of death had already fallen, before its time, upon my poor friend Rogers, and that his cold remains were, even then, on their way, through falling snows, from his late home, to the "house appointed for all living." Yet so it was. And she, who had so bravely helped him bear his cross, watched by the side of his bed, and communicated with his dear but distant friends, informing them that there was no hope left that her husband's life could long be spared to them and to her, was, with her children,—one of whom, two days before, had sung the father and husband to sleep with her sweet "Angels' Whisper,"—sitting, a widow in affliction, in the house that was left to them, O how desolate!

May I not hope that that little family choir—for the children all sing sweetly,—when gathered in their secluded mountain home, will sometimes sing these lines, as a memorial not of their father only, but also of their father's friend and theirs;

JNO. PIERPONT.

THE FAMILY LAMENT.

THE "Angels' Whisper" stole, in song, upon his closing ear
Through his own daughter's lips it came, so musical and clear,
That scarcely knew the dying man what melody was there,
The last of earth's, or first of heaven's, pervading all the air.

Nor need he know:—The soul that's tuned in full accord with RIGHT,
Where'er it is, will harmonize with children of the light.
Anathemas, the church's ban, or thunders hurled at him,
Can never close his ears against the songs of seraphim.

The love of right! O, it was this that made our father strong:—
The love of right,—that's yoked, for aye, to hatred of the wrong;
The love of right was in his heart above all other love,
And made the Mountain Eagle there to nestle with the Dove.

* Acts xxviii. 22.

That brave and loving heart is cold;—the clods are on that breast,
That always heaved with pity for the helpless and oppressed;
And we upon His care are cast, who long ago hath said,
"Trust me, and do my will, and thou shalt verily be fed."

Thou Father of the fatherless,—the widow's God and Guide,
In thee we put our trust, for we have none to trust beside!
Thy servant, on whose arm we've leaned, hath gone to his reward:—
The dust hath to the dust returned,—the spirit to its Lord.

O, dreary was that parting day!—October's earliest snow
Was falling, as his coffined clay, so mournfully and slow,
Was carried to the "narrow house," and made a silent guest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

We know, it was a holy day;—thrice holy now it is!
The day our Savior left his grave, our father went to his.
But it was dreary, not the less, for Winter, ere its time,
Was come, as death had come to him, in his autumnal prime.

And Autumn's red and yellow leaves were eddying, thick and sere,
On the snowy air, as slowly trod the bearers of the bier,
Or, to the oaks around his grave, were clinging, dead and dry,
And rustling, as the fitful wind went through them with a sigh

But Summer shall come round again, and dress in green his grave,
And by its head-stone, oft shall kneel the liberated slave,
And, all around, those oaks shall throw their broad and grateful shade,
And birds, among the branches, sing their evening serenade.

And daily shall the sunshine fall where sleeps a child of light,
The moon look calmly down on one as pure as she is bright;
And that true star, that from its post hath never swerved, nor can,
Shall guard the grave of one as true to Freedom and to Man.

A COLLECTION

FROM THE

NEWSPAPER WRITINGS OF N. P. ROGERS.

"THE PRESENCE OF GOD."

[From the Herald of Freedom of August 11, 1838.]

We wander a moment from our technical anti-slavery "sphere," to say, with permission of our readers, a word or two on a beautiful article under this head, in the Christian Examiner. It is from the pen of one of our highly gifted fellow-citizens, to whom the unhappy subjects of insanity, in this state, owe so much for the public charity now contemplated in their behalf. It is written with great elegance, perspicuity and force of style—and what is more, it seems scarcely to want that spirit of heart-broken Christianity, so apt to be missing in the graceful speculations of reviewers, and may we not say, in the speculations of the elegant corps among whom the writer of the article is here found.

We will find, briefly, what fault we can with the article. Its beauties need not be pointed out—they lie profusely scattered over its face. It is an article on the presence of God, and treats of our relations to Him. But does it set forth that relation, as involving our need of the Lord Jesus Christ, in order that we may be able to stand in it? For ourselves, we cannot contemplate God—and dare not look towards Him, unconnected with Christ. Our writer seems boldly to look upon Him, as the strong-eyed eagle gazes into the sun. God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. He cannot look upon sin, but with abhorrence. We have sinned; therefore we fear to behold Him. In Christ, alone, is he our Father in heaven, and we his reconciled

children. In Christ, we dare take hold of his hand and of the skirts of his almighty garments. The Lord Jesus Christ and "him crucified," is the medium, through whom, alone, we dare look upon God, in his works, his providences or his grace. Sinless man might, without this medium. Fallen man may not. Like the Israelites at the mount of Sinai, he may "not break through unto the Lord to gaze," lest "he perish."

The writer contemplates God in his works—but he seems, though awed, elevated and delighted at their grandeur, beauty and wisdom, to feel still baffled of the great end in their contemplation. Does he not, we would ask him, feel the absence of some link in the chain of communication with this ineffable being—which might, if interrupted, anchor his soul securely within the veil, which, after all, continues to shroud him from communion and sight? Can he, in sight of the works of God, speak out and sing in the strains of the singer of Israel? Does he not experience, in view of them, an admiring enthusiasm and certain swellings of genius, rather than those spiritual heart-burnings felt by the two on the way to Emmaus, as they talked with the "stranger in Jerusalem?"

Here is the grand mistake of gifted humanity. Tired of the world—sick of its emptiness—shocked at its heartlessness—withdrawn from its unprincipled highway into the lonely by-path of a supererogatory morality,—moved by those "longings after immortality," which haunt forever the unbesotted spirit—it tries to find God in his works, and peradventure in the *majesty* of his word—not looking for him, however, in "THE WAY"—seeking him along the high and ridgy road of a sort of spirito-intellectual philosophy, instead of down in the valley of humiliation.

The writer speaks of the communion of God with our *minds*. This he seems to regard with chief interest. He mentions "the need of having *attention*"—meaning *intellectual* attention—"waked up to those old truths." "Listlessness of mind," he continues, "an inveterate habit of inattention to the existence of the Eternal Spirit, needs to be broken in upon. We need to help each other to escape a fatuity of mind on this subject, that we may feel that God's ark still rides o'er the world's waves, and

that the burning bush has not gone out." There *is* an "*inattention*," it is true; but it is of the *heart*, and not merely of the *mind*—of the *nature*, and not of "*habit*" merely—a spiritual inattention or rather alienation from God, which must be broken in upon. It is not the creature of *habit*. Adam felt it in all its force, the very day of his first transgression. He heard the *voice* of God, which in his innocency he had hailed with joy, beyond all he felt at the beauties of Paradise,—heard it, walking in the garden, in the cool of the day, and he hid himself from the presence of the Lord God, among the trees of the garden. His wife also hid herself, for she too had transgressed—and we, *their moral heirs*, hide ourselves so to this day. They could walk in the garden in sight of the beautiful *works* of God, and perhaps admire the splendors of Eden; but when they heard his voice, they hid themselves. Not from *habit* surely, that not being the creature of a day. There was "inveteracy," not of habit, but of fallen nature. It is that which must be "broken in upon," before we shall incline to come out from among the trees, to welcome the presence of God. It may be there is a figurative meaning also in this hiding among the trees from the presence of him who made those trees—and may we not deceive ourselves in supposing we contemplate God in his *works*, when in truth we are seeking to hide ourselves from his presence, among the glorious trees of this earth's garden?

The elegant writer will bear with us in our coarse commentary. We would not expend critical attention on the literary merits or marks of genius, in a production treating of our relations to God. It is too awful and interesting a subject. We want reconciliation with God. That is the one thing needful. The crew of the ill-fated Pulaski wanted only one thing, when they were cast afloat upon the waves. When they retired to rest that night, each heart was tantalized with a thousand objects of desire. But when that explosion awoke them, they had all but one,—life—the shore—something on which to float. That, all needed, and all felt the need. Such is our need of reconciliation with God, to save us from greater depths than the sea. We have revolted from God. We are born universally in a state of alien-

ation from him. The Scriptures and all experience teach this. We do not more certainly inherit the transmitted *form* of our fallen first-parents, than their descended *nature*. We are born with the need of being "born again." Of this we are sure. The truth of it and the effects of it press continually upon us, with the universality of the air upon our bodily systems. We cannot evade it. It is our fate, in the wisdom of God. We cannot escape it, any more than the Old world could the deluge. They saw an ark of Gopher wood, building by an enthusiastic old man. It eventually saved none of them, who refused to enter its pitchy sides. The old man forewarned them. He was a preacher of righteousness. But they were philosophers, and he a fanatic. He talked of rain and flood,—the breaking up of the fountains of the deep, and the opening of the windows of heaven. The sky looked blue—the sun rose and set gloriously, and broke out, as wont, after the showers. And though there were tokens about that despised old man, which at times made them turn up an apprehensive eye into the cloudless firmament—philosophy chose to risk it. The prediction was unnatural—irrational—it could not be so. They perished.

We have an ark of safety, capacious enough, to be sure, to *save* the entire race of man. It will save only those who will enter it,—and the time of entering, as it was at the flood, is before the sky of probation is overcast. The door is shut now, as then, before the falling of the first great drops of the eternal thunder shower.

The ark of safety, we need not say, is Christ. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man can come to the Father but by him. Whoever hath seen him, hath seen the Father,—and by him is the only manifestation of God's presence. The presence of his power may be seen in all objects around us,—but his strange love to the children of men cannot be seen, but through Christ. As the mortally bitten Israelite could be healed only by looking at the brazen serpent, so the mortally sin-infected descendant of fallen man can live only by looking at the Son of Man in the midst of his ignominious crucifixion—even where he was "lifted up."

God may be seen in his works, by him whose sins are forgiven. He may be seen, then, in his word—and the Bible is then as self-evidently the word of God, as the sun, the mountain and the ocean are his works. His providential care and government are then palpably felt. The soul can then take him by the paternal hand, and feel that infinite safety which puts all human apprehension at rest.

But we are forgetting that our Herald is a small sheet. We have not space to notice the exquisite beauties of our writer's production as a composition merely, or the argument it draws of God's presence from his works, and as it purports merely to notice this evidence of his presence, we will not here express our regret that the name of Christ is not mentioned in the article.

May the gifted writer, if he be out of the ark of safety, not delay to enter in. Let him not tarry without, to gaze with the eye of elegant curiosity, on the scenery of this Sodom world,—but bow his neck, and "enter while there's room." And as we bespeak his *immediate* heed to the "one thing needful,"—so we *demand* his pen, voice, influence, prayers, and active and open co-operation, in the deliverance of his fellow-countrymen from the CHAINS OF SLAVERY

THE DISCUSSION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 14, 1838.]

THE discussion goes on. It pervades, it possesses, it "agitates" the land. It must be stopped, or slavery dies, and the colored man has his liberty and his rights, and *Colonization is superseded*. Can it not be stopped? Cannot the doctors, the editors, the "property and standing," the legislatures, congress, the mob, Mr. Gurley, somebody or other, some power or other, the governors, his honor the Chief Justice Lynch; cannot any body, or every body united, put down this discussion? Alas for the "peculiar institution!" it cannot be done. The club of Hercules could not strike it down; it is as impalpable to the brute blow as the

stately ghost of "buried Denmark" was to the "partisan" of Marcellus. It cannot be stopped or checked. It is unrestrainable as the viewless winds, or the steeds of Apollo. You hear it every where. The atmosphere is rife with it. "Abolition," "immediate," "compensation," "amalgamation," "inferior," "equal," "inalienable," "RIGHTS," "the Bible," "*of one blood*," "West Indies," "mobs," "arson," "petition," "gag-law," "John Quincy Adams," "GARRISON." These are the words, and as familiar as household phrase. The air resounds to the universal agitation. Truth and conviction every where result,—the Genius of Emancipation moves triumphantly among the half-awakened people. And Slavery, aghast at the general outcry and the fatal discoveries constantly making of its diabolical enormities, gathers up its all for retreat or desperate death, as the case shall demand.

The discussion can't be smothered—can't be checked—can't be abated—can't be endured by pro-slavery. The fiat has gone forth. It is registered in heaven. The colored man's *humanity* is *ascertained* and *proved*, and henceforth he is destined to liberty and honor. God is gathering his instrumentalities to purify this nation. War, Slavery and Drunkenness are to be purged away from it. The drunkard, that wont reform, will be removed from the earth's *surface*, and his corporeal shame hidden in her friendly recesses,—his spiritual "shame," alas, to be "everlasting"—with that unutterable "contempt" which must attend final impenitence, as saith God. Those persisting in the brute practice of what is styled *military*, which is nothing more or less than human tigerism—rational brutality—hatred dressed up in regimentals—malignity cockaded,—and "all uncharitableness" plumed and knapsacked,—*homicide* under pay, and murder *per order*, all who persist in this beastly and bloody mania, and refuse to join the standard of universal non-resistance *peace*—will perish by the sword, or by some untimely touch of the Almighty,—for Christ hath said, "*All* they who take the sword *shall perish with the sword*;" and the period of accomplishment of his work on this little globe is *at hand*. Let the warrior of the land take warning. "A prudent man foreseeth," &c. And slaveholders, pilferers of humanity! those *light-fingered* ones, who "take

without liberty" the very glory and essence of a man,—who put out that light which dazzles the eye of the sun, and would burn on, but for this extinction, when the moon hath undergone her final waning,—those traffickers in immortality, who sell a MAN "for a pair of shoes;" those hope-extinguishers, heart-crushers, home-quenchers, family-dissolvers, tie-sunderers;—oh, for a vocabulary—new, copious and original, of awful significancy and expression—that should avail us to shadow forth faintly to the apprehensions of mankind, the unutterable character of this new "ill," that hath befallen inheriting "flesh;" an "ill" that "flesh" by nature was *not* "heir to;"—oh, those man, woman and child-thieves,—those unnatural, ultra and extra cannibals, who devour their own flesh; whose carniverous monstrosity is not limited to the blood and flesh of the stranger,—whose voracity invades the forbidden degrees, and eats its near relations within the matrimonial prohibitions,—son-eaters and daughter-consumers—who *grow children to sell*, and put into their coffers, to buy bread withal, the price of their own-begotten offspring; thus eating "themselves a third time," as Pope says, "in their race"—"the cubless tigress in her jungle raging" is humanity and sympathy, compared to them: she "rages" when the hunter hath borne off her bruised young, and given her savage bosom the pang of maternal bereavement. She would waste her mighty nature to a shadow, and her strong frame to a skeleton, ere she would appease her hunger by profaning the flesh of her own cubs! *Slaveholders! American slaveholders, republican slaveholders, liberty slaveholders, christianity slaveholders, church-member slaveholders, minister slaveholders, doctor of divinity slaveholders, church slaveholders, missionary slaveholders, "Board of Commissioner" slaveholders, monthly concert slaveholders, Bible Society slaveholders*, and BIBLE WITHHOLDERS! What will the coming millennium say to you, or do with you? What disposition will it make of you and your system, should it burst upon you when it is in the full tide of experiment! the land smoking with it! Will not the glorious morn and opening dawn of Christ's kingdom prove flaming fire to devour you from the face of the earth? The millennial day pouring in its living light upon scenes, whose

enormity shrouds the natural sun, what will become of the actors in these scenes? O for the warning voice that once affrighted Nineveh, and clad her *nation* in sackcloth, from the king on the throne to the beggar on the dunghill; that laid a people in ashes! But it may not be. Another fate, we fear, attends this last of republics. Warning is esteemed as mockery, and admonition as frenzy.

Shall we hold our peace amid scenes like these? Shall we *argue* and *persuade*, be *courteous*, *convince*, *induce*, and all that? No—we shall attempt no such thing, for the simple reason that such things are entirely uncalled for, useless, foolish, inadequate.

Argue with slavery, or argue about it; argue about a sinking ship, or a drowning man, or a burning dwelling! *Convince* a sleeping family, when the staircase and roof are falling in, and the atmosphere is loaded to suffocation with smoke! "Address the understanding," and "soothe the prejudices," when you see a man walking down the roof in his sleep, on a three-story house! Bandy *compliments* and *arguments* with the somnambulist, on "Table Rock," when all the waters of lake Superior are thundering in the great Horse Shoe, and deafening the very war of the elements! Would you not shout to him with a clap of thunder through a speaking trumpet—if you could command it—if possible to reach his senses in his appalling extremity? Did Jonah *argufy* with the city of Nineveh,—"Yet forty days," cried the vagabond prophet, "and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" That was his salutation. And did the "property and standing" turn up their noses at him, and set the mob on to him? Did the clergy *discountenance* him, and call him extravagant, misguided, a divider of churches, a disturber of parishes? What would have become of that city, if they had done this? Did they "approve his *principles*," but dislike his "*measures*" and his "*spirit*?"

Slavery must be cried down, denounced down, ridiculed down, and pro-slavery with it, or rather before it. Slavery will go when pro-slavery starts. The sheep will follow, when the bell-wether leads. Down then with the bloody system! out of the land with it, and out of the world with it—into the Red sea with it! Men

shan't be enslaved in this country any longer. Women and children *shan't* be flogged here any longer. If you undertake to hinder us, the worst is your own. The press is ours. Demolish it, if you please,—muzzle it, you shall never. Shoot down the Lovejoys you can; and if your skirts are not red enough with his blood, dye them deeper with other murders. You can do it with entire impunity. You can get the *dead* indicted and tried along with you, and the jury will find you all *not guilty* together; and "public sentiment" will back you up, and say you had ample provocation. To be sure, you will not escape the vengeance of Heaven; but who cares for that, in a *free* and *christian* country? You will come to an untimely end;—but that, you know, is nothing to a "*judicious*," "well-regulated," "christian spirit!"

But this is all fanaticism. *Wait and see.*

THE CONVENTION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of August 18, 1838.]

THANKS to our young brethren for their hearty—noble-souled committee's call. Now for obeying it. Now see if our abolitionists, who "remember those in bonds," &c. will spend a *day or two* to make it manifest. We would spend *time* chiefly, brethren, so far as traveling expenses go. Our brethren, fortunately for the cause, have not much "property or standing." They should not lay out much of either on the road. The grog-selling inns should receive little of anti-slavery patronage. The money is too sacred for their foul coffers. The "cold chunk," or the johnny cake, or the saw-dust pudding, (Franklin's editorial dinner,) any thing on the road, and all the mites for the Society treasury. We have got to cure this glorious slaveholding republic of its *character*, and to pay all the doctors' bills, and we must spend little, very little, for confectionaries.

We echo the summons of the committee of arrangements. From our Moosehillock position we send it on, and back, to every

point of compass. To none but the whole-hearted, fully-committed, cross-the-Rubicon spirits—men of more heart than "*But*"—who can leave home for the sake of their principles—who can deny themselves, and "lap the water, as the dog lappeth," for their thirst. From the sea coast, the Green Mountain west, the sky-seeking north, and the New Hampshire south—old, young and mid-aged—gray bearded and beardless—the sturdy and the infirm—from all streams and all valleys, and along all hill-sides—from rich "old Cheshire,"—from Rockingham, with her horizon setting down away to the salt sea.—Strafford, from the "slide"-scarred mountains of Sandwich to the rainbow mists of the Cocheco—from Pigwacket to Winnipisseogee—Strafford of the lakes—up from old Hillsborough, where the staunch yeoman drives his team from the mouths of Piscataquog and Souhegan, up to the very springs of the Contoocook,—young Sullivan, where she stretches from Sunapee to the valley of the Connecticut, and from the falls of Walpole to the *cedars* of Lebanon,—Merrimack—key-stone of the Granite State—abolitionists "of our county of Merrimack," start at day-break for the Convention,—from where the sun sets behind Kearsarge, even to where he rises gloriously over *Moses Norris'* own town of *Pittsfield;* and from Amoskeag to Ragged Mountains,—Coos—Upper Coos, home of the everlasting hills, send out your bold advocates of human rights—wherever they lay scattered by lonely lake or Indian stream—or "Grant," or "Location"—from the trout-haunted brooks of the Amoriscoggin, and where the adventurous streamlet takes up its mountain march for the St. Lawrence.—Scattered and insulated men, wherever the light of philanthropy and liberty has beamed in upon your solitary spirits, come down to us like your streams and clouds:—and our own Grafton, all about among your dear hills and your mountain-flanked valleys—whether you *home* along the swift Ammonoosuck, the cold Pemigewasset or the ox-bowed Connecticut; from the "heights of Dorchester," and the "vale of Hebron"—from Canaan, that land of *promise* to the negro student boy—and from anti-slavery Campton—come from the meadows of Alexandria—one and all abolitionists of Grafton—Lyme, the peerless town of Lyme, the native town of temperance,

Abolitionists of New Hampshire! your brethren in bondage call loudly upon you for help—they clank their chains—they rattle their fetters—they lift up the cry of despair—will you hear them? Remember what God is doing for your cause. Hark, that shout from the isles of the sea! It is the emancipation cry of the West Indies—God hath given them liberty. Their deliverance has come—He is drawing nigh to us. We shall hear Him, or perish. And if this nation is marked out for destruction, let abolitionists remember Rahab of Jericho. We are slow, brethren, dishonorably slow, in a cause like ours. Our feet should be "as hinds' feet." "Liberty lies bleeding." The leaden-colored wing of slavery obscures the land with its baleful shadow. Let us come together, and inquire at the hand of the Lord what is to be done.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 1, 1838.]

"Only ye may opine it frets my patience, Mr. Osbaldistone, to be hunted like an otter, or a scalgh, or a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbors."—ROB ROY.

WHOSE patience has been fretted, if it had not been *fret-proof*, like the abolitionists'? Have they not been hunted like an otter, or a salmon among the shallows, or a partridge upon the mountains; or like David among the cliffs of Ziph and the rocks of the wild goats? And every body seems to think it is all as natural as life, and that they should bear it, and be thankful it is no worse. How they have been belied and slandered and insulted, by a stupid pro-slavery community! How church brethren and sisters have scowled upon them, and trifled with their rights and their feelings, as though they had no more of either than a "nigger!" How has the murderous scorn been extended from their poor, down-trodden—mark the phrase—*down-trodden*—not merely stamped upon, for once, or any given number of times,—but *every time*—by the common walking footstep of community,—trodden on as universally as the path of the highway—"down

trodden," indeed! How has the scorn felt for the poor colored man, been extended to the abolitionist, and how he has borne it, with almost the "patient sufferance" of the "free negro," or the Jew in Venice,—until sufferance is become "the badge of all our tribe." And what avails it? "The brotherhood" have fallen into the idea, that we also are "an inferior race," and that we are exceedingly out of our place, when we claim the common rights of humanity. As to the rights of citizenship, they do not dream that any appertain to us. See with what calm, summer-day serenity they look on, while we are mobbed. They think no more of it, than they do when a lane of "free niggers" is "smoked out" by "public sentiment" in New York or Philadelphia. Who cared for the outrages of the great Concord mob, in September, 1835? "Tremendous public excitement!" shouted the N. H. Patriot—as if another revolution had been fought. Tremendous public excitement! A grand popular victory. Victory indeed it was—but over what? Over innocency, humanity, the law of the land, the public peace! An odd victory to boast of.—What a "frolic after Thompson," (or to that effect) exclaimed the merry N. H. Courier.—O, what a joke! How funny and frolicsome the people were after Thompson! How they did frisk and caper, and how masterly funny they did chase him, and surround Neighbor ——'s dwelling-house! O, what a sportive company of them got together, and how they did surround that house by moonlight, and what a merry time on't they caused in that dwelling!

O "riddle-cum-riddle-cum-right!
What a time we had, that FRIDAY night!"
He, he, he—hah, hah, hah!!!

Hung be the heavens in black. Out, moon—and hide, stars, so that ye look not on and blench your light, at sight of such scenes. "Frolic!" Was the Alton night-scene a *frolic?* Was the hellish-gathering about that ware-house, rendering the dun night hideous, a joke—a fracas—"an abolition frolic?"

The time will come, when these deeds will be appreciated by the people of this country. Ay, it is at hand. We wait patient-

ly, but not silently. "The brotherhood" may fix upon us its evil eye of menace and —— "frolic." They shall hear of their *merry* doings. If we cannot speak freely, we desire not to remain on the slavery-cursed soil. We call upon the people of the land, to look to their liberties. We have no freedom of speech, no liberty of the press, no freedom of assembly. The sovereign and tyrant of the country is Slavery. He holds his court in the South, and rules the vassal North by his vicegerent the mob,—or as Hubbard Winslow *preaches* it, "*the brotherhood.*" We owe no allegiance to either. We shall pay none.

DR. FARMER DEAD.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 1, 1838.]

We were amazed as well as deeply afflicted, at the death of this distinguished and most excellent man. His departure surprised us—invalid as he long has been, and feeble as was his hold on life—so insensible are we to the uncertainty and frailty of mortal existence! We have lost a highly valued personal friend, as well as our cause a faithful, devoted and invaluable advocate. We could weep for ourselves as well as for the poor slave, who does not know his loss. But it is not a time to weep. Survivors on the field do not pause in thick of the fight, to lament comrades or chieftains falling around them.

The departed Farmer lived and died a devoted abolitionist. We proclaim this amid the notes of his requiem and the tolling of his knell—in the ears of the scorner of the supplicating slave and of bleeding liberty. Admirers of his distinguished worth—his admirable industry—his capacity—his usefulness—his blameless life—who felt awed at his virtues, while he lived almost invisibly among men—mingling with the busy throng of life scarcely more than now his study-worn frame reposes in the grave—know all, and be reminded all, that Farmer was in zeal, in devotion, in principles and in measures, not a whit behind the very chiefest

abolitionist. No heart beat more ardently than his, in the great cause of human rights—or more keenly felt the insults, the inhumanity and the ruffian persecutions, heaped upon its friends. How deep was his mortification at the brutal and ignoble treatment of the generous and gifted THOMPSON, and with what agonizing solicitude did his heart throb, as the life of that innocent and most interesting and wonderful stranger was hunted in our streets! How freely would he have yielded up his own sickness-wasted form, to save his friend! Scorners of the slave—sneerers at the negro's plea—ruthless invaders (whoever you are) of the hearth of hospitality and the sanctities of HOME, we point you to the fresh grave of FARMER. To the grave of KIMBALL, too, his beloved brother—that young martyred heart—who still pleaded among you, unheeded but faithfully, the cause of the suffering and the dumb, when his voice was hollow with consumption—whose mild eye still beamed with remembrance of those in bonds, when lustrous with the hectic touch of death. To the grave of young BRADLEY too, who bowed his beautiful head to the destroyer, like the "lily of the field" surcharged with rain, remembering the down-trodden slave amid all the promises and allurements of youth and genius. And to other graves recent in your peopled church-yard, into which we should have looked with heart-broken disconsolation, but for thought of the resurrection. To these graves we point you—as you ponder on the past—not now to be recalled—registered for eternity.

Advocates of the slave too, a voice from the church-yard speaks also to you. There is neither knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device there, where the departed faithful lie, and whither you hasten. Your brothers and sisters in bondage descend thither in the darkness of brutal heathenism, from lives that know no consolation. What thy hands find to do, do with thy might.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF SLAVERY

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 8, 1838.]

THE second "unprovided-for difficulty" of the Keene Sentinel, in the way of the anti-slavery movement is, that "slaves are property." We deny that they are property, or that they *can* be made so. We will not argue this, for it is self-evident. A *man* cannot be a subject of human ownership; neither can he be the owner of *humanity*. There is a clear and eternal incompetency on both sides,—on the one to own man, and on the other to be owned by man. A man cannot alienate his right to liberty and to himself,—still less can it be taken from him. He cannot part with his *duty* to be free—his *obligation* to liberty, any more than his right. He is under *obligation* to God and humanity and his own immortality, to retain his manhood and to exercise it. He cannot become the property of another, any more than he can part with his human nature. It would be utterly repugnant to all the purposes of his creation. He is bound to perform a part, which is totally incompatible with his being owned by any body but himself; which requires that he keep himself free. He can't be property, any more than he can be a horse, or a *literal* ass. We commend our brethren of the Sentinel to the eighth Psalm, as a divine authority touching the nature and destination of man. He can't be property—he can't be appropriated. His mighty nature cannot be coped by the grasp of ownership. Can the Messrs. Sentinel be *appropriated?* We put it sternly to them, in behalf of their, and our own, and the slave's common nature,—for we feel that it is all outraged by their terrible allegation. Can the editors of the Sentinel become property? the goods and chattels, rights and hereditaments of an owner? If they can't, no man can. If any man can, they can. Can the Hon. Mr. Prentiss, with all his interesting qualities and relations, by any diabolical jugglery, be converted into a slave so as to belong to one of his fallen, depraved fellow-men? Can he suppose the idea? Is he susceptible of this transmutation? He is, if any body is.

Can he be transferred, by virtue of a few cries and raps of a glib-tongued auctioneer? Could a pedler sell him, from his tin cart? Could he knock him off, bag and baggage, to the boldest bidder? Let us try it. No disrespect to our esteemed senior.—We test his allegation, that a man is property. If one man can be, any man can—himself, or his stately townsman, Major-General Wilson, who would most oddly become the auction platform. If a man can be property, he can be sold. If any man can be, every man can—Mr. Prentiss, Gen. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Barstow—every man. Let us try to vendue the Sentinel. Advertise him, if you please, in the Keene paper. On the day, produce him—bring him on—let his personal symmetries be examined and descanted on—his sacred person handled by the sacrilegious man-jockey,—let him be ordered to shift positions, and assume attitudes, and display to the callous multitude his form and proportions—his *points*, as the horse-jockey would say. How would all this comport with the high sense of personal honor, wont to be entertained by the Sentinel? How would he not encounter a thousand deaths rather than submit to it? How his proud spirit, instinct with manhood, would burst and soar away from the scene! Who bids? an able-bodied, capable, fine, healthy, submissive, contented BOY, about fifty—sound wind and limb—sold positively for no fault—a field hand—come of real stock,—faithful, can trust him with gold untold—will nobody start him?—shall we have a bid?—will nobody bid for the *boy?* Now we demand of our respected brother, whose honor is as sacred in our regard as in his own, what he thinks of the chattelism of a slave,—for we indignantly lay it down as an immovable principle that the Hon. John Prentiss is as legitimate a subject of property and of sale, as any the lowest of his race.

We dispose of the position that "slaves are property," by utterly and indignantly denying the *possibility* of it. We will rescue our brethren of the Sentinel from the imputation of this murderous idea, by erasing the semicolon after "property," and making but one sentence of the second "difficulty," turning it into an opinion that "slaves are property by the constitution and the laws;" throwing the infamy on to the old framers of the

constitution, and all of us who have lived under it, with power to amend or nullify it. It would sink the whole of us. Constitution and laws! Is the Sentinel of opinion that a constitution *could* be framed by men, or by existences in the shape of men, that, instead of protecting human liberty and rights, should annihilate them? A constitution to enslave men! What would you say of a British constitution, that enslaved a British subject? Would you not scout the idea of it—of the *British* possibility of it? and can it be done *here*, and *was* it done here by revolutionary sages, who could not brook the restraints of British liberty? A constitution, that should provide for the enslavement of a man, would be a legal abortion. The bare engrossing of it would nullify it. It would perish by spontaneous annulment and nullification. It could not survive its ordination—nor could its infamous framers. We deny that an enslaved man is property by the constitution, and we might deny that any man can be enslaved under our constitution, and consequently, that he could be chattelized, if a slave were admitted to be property. *Things* may be appropriated—*persons* may not. They are self-evidently not susceptible of appropriation or ownership. By the constitution every body is spoken of as a *person*—no mention is made of human things. If a slave is alluded to, in that instrument, as a possible existence in point of fact, it is under the name of "*person*." "Three fifths of all other PERSONS"—"migration or importation of *persons*"—"no *person* held to service." These are the only instances in it where allusion is made to slaves,—and it no more, in those allusions, sanctions enslaving, than it does "piracies and felonies on the high seas," which it also expressly *recognizes*, as they say of slavery. So it says "person," where it solemnly asserts that "no person can be deprived of liberty or property, but by due process of law." This clause prohibits the slightest approaches to enslaving, or holding in slavery, which is continued enslaving. No person's property can be taken from him; not his life even; infinitely less his LIBERTY, without due legal process. It is idle to say, that the framers of the constitution, or those who adopted it and acted under it, did not *mean* to save the colored man from slavery, by this clause. In law they are to be

held to mean so, because they *said so*. The intent of the framers is now to be gathered from what they said in the instrument itself—not their colloquies at the time or before or after—but what they put down in imperishable black and white. It is what they inscribed on the parchment for all time, that they legally intended, and there we are to go to get at their intent. If the words are obscure and ambiguous, we may gather their intent by aid of concomitant circumstances, &c. But there is no ambiguity here. The clearest words and best understood and most trimly defined of any we have, here set forth the essential doctrine, (without which a community of thieves and pirates could scarcely be kept together,) that life, liberty and property are sacred. Enslave man and leave him these three, and you may do it, maugre this clause of the constitution. However, you must leave him, by virtue of other clauses, a few other incidentals, such as compulsory process for calling in all witnesses for him, of whatever color; the inviolate right to be secure in person, house, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures; right of trial by jury in all cases over twenty dollars' value; the free exercise of religion, of speech, of the press, of peaceable assembly and of petition; the civil rights of republican government, which is guarantied to him in every state in this Union; the privileges and immunities of citizens in every state; in short, you must allow him a string of franchises, enumerated accidentally in that part of the old compact, called the preamble, viz., justice, domestic tranquillity, *common* defence, *general* welfare, and, finally, the blessings of liberty to himself and to his posterity;—moreover you may add, in repetition,—for in securing these breath-of-life sort of rights, people run a little into superfluity of words—you may add the unsuspendible privilege of *habeas corpus*—the old writ of liberty;—and perfect exemption from all attainder, or enslaving a man's children on his account. We will mention one more—that is the uninfringible right to keep and bear arms. All these and many other rights and immunities, "too numerous to be mentioned," are secured to him by adamantine provisions in the constitution, and if you can chattelize him under them, so that Austin Woolfolk can trade in him, at your

capital, or Wade Hampton or the American Board, can buy him and use him up in their service, or Doctor Ezra Styles Ely speculate in his soul and body, then your doctrine, Messrs. Sentinel, is sound, that he is recognized as property by the constitution.

We claim some exceptions, however, in case we cannot overthrow slavery in the slave states, by force of the national constitution. We cannot allow you to enslave any body in old Virginia. Look at her law paramount in our caption, declaring the BIRTHRIGHT, INALIENABLE LIBERTY OF ALL MEN. In Maryland the right is constitutionally set forth a little stronger. You must not enslave a man in Maryland,—and we can't allow you to lay a finger on his liberties in the district of Columbia, because the constitutions of Virginia and Maryland are still paramount law there, by congressional adoption, at the acceptance of the cessions. And if he runs away from the district or a territory, or either of those two states, we can't allow you to arrest him and send him back.

We ask our legal friends, who think lightly of this "fanaticism," to look into this constitutional and legal matter of slaveholding. We would like especially, that some of the neighbors of the Sentinel would give some exposition, during the coming convention, of the lawfulness of enslaving people in this country. We ask the Keene lawyers how this is. We want "the opinion of the court."

For ourselves we venture the opinion, in light of what glimmerings of law scintillate about our vision, that holding a man in slavery is a violation of the law of this land, and of every part of it, not excepting our gory-fingered sister Arkansas, or our carnage-dripping sister Alabama, the haunt of christian enterprise from New England and the worn-out slave states in the north. A constitution that can avail to protect republican liberty to a single member of this community, inviolably secures it to every man, and condemns and prohibits slavery. It cannot otherwise be. Slavery is a mere matter of fact—in the face of the constitution—in the face of each state constitution—in the face of every court of justice which soundly administers the law of any state—in face of every thing, but a tyrant public sentiment, and a diabolical American practice.

The enslaved of the country are as much entitled to their liberty as any of us, by the law as it is. They have a right to throw off all violation of it by force, if they cannot otherwise. Nay, it is their duty to do so, if they can,—for it is not injury merely, that they are submitting to—not wrongs. They are rendered incapable of suffering injury—incompetent to endure wrong. The accursed system, that preys upon them, makes *things* of them—exterminates their very natures. *This they may not submit to.* They ought to prevent it, at *every expense.* They ought to resist it, as the Christian should the devil, for it wars upon the nature of man, and devours his immortality. If they could heave off the system by an instantaneous and universal effort, they ought to do it. Individually we wish they *could* do it, and that they *would* do it. We may be wrong in this opinion—but we entertain it. If our white brethren at the South were slaves, we should wish them instantaneous deliverance by insurrection, if this would bring it to them. We wish our colored brethren the same. We do not value the bodily lives of the present white generation there a straw, compared to the horrible thraldom, in which they hold the colored people, and we value their lives as highly as we do the colored people's. But insurrection can't effect it. It must be done by the abolitionists. They must annihilate the system by force of their principles, and as fast as possible. And they must increase their speed. Men will have to groan and pant in absolute brutality, with their high and eternal natures bound down and strangled amid the folds of this enslaving devil, until we throw it off. To the work then, and Heaven abandon the tardy! If you wish to save your white brethren and yourselves, we commend you to this work, in sharp earnest. We tell you, once for all, *there is no time to be lost!*

There is no end to the theme—there must be to this article. We deny the truth and existence of the Sentinel's *two difficulties*, and if, in fact, they both existed, our movement "provides for them." The people collectively have the power to declare slavery a crime in the slave states. Congress has the power to do what amounts to the same thing—by direct action. They can declare it *criminal* in the capital, and how long would it be esteemed

innocent elsewhere? They can punish enslaving in the district, and the man-traffic between the states as piracy. *Lex talionis* would enslave the perpetrators—but that would be devilish, and ought not to be inflicted. But if hanging is lawful in any case, it is in this.

If the people collectively and Congress have no legal power over the slavery of the slave states, abolitionists have the power, ample and adequate, and they will "provide for the difficulty."

The constitution and the laws do *not* recognize the slaves as property. We call for the proof. The Sentinel avers it. Let them point us to the spot where. And could they do this, the abolitionists have the power (consult rule of three for the *time* it will take) to change and redeem both the constitution and the laws and transmute this property back again to humanity.

COLONIZATION LOVE AND "LOGIC."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 8, 1838.]

"ABOLITION LOGIC."

"*Not* hate of one's neighbor." We prove it to be hate, because it wants to *send off*. Hatred repels, and would expel. Love attracts, draws, wishes to detain. Colonization proposes to rid the land of colored people. It therefore, *cannot* love them. Its love is mere pretence. —*Herald of Freedom.*

This argument, poor as it is, with hardly speciousness enough to deceive a sensible boy of six years old, is the same that was used by George Thompson, in our debate with him in Boston. But how will this argument work? A New Hampshire father *sends off* his son to make his fortune on the rich lands of the West. Therefore he *hates* him. A Boston merchant *sends off* his son to Europe or the East Indies, that he may extend his schemes of enterprise, and acquire wealth. Therefore he *hates* him. We *send off* missionaries to barbarous nations, that they may extend the blessings of Christianity, and receive in a future world the rewards of those that turn many to righteousness. Therefore we *hate* these missionaries. The consent of those who depart seems to make no difference in the view of this sage editor. "We prove it to be hate because it wants to *send off*."

It is a little ludicrous that the editor of the Herald should actually kill his own argument, even before he reaches the bottom of his column. "It won't hurt a slave to send him to Africa. It won't, to send him any

where out of the infernal regions. We had rather he might get to Canada,—but if he can't go there—or to the West Indies—or to England—or France—or Spain, or Turkey, or Algiers—or any other comparatively free country under heaven—why, rather than remain in America, among our Colonizationists, let him go to Liberia—or to the bottom of the sea—or to the sharks. No monster of the deep would devour him with the cruel tooth of our republicanism."

He also proposes, in another article, to colonize slaves in Canada. Seriously, we think there are strong indications of insanity in the Herald.

The above is from the Rev. R. R. Gurley, Secretary and chief engineer of the American Colonization Society—that grand "American system" of machinery for clearing this country of free colored people, by a sort of suction-pump force, called "consent." They say, however, the "NIGGERS" come hard; and though the pump draws upon them, like doctor's instruments upon a tooth, yet they stick to the soil like a lamprey eel to the rocks; and though the Secretary "hangs on like a dog to a root," they "hang back, like a dog going to the gallows." Resist sternly, colored friends! "Abide in the ship." The land shall soon be indeed your country and your home. Lay your bones in it. Your tyrants and persecutors will go and evangelize Africa, themselves, when they really wish her evangelized.

The wily Secretary has ventured upon a little article of ours, with true Tracy philology and word-hunting. "Send off." The magnificent "statesman" here finds a field for the scope of his *continental* philanthropy. The argument, he says, is the same that was used by George Thompson. All the better for that. George Thompson is an authority. He is a man of instinctive and intuitive judgment on this question. But it is a poor argument, says the Secretary, "with hardly speciousness enough to deceive a sensible school boy of six years old." Any argument is always poor in the eyes of the Secretary, that is clear of speciousness and false show, and that can't deceive sensible school boys. We don't intend to use *specious* arguments,—"showy, plausible, superficially not solidly right," as Walker defines them. The Secretary had better not use any more of them. "Fair play is a jewel."

"How will this argument work?" Try it and see, Secretary.

You don't try it. You put different cases. You speak of farmers sending away sons for their benefit and fortunes. We speak of sending off—a sending off *to get rid of*. Farmers don't send *off* their sons, unless they get angry, and forget their nature, and *disinherit* them. Then they send them *off*. This *sending* to the West is not true in fact. The sons want to go from New Hampshire rocks to the prairied West. They have heard stories about it almost as extravagant and false as the Secretary tells about the death-haunted capes of Liberia, where bones lie bleaching as they do in the valley of the fabled Upas. The father wants them to *stay with him*, if he has got land for them, and if he han't, he *would go with them*. That is the way the father *sends off his sons*. Does the Secretary send off the *dear colored people* so? Would he accompany them? Let him go and edit at Cape Palmas, and sing his ditty of the "African steeples" about among king Joe Harris' people. They would admire his tall presence and his fine head, as the Cossacks did Murat on his black charger. No. The Secretary loves—"society," that has got more "frame-work" in it. The dragon take Liberia, for all his going there! It is a grand country for "free niggers;" but the Secretary belongs to *another race*.

"The Boston merchant sends off his son," &c. Whoever heard of such a sending *off*? Would the weeping father, as the vessel, with his dear boy on board, was clearing the harbor and standing out into the wide sea, tell the disconsolate mother and the brothers and sisters—all in tears—"I've *sent off* Charles?" Sent him *off!* for shame, Secretary! If you had instanced a Boston merchant, who had a poor, miserable, profligate, drunken, prodigal son, that had exhausted his paternal nature, and forged his name to checks—whom he did not wish to see hanged at home, for the disgrace it would bring on the family, and he had shipped him aboard a man-of-war for the Mediterranean—or a whaler for a three years' chance among the storms of the cape, and the grampuses of the arctic circle, peradventure to come back, and *peradventure not*, then you might talk of a father's sending his son *off*. But that comes too near colonizing, for the Secretary's purpose,--only he wants to ship the innocent—the

blameless—the unoffending—guilty of nothing but want of the roseate hue of the beauteous, Absalom-looking Secretary.

"We *send off* missionaries," &c. Only to Liberia, Secretary. We send *out* to every other quarter. Note this peculiarity, reader, in our American *efforts* to evangelize the world. We send *out* white, educated, college-learned, beneficiary, Andover-finished theologians to those people we have never enslaved; and to our old human hunting-ground we send *off* "*abated nuisances*," called "free niggers,"—sent *off* "*with their own consent.*" ("He 'ticed him out of the field," says the witness; "'ticed him clear out." How did he 'tice him? said the court. "O, he 'ticed him with a *pitchfork!*") We had the curiosity to look, in this very number of the Secretary's "Statesman," to see what he called the sending of missionaries. He has a deal to say about love to the heathen. We lit upon "Missions to Liberia," the first thing almost. It is not the Secretary's own, but his faithful Achates, R. McDowell's. He gives us the very technical phrase for missionary sending; but there is no *off* to it. "The first mission, established in Liberia," says McD., "was the Swiss mission, &c., *sent out* by Rev. Dr. Bleinhardt," &c.

Don't talk of sending *off* sons and missionaries, any more, Mr. Secretary. It is too "specious."

The Secretary says, we "ludicrously kill our argument before we get down our column." What is our argument? That sending *off* our *free* colored people, to rid the country of them, is proof of hatred towards them. How do we kill it? Why, by saying it won't hurt a *slave* to send *him away*. Commend us to such killing. "What is sauce for the goose, may be for the" —— Secretary; but it don't follow, that what is *bod* for the *freeman*, would be *bad* for the *slave*. Would it be good for the freeman of America to be sent to Algiers? We say it would not hurt the slave to be sent there. He would rejoice to get there, and we should rejoice to have him, if we can't free him here,—even to Liberia—rather than stay within influence of such teachers of humanity as McDuffie and Gurley.

The Secretary's mention of our proposal to colonize the slaves in Canada, as a serious proposal, is so *roguishly* "specious," that

we can't answer it.—The charge of "insanity," abolitionists are used to. The Secretary will be glad to be so, by and by, when we get slavery down in this country. The cry from the West Indies makes him look wild. He will exclaim, by another year or two, when Congress, with old John Quincy Adams at their head, and Alvan Stewart and Wendell Phillips and Vermont Knapp to back him up, declare slavery down in the capital and the district—he will then cry out, as Athaliah did, when she "heard the noise of the guard, the clapping of hands, and the God save king Joash." He will be stark crazy then,—if he does not repent—which we hope he may.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 22, 1838.]

We had a fine opportunity, on our way from Plymouth to Concord, to witness this grand conjunction of the mighty orbs of the sky—this conflict of the "greater and lesser lights"—the lesser obscuring the greater, as is sometimes the case among *sub*lunary bodies, by force of position. The glorious sun was indeed "sick almost to doomsday,"—and it was pitiful to see his regal distress, and with what dignity and decency he drew around him his robe of clouds, to hide his disaster and shame from the smoked-glass gaze of mortals. The atmosphere and the landscape sombered at his obscuration, and he looked, as the foul intrusion overshadowed his disk, like a noble nature seized upon, darkened, marred and smothered to blackness and darkness, by the Genius of slavery. The envious eclipse passes off, and the released luminary shines on gloriously again in mid heaven. Slavery is perpetual eclipse—sickness *to* "doomsday"—eternal obscuration. May God in his mercy rectify the erring orbs of life, to prevent and remove such fatal moral *conjunctions*.

All animate creation seemed to apprehend and notice instinctively the malady of the heavens. The few birds that remain extant at this unmusical season, gave token of their apprehension

of night-fall by betaking themselves to the topmost boughs of the trees—to get as late a good-night as they could, from the blessed luminary whose good morrow they hail with such choral gladness, in that joyous season when "the time of the singing of birds is come." The cricket and the grasshopper, in the fields by the road side, set up, as night came down, their twilight hum, and blew their "drowsy bugle." A drove of cattle, through which we passed, on the way to Brighton—like a coffle from the city of WASHINGTON to Alabama—halted, as the drover told us, as if the hour for putting up for night had come. And our own good steed, refreshed by the coolness of the temperature, and warned by the deepening shadows, set up his evening trot, in full remembrance, as well as his master, of Concord hospitality—for he has a "memory like a horse"—and had every visible and ostensible reason to believe, that stable-time and release from the harness were at hand. Would that the poor human cattle of the republic could realize such a season! But neither night nor eclipse brings respite to them. THEY ARE SLAVES.

At the height of the obscuration, the sky wore the appearance of real sunset—a sunset far up from the horizon, with blue sky below, between it and the hills. The passing off of the eclipse was invisible, by reason of the thick, hard, night-looking clouds, and the sun did not reappear to give assurance of his recovery. May it not be emblematic of the extinction of slavery in this country amid the gloomy shadowings and night of insurrection, which our friend, the Observer, deprecates with such deep shuddering—while the prospect of *eternal slavery* he can look on with most serene composure.

The "specious" twilight of the eclipse gradually put on evening's *bona fide* enshroudings, and settled into —— but we forget that our eclipse was seen by all our readers, and will leave them, with the wish, that the sun may rise upon them again on the morrow, all unmarred and unscathed by his conflict with the "dirty planet," and light them all on the way to a day of anti-slavery gratitude and duty.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 29, 1838.]

One of these presumptuous "quittings of one's sphere," to "rush into the skies," was attempted in our little capital city, on Friday, the 21st inst., and with very handsome success. Popular curiosity poured in to witness it, under umbrellas and cloaks, from all the surrounding country.—We wish they would take half the pains to free their country from slavery, that they will to see a great soap-bubble go up into the air, with a gaseous man subjoined to it. It was a novel sight, to be sure, and if it is to be *done*, perhaps it may as well be *seen;* though going to see it, is all the occasion of the poor skyman's venturing up. He can have no other.—This aerostation can never, probably, come to any thing useful. We can't navigate, for the purposes of commerce, travel, or discovery, "the brave o'er-hanging firmament," or explore, in this gas-distended craft, the great orb of day, the waning moon, or those islands of light, that sprinkle at night the boundless Pacific "hung on high."—No rudder can be invented, that shall steer the light air-ship through the billowy clouds. The compass will not traverse, to point to the celestial pole, and no anchor can fix its crooked fluke in the bottom of the aeronaut's ocean.

The utmost result of a voyage is the escape of the voyager with a whole neck. Science can derive no accessions from it. It cannot promise even the north-west passage to China, to explore which, English audacity has braved the horrors of the polar half-year's night—the formidable ice-islands—and all the terrors of the arctic winter—a passage which commerce of course could not use, if they could find one, without a Parry or a Ross in every merchantman.

Mr. Lauriat went up at Concord. His balloon, made of oiled silk, containing, as was said, seven hundred yards, and covered with a fine netting, was about two hours inflating. The gas was made in hogsheads, passed from them through tin tubes, going out of the tight headings, as the casks stood on end—and leading into reservoirs of lime water, which purified the gas as it passed

through it,—out of which it was conducted, in large cloth ducts, into one which entered the throat of the balloon. The balloon, when filled, was about sixty feet high and thirty through. As it filled and struggled to rise, like an overgrown elephant, it was held down by the cords attached to the netting, by a circle of spectators and others standing round it. The car was brought and suspended directly under the centre, by these cords. It was of basket work, about a foot high, and from four to five feet over; a net work connected a hoop with it about eighteen inches above, to keep the navigator from falling overboard. About 5 o'clock, in the midst of a rain, he got on board his frail vessel, and they let him up, by a cord about twenty feet, when he made a short valedictory, cut his cable with his pocket knife, with rather an agitated hand, as we thought, and went up.

The ascent was very graceful and gentle, and reminded us of the ascent of thistle-down. The multitude dismissed him with a good-natured hurrah—and he was soon so high that he looked more like a puppet than a man. He waved a little flag, which, if it was the starred and striped one we sometimes see flapping at liberty poles down here, could be more appropriately unfurled after he had passed beyond the clouds, than this side of them. When his vehicle was reduced to about the size of a hand, he went in behind a cloud-curtain, and disappeared. He went to Canterbury, about a dozen miles distant, and lighted down among the broad-brimmed hats of our friends the Shakers, about twenty minutes after he started, took a drop, as we are told, of their imperial cider, *to keep the clouds from striking to his stomach*, remounted and rode on, upon the twilight air, to Northfield, and landed near where Samuel Tilton, Esq. once arrested George Storrs for *prayer*. He was dripping wet, having rode in the rain and among the very springs of foul weather, most of his way—though a portion of his journey was, we understand, above them in clear sky. When he was above the clouds, he said it seemed to him he was stationary, though he knew he must be moving, he knew not whither, with great velocity. He could not see the earth. His greatest elevation was eleven thousand feet.

One of the greatest balloon feats we believe ever performed,

was by a Mr. Blanchard and another adventurer, who sailed from Dover cliffs in England, crossed the entire British channel, and landed safely in France. It would have been much safer, however, and quite as rational, to take the Calais packet. The chief end and result of ballooning seem to be, as in the case of the intrepid Samuel Patch, (who ascended the other way,) to show that "some things can be done as well as others."

GEORGE THOMPSON.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 29, 1838.]

Our readers may remember that his excellency Governor Hill, the Reverend Wilbur Fisk, D. D., President of Wesleyan University, the Honorable Charles G. Atherton, one of our free and enlightened delegation in Congress, and sundry other dignitaries in church and state, as well as the Honorable their Graces the Concord mob—while Mr. Thompson was in this country, and soon after our brutality drove him from these guilty shores,—took great liberties with his name, and attempted liberties with his person. We call the attention of these distinguished functionaries to some of their sayings and doings, and will then subjoin some few of the testimonials recently come to us from England, or which will be new to them, we presume, as they would not be likely to encounter them in the course of their more lofty readings.

"This fugitive from justice," said his excellency Isaac Hill—this "bankrupt in character and in purse," said his highness the Reverend Doctor Fisk, a gratuitous vindicator of slavery—"a miscreant who had fled from the indignation of an outraged people," declaimed the pert Mister Atherton—amen to the whole of it, repeated their Graces the mob.

Hear Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Wilberforce of the British parliament—one of the ornaments of philanthropy for all christendom. It was at a great anti-slavery meeting in the city of Norwich, in the neighborhood of where this fugitive from justice had been brought up. He had just spoken on the platform where

Buxton and other great men of England sat. "I come here," says Thomas Fowell Buxton, "to declare my assent to the great doctrine of immediate abolition of the apprenticeship, as well as to hear a speech from George Thompson, with whose sentiments I fully concur, and with whom I hope to labor through years to come, shoulder to shoulder, for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world." "Fugitive from justice" indeed—"bankrupt in character," with a witness!

Hear Ralph Wardlaw, of Glasgow, one of the ablest, profoundest divines and writers in Europe. After Mr. Thompson's victory in Scotland over Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge of Baltimore, who honored the challenge of this "fugitive from justice" in the very land from which he fled,—fought with him in presence of 1200 of the very flower of the city of Glasgow, and fell before him there—at a public meeting held in Dr. Heugh's chapel in commemoration of this victory, Dr. Wardlaw said of Mr. Thompson, "With the ability, the zeal, the eloquence, the energy, the steadfastness of principle, the exhaustless and indefatigable perseverance of OUR CHAMPION, we were more than satisfied."—"We sent him to America," said Dr. Wardlaw. "He went with the best wishes of the benevolent, and the fervent prayers of the pious. He remained in the faithful, laborious and perilous execution of the commission entrusted to him, as long as it could be done without the actual sacrifice of life. He returned. We hailed his arrival," &c. "Fugitive from justice," says the New Hampshire governor. "We sent him," says Dr. Wardlaw. "Bankrupt in character," says the Rev. Dr. Fisk. "He returned," says Dr. Wardlaw, "and we hailed his arrival."

And now hear Henry Brougham, in the House of Lords. We put him against the American Brougham, who called George Thompson "miscreant!" against the Honorable *Charles G. Atherton, of America.* In the House of Lords, July 16th ultimo, in reply to Lord Glenelg, who claimed for the British government the credit of abolishing slavery in the West India islands—Lord Brougham said that "he maintained that, but for the interference of this country by the friends of emancipation and of liberty, there would not to-day have been received such a despatch as

had arrived from the governor of Jamaica." "He would say, 'Honor to those to whom honor was due.' He would name such men as Joseph Sturge, John Scoble, William Allen, and other noble-minded and devoted philanthropists—and above all he would name one—one of the most eloquent men he had ever heard either in or out of parliament—he meant the gallant and highly-gifted George Thompson, who had not alone exerted himself in the cause of humanity in this country, but had risked *his life in America*, in the promulgation of those doctrines, which he knew to be founded in truth."

Has our dainty-fingered little statesman ever heard of Henry Brougham, of England—that intellectual Titan—that combination of all that is glorious in the history of British genius and learning and eloquence and patriotism; the pride of Westminster hall, the peerless among her peerage, the very star of England, the man whose impress, of all others, this age and coming ages will bear wherever the English language shall be spoken, the man whose mental influence is felt from the palace to the hovel, from the queen to the chimney-sweeper—has the Honorable Mr. Atherton heard of him, and does he call "*miscreant*" the man who receives such eulogium from his lips, in the face of Europe? Fugitive from justice! Is the companion of Brougham and O'Connell and Buxton and Sturge and Scoble and Allen and Wardlaw, a "felon" and a "bankrupt in reputation" in England —a miscreant? What say you, Messrs. Hill, Fisk, Atherton, and —— mob, will you repeat your words in face of such testimonials as these?

LIMITATIONS OF HUMAN RESPONSIBILITIES.— DR. WAYLAND.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 6, 1838.]

We were unpleasantly surprised, on receiving our last number of the "Comprehensive Commentary" and the "Supplement," from our good anti-slavery friend Boutelle, to find the unfeeling

author of the "limitations" posted up, in the frontispiece, by Dr. Jenks, at his own right hand, and directly over the head of old President Dwight. Perhaps this is a sort of peace-offering to the slaveholder—a bit of policy to give the "Commentary" a currency among our "southern brethren." The Doctor's image would give the Commentary a cordial passport to the heart of every slaveholder. He would expect to find the Bible itself chock full of limitations of human obligations and warrant for slaveholding.

We should not dare send a lad to the Doctor's college, for fear he would teach him this science of "limitations;" a science as fatal to human welfare as the atmosphere of Upas is to healthful respiration. What a kindly blow has the Rev. Doctor here struck at religion and humanity, by this work, with a most significant and appropriate title—"Limitations of Responsibilities!" Abridgment of human obligations! Curtailment of moral obligations! Irresponsibilities to God and man! What a title and a work, to surprise and delight the devil withal! Give me, quoth the devil, these abridgers of human liability. O no, sweet mortals, "ye shall not surely die." Hath God indeed said *so and so?* It may be—but then the meaning hath excellent "limitations." Commend me, quoth the arch-gambler for the exposed soul, to these highly taught rabbies—brought up at foot of Gamalicl, who will ratiocinate the apprehensive mind clear of the trammels of responsibility.

It has been a *desideratum* with human depravity, from the first transgression down, to discover that this fatal responsibility had limits—some resting place, short of these crucifying requirements. Orthodoxy itself hath at last discovered it, and the fortunate finder is Doctor Francis Wayland.

"Granting slavery to be in violation of the law of God," says the daring Doctor, "it still remains to be decided, what is our duty respecting it." In this horrible doctrine we cannot agree, but say rather, that granting slavery, or any thing else, to be in violation of that law, it is decided, and always has been, that our duty is forthwith to labor to our utmost for its immediate suppression.

The Doctor's essay is to "kill the abolitionists dead." Colonel

Mordecai Noah, of the tribe of *Issachar*, says exultingly, that it is doing it. A band of self-devoted men and women have formed themselves together, to deliver, by the power of simple truth, their poor, soul-withered brethren from a condition that would awaken irrepressible pity in any thing but an under mill-stone. They are succeeding. They have *insured success;* and this northern Doctor has volunteered, as a sort of Swiss guard, to protect the slaveholder against them in his "paramount rights," and to "kill" these unoffending and faithful ones "dead." He has woven a web of sophistry, which it would waste time, and no doubt puzzle our unmetaphysical brains to unravel, in the cunning order in which it is put together. We shall not worry ourselves to thread its labyrinths, or unglue its spider fastenings. In plain housewife style, we take the broomstick of "self-evident truth," and just poke down this cobweb—dead flies and all, warp and filling,—with the sly old weaver himself, where he sits in his central woof, "cunning and fierce, mixture abhorred." For see.—Slaveholding is a self-evident crime. We (Doctor and all) are palpably at the bottom of it. It is engendered and fed on our own vicious public sentiment. We are bound forthwith to correct this sentiment, and thereby abolish slavery. There is no "limitation" about it, and no "*two ways about it*," in the expressive parlance. This is better made out, in *the statement*, than by any help of words with which we are acquainted,—and we here dispose of the whole Doctor.

"No cat has two tails," quoth the Doctor. Agreed, says Major Noah, and his gentile brother, the New Hampshire Patriot. "But every cat has one tail more than no cat," adds the Doctor. "Han't she?" cries Major Noah. "I want to know if she han't," echoes the New Hampshire Patriot. "Therefore," concludes the Doctor, (and anti-slavery is extinguished)—"therefore every cat has THREE tails." "Three tails!" exults the epauletted Israelite; "three tails, by our gold-laced gabardine, every cat is a three-tailed bashaw," and it is "perfectly conclusive to the mind" of the New Hampshire Patriot. Now we hold up any bona fide pussy in the land by *the* tail, and all eyes may see that she hath but *one*. The Doctor cannot argue it into *three*.

JAUNT TO VERMONT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 20, 1838.]

We have recently journeyed through a portion of this *free* state, and it is not all imagination in us, that sees, in its bold scenery,—its *uninfected*, inland position, its mountainous, but fertile and verdant surface, the secret of the noble and anti-slavery predisposition of its people. They are *located* for freedom. Liberty's home is on their Green Mountains. Their farmer-republic no where touches the ocean—"the highway of the" world's crimes, as well as its "nations." It has no seaport for the *importation* of slavery, or the *exportation* of its own highland republicanism. Vermont is accordingly the earliest anti-slavery state, and should slavery ever prevail over this nation to its utter subjugation, the last, lingering footsteps of retiring liberty will be seen—not, as Daniel Webster said, in the proud old commonwealth of Massachusetts, about Bunker hill and Faneuil hall, (places long since deserted of freedom)—but wailing, like Jephtha's daughter, among the "hollows," and along the sides of the Green Mountains.

Vermont shows gloriously at this autumn season. Frost has gently laid hands on her exuberant vegetation, tinging her rock-maple woods, without abating the deep verdure of her herbage. Every where along her peopled hollows and her bold hill-slopes and summits is alive with green, while her endless *hard-wood* forests are *uniformed* with all the hues of early fall—richer than the regimentals of the kings that glittered in the train of Napoleon on the confines of Poland, when he lingered there on the last outposts of summer, before plunging into the snow-drifts of the North—more gorgeous than the "array" of Saladin's life-guard in the wars of the Crusaders—or of "Solomon in all his glory"—decked in all colors and hues, but still the hues of life. Vegetation touched, but not dead, or if killed, not bereft yet of "signs of life." "Decay's effacing fingers" had not yet "swept the 'hills,' where beauty lingers." All looked fresh as growing foliage. Vermont frosts don't seem to be "killing frosts.'

They only change aspects of beauty. The mountain pastures, verdant to the peaks, and over the peaks of the high, steep hills, were covered with the amplest feed, and clothed with countless sheep;—the hay-fields heavy with second crop, in some partly cut and abandoned, as if in very weariness and satiety, blooming with *honey-suckle*, contrasting strangely with the colors on the woods—the fat cattle and the long-tailed colts and close-built Morgans wallowing in it, up to the eyes, or the cattle down to rest, with full bellies, by ten in the morning. Fine but narrow roads wound along among the hills—free, almost entirely, of stone, and so smooth as to be safe for the most rapid driving—made of their rich, dark, powder-looking soil. Beautiful villages or scattered settlements breaking upon the delighted view, on the meandering way, making the ride a continued scene of excitement and animation. The air fresh, free and wholesome,—no steaming of the fever and ague of the West, or the *rank slaveholding* of the South,—the road almost dead level for miles and miles among mountains that lay over the land like the great swells of the sea, and looking, in the prospect, as though there could be no passage. On the whole, we never, in our limited travel, experienced any thing like it, and we commend any one, given to despondency or dumps, to a ride, in beginning of October, chaise-top back, fleet horses *tandem*, fresh from the generous fodder and thorough-going groomage of Steel's tavern, a forenoon ride, from White-river Sharon, through Tunbridge, to Chelsea Hollow. There's nothing on Salem turnpike like the road, and nothing, any where, a match for "the lay of the land" and the ever-varying, animating landscape.

We can't praise Vermonters for their fences or their barns, and it seems to us their out-houses and door-yards hardly correspond with the well-built dwellings. But they have no stones for wall—no red oak or granite for posts, or pine growth for rails and boards in their hard-wood forests, and we queried, as we observed their "insufficient fences" and lack of pounds, whether such barriers as our side of the Connecticut we have to rear about an *occasional patch of feed*, could be necessary in a country where no "creatures" appeared to run in the road, and where

there was not choice enough in field and pasture, to make it an object for any *body* to be breachy, or to stray—and where every *hoof* seemed to have its *hands* full at home. Poor fences there seemed to answer all purposes of good ones among us, where every blade of grass has to be watched and guarded from the furtive voracity of hungry New Hampshire *stock*.

The farmers looked easy and care-free. We saw none that seemed back-broken with hard work, or brow-wrinkled with fear of *coming to want*. How do your crops come in, sir? "O, middlin'."—How much wheat? "Well, about three hundred. Wheat han't filled well."—How much hay do you cut? "Well, sir, from eighty to one hundred ton." Corn? "Over four hundred; corn is good." How many potatoes? "Well, I don't know; we've dug from eight hundred to one thousand." How many cattle do you keep? "Only thirty odd head this year; cattle are scarce." Sheep? "Three hundred and odd." Horse kind? "Five," and so on. And yet the Vermont farmers are leaving for the West.

The only thing we saw, that looked anti-republican, was their magnificent State House, which gleams among their hills more like some ancient Greek temple, than the *agency house* of a self-governed democracy. It is a very imposing object. Of the severest and most compact proportions, its form and material (the solid granite) comporting capitally with the surrounding scenery. About one hundred and fifty feet long, and some eighty or one hundred wide, we should judge, an oblong square, with a central projection in front, the roof of it supported on a magnificent row of granite pillars—the top a dome without spire. It looks as if it had been translated from old Thebes or Athens, and planted down among Ethan Allen's Green Mountains. It stands on a ledge of rock; close behind it a hill, somewhat rocky and rugged for Vermont; and before it, descends an exceedingly fine and extensive yard, fenced with granite and iron in good keeping with the building, the ground covered with the richest verdure, broken into wide walks, and planted with young trees. It is a very costly structure; but Vermont can afford it, though we hold to *cheap and very plain State houses*, inasmuch as the seat of

government with us is, or should be, at the people's homes. We want to see the dwelling-houses of the "owners of the soil," the palaces of the country. There the sovereignty of the country should hold its court, and there its wealth should be expended. Let despots and slaveholders build their pompous public piles and their pyramids of Egypt.

The apartments and furniture of the State House within are very rich, and, we should judge, highly commodious. The Representatives' Hall a semicircular, with cushioned seats, a luxury hardly suited to the humor of the stout old Allens and Warners of early times, and comporting but slightly with the hardy habits of the Green Mountain boys, who now come there, and in brief session pass anti-slavery resolutions, to the dismay of the haughty South, and the shame of the neighboring dough-faced North.

Their legislature was about to sit—and an anti-slavery friend, one of their state officers, informed us that Alvan Stewart was expected there, to attend their anti-slavery anniversary. We should have rejoiced to stay and hear him handle southern slavery in that Vermont State House.—We trust yet to hear George Thompson there. It shall be our voice, when he comes again, that he go directly into Vermont; that he *land* there from Canada. Let him leave England in some man-of-war, that hoists the "meteor flag," and mounts guns only in chase of the slave ship, and enter the continent by way of the gulf of St. Lawrence. Let him tarry some months among the farmers of Vermont, and tell them the whole mysteries of slavery, and infuse into their yeoman-hearts his own burning abhorrence of it, till they shall loathe slaveholding as they loathe the most dastardly thieving, and with one stern voice, from the Connecticut to Champlain, demand its annihilation. We would have him go into the upland farming towns—not to the shores of the lake, where the steamboat touches, to land the plague of pro-slavery—nor to the capital, where "property and standing" might turn up the nose at the negro's equal humanity, or the vassals of "the northern man with southern principles" *veto* the anti-slavery meeting with a drunken mob—but to Randolph Hill, to Danville Green, the

swells of Peacham, and the plains of St. Johnsbury, to Strafford Hollow and the vales of Tunbridge and Sharon—William Slade's Middlebury, and up among James Bell's Caledonia hills. Let the South learn that GEORGE THOMPSON WAS STIRRING THE VERMONTERS UP AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. See if Alabama would send a requisition for him to ANTI-SLAVERY Governor Jennison, or ANTI-SLAVERY Lieut. Gov. Camp. And what response, think ye, she would get back!—a Gilchrist report—or the thundering judgment rather of stout old Justice Harrington to the shivering slave-chaser—"SHOW ME YOUR BILL OF SALE OF THIS MAN FROM THE ALMIGHTY!" A decision," said a judge of the present truly upright and learned bench of that state, "no less honorable to Judge Harrington's *head* than his *heart*, and GOOD LAW."

Let George Thompson *land* in Vermont, and stay there, till other states shall learn the courage to guaranty him his rights within their own borders, if they have not learned it already for shame. He can do anti-slavery's work, and all of it, in Vermont. He need go no farther south. They can hear him distinctly, *every word he says*, from Randolph Green clear down to Texas. John C. Calhoun would catch every blast of his bugle; and assassin Preston startle at its note, in the rotunda at Charleston. And by and by, when every Vermont farmer shall have heard his voice, and shaken his hand and welcomed him to his hearth-stone, let him come down into Montpelier and shake that granite State House; and mayhap to fair Burlington, to that University—where the colored student can now enjoy, unrestricted, all the equal privileges of "*field recitation*;" where he may come, under cloud of night, to gaze at the stars on the very same common with the young New-Yorker, and the son of the rich merchant of this fair city of the lake, or accompany them, in broad day, on an excursion of trigonometry, in the open fields. The doors of that college chapel would open wide to George Thompson, after the Green Mountain boys had once heard him speak.

But we are lingering too long for our readers or ourselves, in this noble state. We hasten back to our own native, sturdy quarry of rocks and party politics.

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 20, 1838.]

We wonder if this learned divine has ever undertaken to convince men that their "responsibilities were limited" in regard to the removal of any other nuisance than slavery. We have not seen any portion of his "limitations," except that relating to slavery. Whether he has treated on them as to any other sin, we do not know. But what possessed him to think men needed reminding of the *limitations* of their obligations? Are they prone to works of supererogation? Are they apt to be rampant in the exercise of that "charity," which "seeketh not her own," to transcend the bounds of their duty? Is it necessary, in order to a proper husbanding of their sympathies, that they be warned and admonished against their too prodigal lavishment upon their fellow-men? Is it to be predicated of fallen, depraved men, that they will be likely to overrun their obligations? Need they be guarded against an extravagance like this? Need ministers of the gospel tax their ingenuity in a behalf like this? Generally this class of men have been engaged, on what they call in court "the other side;" in enforcing human obligations, and in setting forth and urging on men's consciences their terrible responsibilities—to remove from their minds and hearts erroneous notions of their *limitations*, and of their own freedom from obligation.

We take it nothing can be clearer and more reasonable than the universal obligation to do to others as we would that they should do to us—and to do likewise *for* others. If we were slaves, does any doctor doubt we should desire our neighbors, if we had any, to try to rescue us? If our house was a-fire, should not we want our neighbors to help put the fire out? If we were in the water, going to the bottom, could we bear it that neighbors should go indifferently by, and let us sink—that they should merely pity us—in the abstract? The slavery case is exceedingly plain. Slavery is the creature of tolerance—of public sufferance. Southern slavery exists in northern sufferance. The North is the seat of American sufferance. It is the theatre of

moral influence for this nation. There is no such influence in the South—that is, no reforming influence except by negative operation. What is the moral influence of New Orleans on the nation? What of Charleston, or Mobile, or St. Louis, or Richmond, or any of the states or people of which these are the capitals? What religious or moral enterprise ever originated, or advanced in any of these places or people? They no more influence the country, than gamblers, drunkards, thieves, religiously influence the church. The church influences them for good or for evil, according to her faithfulness or unfaithfulness in her Master's service. The North influences the South in the matter of slavery. Yea, the North acts with the South in slaveholding. They directly and professedly uphold the system wherever they have occasion. They tolerate it in the District of Columbia. They directly sustain it in the territories. They allow the slave trade between the states. They conspired with the South in the constitution, that the foreign trade in slaves should not be interrupted by Congress for twenty years. They voted that Arkansas should come into the Union, with a constitution guarding slavery with a two-edged sword, giving the slaveholder a veto upon an emancipating legislature, and the legislature a check upon the repentant slaveholder. They have voted to admit a system that forbids and discourages repentance of the sin of slaveholding, and makes it desperate. All this has been done solemnly and with deliberation, and in legislative form—and the whole nation has tacitly allowed those of its people who chose, to hold slaves. It has never been disreputable, but highly the contrary, to hold slaves in this country. Is not a nation answerable for the vices and crimes which are reputable and popular within its borders? If a nation has any moral influence, any moral standard, is it not responsible for what that standard does not condemn? Has not this nation cast all its presidential votes for two men, guilty at the very moment of the election and all their days before and since, of the crime of slaveholding—Andrew Jackson, a slaveholder and a slave driver, and voted for twice by a majority of the electoral suffrage of this nation, north and south—and Henry Clay, a slaveholder and a notorious compromiser in the service

of the infernal system, voted for by the rest of the nation. Jackson chosen by northern men against Adams a northern man. And then a northern man abandoned by northern men, one and the same party, in favor of Clay, a southern slaveholder

We have nothing to do with abolishing slavery, says the Doctor Wayland, either as citizens of the United States, or as men. Our responsibilities for its removal are all *limited* away. On the very face of our case, it is palpable and grossly evident, we say, that the northern people have at least as much to do with its abolition as the people of the south. They have at least as much to do with its continuation. They are as directly engaged in it. They have the control of it in the national councils wherever it exists within congressional jurisdiction. It is the North, and not the South, that prevents a legislative abolition of it in the District of Columbia. Slavery in the national district is a northern institution, and not a southern. It is the "peculiar institution" there of the North, and not of the South. Is it not so? We declare then, that, as citizens and as men, we at the North have something to do with the abolition of American slavery—ay, that we have *every thing* to do with it. We can abolish it, and we alone can. We ought to abolish it, and we alone ought to do it, as appears at first impartial glance.

"I think it evident," says Dr. Wayland, "that as *citizens of the United States*, we have no power whatever either to abolish slavery in the southern states, or to do any thing of which the direct intention is to abolish it." We do not perceive the propriety of the Doctor's language when he talks of *a thing* having an *intention*. Slaves have *intentions*, and the Doctor and his friends call them *things*—but how a *thing to be done* can have an *intention*—a "direct intention," as the Doctor says, is beyond our slight learning. Perhaps the Doctor meant *tendency* by intention—and meant to say that we could not do any thing the direct tendency of which is the abolition of southern slavery. That is to say, we, as citizens of the United States, may not vote in Congress against slaveholding in the District of Columbia, or in the territories, or against the slave trade between the states. We may not receive petitions in behalf of those objects—we

may not petition Congress—we may not talk against slaveholding—or write against it—or pray against it—or sympathize with our fellow-men in slavery; because each and every one of these acts has a *direct* tendency to abolish slavery in the southern states. Slavery in the land is a system, a whole system, a custom, a crime, and but one crime wherever committed. It is not warrantable in one place, and not in another. It is not lawful in one state, and not in another. It is one entire, individual, undivided matter of fact every where in the land, as much as murder is—and if it is denounced and condemned in the District of Columbia by Congress, it is as fatal to it, in the whole country, as if denounced in South Carolina by Congress, or any where else—more fatal to it. A blow struck against it, as existing in that district, would be a blow at the head of it, and it would be *mortal*,—not one having a direct *tendency* to kill the system—or a *direct intention*, as the Doctor hath it,—but a blow destructive in itself. It would fix the brand of infamy on every slaveholder's front throughout the nation. It would render him infamous even in the eyes of Americans. Dr. Wayland could set no *limits* to his infamy. It would seal him a criminal with the broad seal of the nation, the *E pluribus unum*. Who would vote for him for President then—who would send him ambassador to London—who put him in Speaker of the House—President of the Senate—Chief Justice of the United States? Who would shake hands with him at the capitol? Now he is first in office, first in honor. Slaveholding is passport to every distinction. We ask Dr. Wayland and his aid-de-camp Major Mordecai *Noachus*, if a vote by Congress on our petitions, abolishing slavery in the district, and making it capital to enslave a man there, as they would do if they made it penal at all, would not give the system the death blow in the South, even if abolitionists had done nothing to kill it elsewhere. Would not that single enactment do it? Self-evidently it would. Have we not a right, *as citizens of the United States*, to do this? The Doctor says no. We say, ay.

But not to follow this self-immolated man any farther now, we will say that we need not get a vote from Congress against slavery

in order to its abolition there and every where. Congress! what is it? The mere dregs and *precipitations*, the *settlings* and *sediments* of the nation. It is as soulless as a corporation. It has no soul, no mind, no principle, no opinion. It is an echo, and that not always a true one. It is a mere catastrophe—an upshot. It will only mutter the word *abolition*, after it has become an old story through the country. We have struck slavery its death blow already. We need not contend with the Doctor about the power. "One thing you have done," said an eminent judge to us, "you have driven the South to come out and declare directly in favor of slavery. Heretofore they have pretended to lament it, as an evil. Now they declare it is a blessing, and a righteous institution." Have we not, said we, driven them to join the issue, before the world, in favor of slaveholding? "You have," said the judge. Must they not maintain it before the world, said we, to save the institution from going down? "They must," he replied. Can they maintain it? said we. "No," said he,—and yet the judge is not an abolitionist.

We need not contend with this Wayland and wayward President for the power, as citizens or as men, to beat down southern slaveholding. We have *exercised the power already*, and the South knows it. We have waked the nation to discuss the demerits of the system and the question of the negro man's humanity; and they are discussing it, and amid the flash and fervor of the agitation the foul system dies. It can no more endure it, than owls can noon, or bats sunshine, or ghosts day-break. While Wayland is groping about in his metaphysics to get hold of some puzzle to embarrass us about the power, we will have exercised it to the full, and cleared the land of slavery. Then where will the Doctor find a market for his "limitations?" Slavery is a *dead man* already, unless Orator Rhett, and Professor Dew, and Colonel McDuffie, and General Hamilton, and doctor this, that and the other one, can maintain the precious creature in the argument, and get the verdict of an enlightened and purged christianity in its favor. To this conclusion it has already come. The question is stated—the issue joined—the pleadings closed—all demurring and abating and delaying past by. And now for

the trial. Now, Slavery, hold thine own. The Doctor's question of our having the power comes too late.

COLOR-PHOBIA.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Nov. 10, 1838.]

Our people have got it. They have got it in the blue, collapse stage. Many of them have got it so bad, they can't get well. They will die of it. It will be a mercy, if the nation does not. What a dignified, philosophic malady! Dread of complexion. They don't know they have got it—or think, rather, they took it the natural way. But they were inoculated. It was injected into their veins and *incided* into their systems, by old Doctor Slavery, the great doctor that the famous Dr. Wayland studied with. There is a kind of varioloid type, called *colonization*. They generally go together, or all that have one are more apt to catch the other. Inoculate for one, (no matter which,) and they will have both, before they get over it. The remedy and the preventive, if taken early, is a kine-pock sort of matter, by the name of *anti-slavery*. It is a safe preventive and a certain cure. None that *have it, genuine*, ever catch slavery or colonization or the color-phobia. You can't inoculate either into them. It somehow changes and redeems the constitution, so that it is unsusceptible of them. An abolitionist can sleep safely all night in a close room, where there has been a colonization meeting the day before. He might sleep with R. R. Gurley and old Dr. Proudfit, three in a bed, and not catch it. The remedy was discovered by Dr. William Lloyd Jenner-Garrison.

This color-phobia is making terrible havoc among our communities. Anti-slavery *drives it out*, and after a while cures it. But it is a base, low, vulgar ailment. It is meaner, in fact, than the itch. It is worse to get rid of than the "seven years' itch." It is fouler than Old Testament leprosy. It seems to set the dragon into a man, and make him treat poor, dark-skinned folks like a tiger. It goes hardest with *dark-complect* white people.

They have it longer and harder than light-skinned people. It makes them sing out "Nigger—nigger," sometimes in their sleep. Sometimes they make a noise like this, "Darkey—darkey—darkey." Sometimes, "Wully—wully—wully." They will turn up their noses, when they see colored people, especially if they are of a pretty rank, savory habit of person, themselves. They are generally apt to turn up their noses, as though there was some "bad smell" in the neighborhood, when they have it bad, and are naturally pretty odoriferous. It is a tasty disorder—a beautiful ailment; very genteel, and apt to go in "first families." We should like to have Hogarth take a sketch of a community that had it—of ours, for instance, when the St. Vitus' fit was on. We have read somewhere of a painter, who made so droll a picture, that he died a-laughing at the sight of it. Hogarth might not laugh at this picture. It would be a sight to cry at, rather than laugh, especially if he could see the poor objects of our frenzy, when the fit is on—which indeed is all the time, for it is an unintermittent. Our attitude would be most ridiculous and ludicrous, if it were not too mortifying and humiliating and cruel. Our Hogarth would be apt to die of something else than laughter, at sight of his sketch.

The courtly malady is the secret of all our anti-abolition, and all our mobocracy. It shuts up all the consecrated meeting-houses—and all the *temples of justice*, the court-houses, against the friends of negro liberty. It is all alive with fidgets about *desecrating the Sabbath* with anti-slavery lectures. It thinks anti-slavery pew-owners can't go into them, or use their pulpit, when it is empty, without leave of the minister whom they employ to preach in it. It will forcibly shut people out of their own houses and off their own land,—not with the respectful violence of enemies and trespassers, but the contemptuous unceremoniousness of the plantation overseer—mingled moreover with the slavish irascibility of the poor negro, when he holds down his fellow-slave for a flogging. It sneers at human rights through the *free* press. It handed John B. Mahin over to the alligators of Kentucky. It shot Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton. It dragged away the free school, at Canaan. It set Pennsylvania Hall a-fire.

It broke Miss Crandall's school windows, and threw filth into her well. It stormed the female prayer meeting in Boston, with a "property and standing" forlorn hope. It passed the popish resolution at Littleton, in Grafton county. It shut up the meeting-house at Meredith Bridge, against minister and all,—and the homely court-house there, and howled like bedlam around the little, remote district school-house, and broke the windows at night. It excludes consideration and prayer in regard to the forlorn and christian-made heathenism of the American colored man, from county conferences and clerical associations. It broods over the mousings of the New York Observer, and gives *keenness* to the edge and point of its New Hampshire name-sake. It votes anti-slavery lectures out of the New Hampshire state house, and gives it *public hearing* on petitions, in a seven by nine committee room. It answers the most insulting mandate of southern governors, calling for violations of the state constitution and bill of rights, by legislative report and resolves that the paramount rights of slavery are safe enough in New Hampshire, without these violations. It sneers and scowls at woman's speaking *in company*, unless to simper, when she is flattered by a fool of the masculine or neuter gender. It won't sign an anti-slavery petition, for fear it will put back emancipation half a century. It votes in favor of communing with slaveholders, and throwing the pulpit wide open to men-stealers, to keep peace in the churches, and prevent disunion. It will stifle and strangle sympathy for the slave and "remembrance of those in bonds," to prevent disturbance of religious revivals. It will sell the American slave to buy Bibles, or hire negro-hating and negro-buying missionaries for foreign heathen of all quarters but christian-wasted Africa. It prefers *American* lecturers on slavery, to having that foreign emissary, George Thompson, come over here, to interfere with American rights and prejudices. It abhors "church action" and "meddling with politics." In short, it abhors slavery in the abstract—wishes it might be done away, but denies the right of any body or any thing to devise its overthrow, but slavery itself and slaveholders. It prays for the poor slave, that he might be elevated, while it stands both feet on his breast to keep him down. It

prays God might open a way in his own time for the deliverance of the slave, while it stands, with arms akimbo, right across the way he has already opened. Time would fail us to tell of its extent and depth in this free country, or the deeds it has done. Anti-slavery must cure it, or it must die out like the incurable drunkards.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COURIER.

[From the Herald of Freedom of November 10, 1838.]

THE New Hampshire Courier has a correspondent, "Homo," out in defence of colonization and against anti-slavery. "Homo" is a *man* every inch of him, for coming out in black and white. Welcome, good Homo. And thanks to brother Courier (if niggers may be allowed the expression) for giving "Homo" place in his columns. It will take a *Homo* to maintain the ground—not against us, but against his own readers. But courage, good Homo!—on with your numbers. We have glanced over No. 1, and seen the face of No. 2. Courage! we say. You have no great of a task—not much of a *stint*—nothing more to encounter than humanity and divinity—and heaven and earth. Cheer, *man*, the odds are with you.

Welcome, Homo, to the tented field. Abolitionists are tired of fighting intangible enemies. They glory to see one visible and tangible take the plain, and stretch his lines. They rejoice at the unfurling of flags and the glitter of the drawn blade. We will diligently and respectfully peruse "Homo," and if, by and by, we shall copy any thing un*homo*geneous in his appeals to his countrymen, we will give it such essay as *our people* may. We rejoice that the great rights of humanity are at length being esteemed of sufficient dignity to be argued down.

COLONIZATION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 23, 1838.]

THERE is either a most strange delusion, or an obstinate wickedness in men, in relation to this matter of expatriating our colored people--probably *both*—for delusion—"*strong delusion*" generally attends a long course of transgression. We believe, if there is any one crime in this land, on which the Father of the human family looks down with more displeasure than on any other, it is on this deliberate and malicious wrong and insult entertained by a portion of the proud people of this country towards their humbler brethren—a deliberate, premeditated, cool-blooded plot to banish them from their native land, and to send them to the most *undesirable spot on earth*. God commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves. Christ our Lord tells us in the story of the good Samaritan, who is our neighbor, and what loving him is, in practice. We ask the reverends and honorables, who compose the official list of New Hampshire Colonization, if the *good Samaritan would have joined the Colonization Society*. The question need only be asked. The idea of such a man as he, entering into a conspiracy like this, is so absurd, as to be almost ludicrous on the very face of it. Colonization is *hate* of one's neighbor, of the very deepest and most far-reaching kind.

But the organization is getting to be matter of form merely—it can't act. It may raise contributions of some amount—but no widows' mites—and not from many hands. It is impotent malice now—and kept up, probably, as a set-off effort versus anti-slavery. We are loath to speak severely of the names who compose this *benevolent enterprise*, but cannot help it. If we feel justly towards the plot, we feel *severely*, and must speak as we feel. It is not only a wicked plot against our innocent and injured (ah, injured beyond reparation) brethren, but it is a most mean and dishonorable service, done at the bidding of the slaveholder of the South. He wants to get the *free* man of color away, so that he can the more securely grind down the colored *bond* man. Poor Mr. Observer remarks that "the colored man must have a

soil of his own, before he can rise." Pray, what does he mean by a soil of *his own?* soil that he *owns?* or a sort of *black* soil? Can't he *own* soil in this country? Truly he can, if these Observers will only get out of the way, and let us win him his liberty, and let him work for wages. Free colored people are rising now as rapidly and as palpably as water ever rose in a freshet. They *rise*, as fast as such philanthropists as the Observer *fall*. The Observer's fall is their rise, and his rise their fall. Colored men can earn money and buy and own soil, and do now buy and own it. They need not go to Africa for *soil*. The land they own here is their soil, and the country they are born in is their *native country*. A man's *native* country (this is said for the especial benefit of Observers and colonizationists) is *the country a man is born in*. He can't have but one. He can't be born in one country, and have a *native land* somewhere else—in some other country. The land he is born on, and no other, is *his native land*, and it is equally so with colored people, and those who have less or no color. No American, United States-born man *can* have *two native lands*, or can have one without the limits of America. He can no more be born here and have him a *native land* in Africa, than an African, born on the Gold Coast, can make him out a native land here in New England. This is *really so*—there is *no mistake*—there is *no two ways about it*. This is a cardinal point, and it ought to be settled and made clear to the minds of our colonization brethren. They have a strong notion of *restoring* colored people to their *native Africa*—to their own soil, as the Observer calls it—where they can *rise*. The soil of Africa is supposed to be theirs by a kind of nativity, though they were born *here*, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, and their fathers not only American-born, in some cases, but "as white," as the African prince said of the Dane—the first creature of that complexion he ever saw—"as white as the very devil,"—not only *white*, but *white slaveholders*, owners of their own children—sellers of their own blood and bones. What soil have they in Africa then, on which they can *rise?* None, unless they go and buy it, which they will never do. And what does the Observer mean by *rising?* He means getting to be governor,

councillor, general court man, deputy secretary, dancing master, clerk in a store, dandy,—any of these elevations, which whiteness of outside and total lack of inside, will give folks here.

Now colored people don't want this sort of elevation; all they want is *common liberty—common humanity*—a common sort of *human chance for their lives*. They don't care about rising very high. As to rising out of the dust and dunghill, into which this inhuman people have trodden them that they will do, as soon as colonizationists will take their feet off of their necks and breasts, where they are now planted. They stand on the very breasts of the colored people, and look down and taunt them with incapacity to *rise;* and wickedly say to them, I'll step off of you, if you will creep away to Africa *before* you *rise*. You may go freely—*with your own consent*—mind that; you are not to be forced away; but unless you do *most voluntarily and freely consent*, I shall stand here, with both my Anglo-Saxon *hind-feet* plump on your breast bone, where the night-mare plants her hoof, shod all round with *palsy*, and you never *can rise* till you rise to the judgment. It is a pity you can't rise in this country; but you see how it is. God has placed you in an *inferior* position; you are evidently *beneath* me, and I *above* you. I am your friend. I belong to an "American Union for your race's relief," and also to a "Liberian association, auxiliary to said Union;" and besides, your people, when they stand up straight here, and we are not standing *on* them, have an unpleasant fragrance which annoys our noses exceedingly; but as you lay now, *right under our noses*, somehow or other we do not seem to smell you. And moreover we are in the way of evangelizing the world; we've got that work on our hands, and are in a hurry about it—and we must take in Africa, and we don't want to go there. The climate is deadly, the people black and inferior, and we are not exactly on terms with them, and we want *you* to do what is to be done there, in the way of evangelizing. You can do it well enough for black people, though you can't *rise* to human level here. We want to colonize you *for the sake of Africa*—the millions of Africa. Oh, how our hearts bleed (now we think on't) for poor, benighted Africa! And then, that accursed, bloody slave trade—we want

that stopped. Why, our Congress declares it piracy. We wont have the market stopped. We'll keep up slavery here, in an improved state. We'll ameliorate, and have it done "kindly;" but that traffic on salt water must be stopped, and you must go to Africa and put it down there. *Q. E D.*

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of November 17, 1838.]

A FRIEND has shown us this week's number, and we see by it that poor Mr. Barton is *yet at home.* We wonder people should be so insensible to the pleasures of journeying. To be sure, the season is getting to be inauspicious—the trees are naked, and the landscape muddy, and the winds chilled, and the music of the birds hushed—all, all very uncongenial to such a *mellifluous* spirit as the *patriot's* of New Hampshire. But still we somehow feel disappointed that he don't travel more. We would respectfully suggest to Mr. Barton the interesting objects with which this *free* country abounds—all parts of which he cannot yet have visited. Has he ever been to the White Sulphur springs? He need be under no apprehension in going there. To be sure, complexion is attended with inconvenience there, and blood *has its hazards.* But we think Judge Larrimer and Colonel Singleton and General Carter and Major Thornton would stand the friend of a Colonel from the North, and prevent him any disagreeable consequences of an indiscriminate operation of the domestic slave trade. They are keen observers. They know the invasions the peculiar institution has made upon the Anglo-Saxon color, and they know how the pure Americo-Anglo-Saxon has verged towards the servile shadows without coming within the lawful scope of the institution, and then the symptomatic cry of "nigger," ever and anon breaking out asleep and awake, would reveal to them at once that the Colonel had the genuine negro-phobia, which a nominal slave never has, and which goes so hard with *doubtful white* people. They would protect any northern gentleman against being imprisoned

and sold for fees, provided they could be satisfied that his pro-slavery merits overbalanced his colored liabilities—which we think might easily be vouched. The Colonel has a vein of "chivalry" about him, which would go a good way in offset to mere *color* of liability, which after all is but prima *facie* evidence of servility.—We warrant him a journey to the White Sulphur against the *lawful* claims of any person or persons whomsoever.

Then there is Texas—the Colonel has not, peradventure, been to Texas. It is a place of resort for people of enterprise, and where patriotism is a ready passport to consideration, although it has been slanderously styled a valley of villains, field of felons, sink of scoundrels, sewer of scamps, &c. &c. Yet it is a most republican clime, "*where patriots most do congregate.*"

There is Arkansas too—all glorious in new-born liberty—fresh and unsullied, like Venus out of the ocean—that newly-discovered star in the firmament-banner of this republic. Sister Arkansas, with her bowie knife graceful at her side, like the huntress Diana with her silver bow—her knife dripping with the heart's blood of her senators and councillors, shed in legislative debate,—O, it would be refreshing and recruiting to an exhausted patriot to go and replenish his soul at her fountains. The newly-evacuated lands of the Cherokee, too—a sweet place now for a lover of his country to visit, to renew his self-complacency by wandering among the quenched hearths of the expatriated Indians, a land all smoking with the red man's departing curse—a malediction that went to the centre. Yes, and Florida—blossoming and leafy Florida, yet warm with the life-blood of Osceola and his warriors, shed gloriously under flag of truce. Why should a patriot of such a fancy for nature immure himself in the cells of the city, and forego such an inviting and so broad a landscape? *Ite viator.* Go forth, traveller, and leave this mouldy editing to less elastic fancies. We would respectfully incite our Colonel to *travel.* What signifies? Journey—wander—go forth—itinerate—exercise—perambulate—roam.

We cannot sustain ourselves or our waning cause against the reasonings of this military chieftain if he stays at home and concentrates his powers. ***Nigger nigger nigger,*** and ***nigger,*** and

besides that *nigger*, and moreover *nigger*, and therefore *nigger*, and hence *nigger*, and wherefore *nigger*, and more than all that, and yielding every thing else, "bobalition!" urged with the peculiar force and genius of this deadly writer—with his grace, point and delicacy—with his "*nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit.*" We crave a truce. We appeal to the magnanimity of the Patriot,—to his *nighthood*—to go abroad, and leave us in apprentice hands or some journeyman's; or if he won't travel in courtesy, we beseech him to turn his editorship upon other enemies than us. Let him point his guns at the Statesman, or the Courier.

But if we must meet him, we protest against encountering the arguments aforesaid. That we are a nigger we can't deny, and we can't help it. That our little paper is a "Nigger Herald," we can't deny, and we can't help it. What signifies *arguing* that against us, all the time? We don't deny it—we never did deny it—we never shall. And what can we do? We can't wash off our color. We cannot change our Ethiopian skin any more than the Patriot can its "*spots.*" The sun has looked upon us, and burnt upon us a complexion incompatible with —— freedom? Is it so? Will the *democratic* Patriot aver this? Are we to be denied the right of a hearing because we are a "nigger?" Are we to be deprived in New Hampshire of human consideration because we are black, and shall Cyrus Barton dispose of us thus, because he is WHITE? We lay before the yeomanry of New Hampshire the appalling truth, that slavery has rooted itself deep into the heart of American liberty;—"Nigger Herald," argues this snow-drop Colonel; "Bobalition!" and our appeal is silenced. We warn the country that slavery is overshadowing the North, and that ranting and rampant professing democrats will give their very backs to the southern cart-whip. "Nigger!" replies the Honorable Cyrus Barton; "eh, old nigger!" "old black nigger!" Is it an answer, we ask the country?

But poor Mister Barton is jealous we are after votes for James Wilson. If he is really so, we pity him. He is *non compos* if he suspects it. He ought to be sent right up to the town farm. Votes for James Wilson! Is this the purpose and aim of the great anti-slavery enterprise that now shakes Europe and America

to the centre? Is West India emancipation a plot to defeat the Patriot's democracy here in universal New Hampshire? Are George Thompson and Daniel O'Connell and Henry Brougham thundering for human liberty in Exeter Hall, (henceforth and forever the cradle of liberty—not the cradle of the bastard infant, rocked in Faneuil Hall of Boston, now formally dedicated to the Genius of Slavery,) are these champions of liberty plotting with the fifteen hundred anti-slavery societies of America to defeat the election of Governor John Page?

We give our poor jaundice-visioned neighbor no other answer than this to his paltry accusations about plotting against his partisans. We have other and bigger objects altogether.

REVEREND RALPH RANDOLPH GURLEY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 8, 1838.]

We must give the whole of this euphonic line, so harmonious to the colored ear. This silver-spoken expatriationist has appeared again, we understand, in our New England horizon, with his northern aspect on, having doffed his slaveholder *phases*, as he crossed his equinoctial—the Mason and Dixon line. He ranges from tropic to tropic along his crooked ecliptic—from New Orleans on the south, to — the old town hall in Concord (his northmost declination) on the north—shifting his disk, like the changing moon.

Hail to thee, in the "clear cold sky" of the North, thou star of evil promise to liberty! Welcome, caterer of slavery, to the regions of *paid labor!* Thou reverend advocate of a double origin of the human family, and denier that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," &c. Thou promoter of human banishment, and sunderer of the strong ties of native country, hail to thy dubious aspect—thy Janus *facies!* Come, stir, with thy magician's rod, among the hushed and abashed mobocracy of your native New England. Kindle afresh the slumbering fires

of prejudice. Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of persecution! Mount the consecrated pulpit, under the ushering of *the shepherds of the flock, who care for the sheep*, and "pour" thence "your leprous distilment into" the common ear, till "public sentiment" shall "posset and curd" under your infusion, and the blotch and tetter of colonization shall "bark out over all" the surface of the body politic.

Thou angler for *consent* to exile! thou fisher for funds in the pockets of prejudice! thou recruiting sergeant for the ranks of banishment! Thou art earning the deep and indelible displeasure of thy colored brother. He must forgive thee unpardonable enmity, and "seventy times seven," and God help him to charity unbounded—for he needs it in this emergency.

ELLIOT CRESSON, too, a satellite of the Secretary, is up here, on a winter campaign. Why does not Elliot cast the shadow of his broad brim on the snows of Canada, this winter, in the service of the Patriots, and help them become a *free republic*, and so break up that nest of self-emancipated niggers? For if this province of Canada were only a free, democratic state, it would not afford a refuge to those insolent fugitives, but they would have to be "given up on claim of those to whom" their souls and bodies, their time and eternity, "might be due." Bethink thee, FRIEND! Elliot, thou mightest strike a capital stroke for thy master (who can enlarge his brim till it is as broad as William Penn's, to suit his turn) in the extinction of this tyrant monarchy, this refuge of runaway democrats. Thou mightest *solicit* the fugitives, with good prospect of colonizing them. If thou shouldest succeed in abolishing monarchy in said province, and open a way for the restoration of the lost property to be found there, thou mightest then solicit it for *consent* to great advantage. Thou mightest offer the candidates, either a sudden, and, as it were, a reluctant return to the patriarchs from whom they strayed, (with fetter on heel and hand-cuff on wrist,) or the glorious alternative of voluntary emigration, "with their own consent," to the steepled paradise of Liberia. And would they not be free to go or stay? Yea, verily. Thee would say to them, "Friend, I do thee no injustice. Go to Liberia; but *go freely*. I abate not a

tithe of thy *free*, thy *voluntary*, thy *spontaneous* choice. Go if thee *choose*. If not, stay and return south with me, whence, in an evil hour, thou came out." Peradventure some of them would "consent," FOR THEY HAVE BEEN SOUTH. Yes, reader, they have been south.

ICHABOD BARTLETT.—OSCEOLA.

[From the Herald of Freedom of January 17, 1839.]

ANTI-SLAVERY engagements prevented our earlier noticing to our readers the opening lecture before the Concord Lyceum, by Ichabod Bartlett. It was on the very important subject of our country's treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants of this land. A subject, on which we should think it very difficult for any American to be eloquent—but an American Indian. Our white men have acted a part towards their red countrymen, which we should think would embarrass their flights of fancy.

From the landing of the fathers, up to the last Indian ouster civilization and christianity (such as they were) have been *crowding* upon the Indian, and hunting him as a beast of the forest Every advantage has been taken of his unacquaintance with the roguery of *refined* life. He has been circumvented, overreached, cheated, and called meantime a savage, all the way from the pilgrim-landing to the "father of waters," across which his mournful canoe now bears the remnants of the mighty forest nations. He has been all the way and all the time *hunched* by our republicanism, while that has been blustering about *our* justice and magnanimity, and *his* cruelty and perfidy—because his tomahawk did not always outbear the patience of Job. We have thrust him over the Mississippi. Civilization and christianity are building steamboats to follow on, and rout him from his wilderness there. And although he is promised a permanent home and hunting ground, the smoke will scarce have curled above his new-built wigwam, before our *enterprise* will *hunch* him farther, till he disappears, or is driven to turn his despairing canoe out

on the shoreless Pacific. The church will see that he has a scattered missionary after him, meanwhile, and the monthly concert will be entertained with the geography of his wanderings. But not an effort will be made (none has been) *to reform the white man of that character which makes it impossible for the Indian to live with him.* The cheapest mode of repentance for the American church with regard to the Indian and the Negro seems to be to "*remove*" one "by treaty" toward the illimitable sunset, and to "*colonize*" the other, (as fast as they become *free*) "*with their own consent*," on the oblivious shores of Western Africa!

But to the lecture. The orator spoke of "Osceola, or rather of his countrymen." He depicted, with great power, and we presume historical accuracy, the wrongs of the Indians—*which is the history of the Indians*, with the exception of those who chanced to fall into the hands of the "*fanatical*" Quaker, Penn. With the keen sarcasm and eloquent denunciation, which distinguish the lecturer in his pleadings for his more fortunate clients than the "Indian chief," he exposed the treachery, the baseness, the duplicity, the tyranny, the savage cruelty, the more than *savage*—the *republican* and *civilized*—barbarity of this country. He paid some merited compliments to the learned law-officers of this great republic, for their official opinions, as counsel, advising this mighty nation on the legal effect of some of their processes to "extinguish Indian titles" to country and to home and hearth-stone. We wish these cabinet officers had been present. But *their clients* were, and it may not well become *parties* to abuse their *ingenious counsel.*

We do not attempt a complimentary notice of this lecture. We felt mortified and humbled through the whole of its delivery, eloquent, powerful, graceful and forcible as it was. We felt that a few such finely drawn laments was all the relief the country promised the wretched Indian. The generous and indignant orator himself would say, we presume, if asked what could be done for the Indian, that nothing could be done; that he must retire; that he could not be civilized; that he was irrecoverably a savage, and that he must retire before, or be trodden beneath,

the inevitable westward movement of civilization. He would not say the white man must recognize the brotherhood of the savage, and respect his human rights and endure his aboriginal customs and habits of life, *here on the land*. He would treat him honorably, to be sure, and keep faith with him, and he respects and admires the heroism, the unbowing independence, the savage and forest poetry of his character. He spoke with enthusiasm of the bravery of their chiefs, and the wild native eloquence of their orators. He quoted largely from their half-civilized writers, even. But would he say that the policy of William Penn should be observed towards them—the principles of non-resisting, unarmed peace, of primitive christianity, which would *immediately* abolish our *Indian-phobia*, and give them place in the American human family? We think not. He does not hold to the immediate abolition of negro slavery—that mighty national iniquity and shame, before which the wrongs of the Indian dwindle into insignificancy. We have *trespassed* on the Indian. We have *enslaved* the Negro. We have *defrauded* the Indian. We have *extinguished* the Negro. But we cannot pursue the theme here.

The lecture was "*denunciatory*." The lecturer used "*harsh language*." He called the white people "miscreants and caitiffs," and other names of homely, old-fashioned severity. He did not style them southern brethren, or northern brethren. He did not call the Indians savages and Indian dogs, inferior race, that could not live or rise among white men, that must be sent to their own appropriate country, *the woods*. He did not palliate our conduct in the least, but denounced it worse than ever Garrison did the conduct of slaveholders. We refer the *denouncers* of abolitionists to this authority for calling things by their right names. And we call upon the learned and eloquent lecturer, to demand of his white countrymen justice and humanity for the remaining Indians—that they invite and help them back to their native soil and their homes, and that the national treasures be expended in reforming, in this behalf, the wicked scorn and haughtiness of the *white man*, amid which an Indian can't live in safety or peace—instead of spending it in miserable *politics*,

or more miserable preparations for civilized quarrelling with other nations by land or sea. We call on him to advocate a national love of the Indian *as a man*, to gather associations in his behalf, like ours for the more deeply wronged and insulted negro, and we call on him further to enlist in the cause of his colored countrymen and brethren, sprung with himself from one stock, of one kindred, of one brotherhood, of one destiny. We ask him in the name of humanity, why he, an eloquent advocate, stands coldly and *more than silently by*, while those of feebler powers are breasting the storm of a most savage and brute public sentiment, which is crushing to the dust and mire the colored man of this country and his uncolored friends.

MASSACHUSETTS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Jan. 26, 1839.]

We have been surprised at the strange proposal in the resolution passed at Worcester, for the establishment of a new state anti-slavery paper in the old commonwealth. We don't know but it will be regarded by our brethren in that state, as "out of our sphere" to meddle with that proposal. But we cannot refrain—though too late to affect, so far as our small influence might, the movement contemplated there, which is probably consummated this week. There are three objects to be affected by it—urging *political* action independent of party; *exclusive* devotion to anti-slavery; and *control* by the State society.

As to the first, who can urge political action, and all other, with the force and the single-eyed constancy of the Liberator? As to this *exclusive* devotion, there seems to us some indefiniteness. For how broad is anti-slavery? Whether the Liberator be or not exclusively devoted to anti-slavery, depends on the question how broad is anti-slavery proper, and on how wide and deep foundations it must be based. The anti-slavery of many abolitionists is exceedingly narrow, and of very slight depth. Bonaparte and Murat were anticipating a petty battle in Egypt.—

Napoleon, who looked more deeply into things than the king of Naples, said solemnly, that "on its result hung the fate of Europe." "The fate of *this battle*, at least," said Murat—for he could see no farther. We do not pretend, for ourselves, to limit, very definitely, the anti-slavery enterprise. We hold its "gross and scope," to be the mere abolition of American negro slavery.

As to the matter of *control*, we caution brethren, with all deference, not to covet *control of the Liberator*. The controllers of that sheet and its conductor would find themselves clothed with an *awkward trust*. That paper started the anti-slavery enterprise. It pioneered it. It pioneers it to this day, and will and must, God willing, pioneer it to the end of it. Whoever undertakes its control, will find they have mistaken their strength. The continental Congress would have acted unwisely, had they assumed special control of the movements of the continental army and its grave chieftain. Those of us, who came into the service late,—after societies were formed, and who are the creatures of societies—may be properly under society supervision. But the originator of the enterprise—the bold projector of the expedition—the Columbus of this exploration for the new world of Liberty,—to control and limit *his* course, would be too much like subjugating the compass to the regulation of the rash mariner,—or the north star itself, to the influences of the vibrating needle.

The Liberator undertakes no guidance of abolitionists. It seeks none. It would accept none if proffered. It could exercise none. It wants no *followers*. It has too much personal freedom to want followers. It would place no dependence on them. It has no respect for them. But it *will* pioneer us. We can't help it. The Liberator can't help it. It has a mental and moral calibre different from that of the rest of us. It has a clearer vision, a profounder sagacity than any and all of us. In a storm, all hands would call the Liberator to the helm. Every department of our now extended enterprise feels its mighty impulses. All would at once miss its agency, if withdrawn. If God should withdraw it, our cause would go on, and other hands be emboldened and strengthened to grasp our flag staff, and

cheer us onward. If we strike down the Liberator, God will carry on our cause, but *not by our instrumentality*.

To hoist a *superseding* flag (and that is the secret of this movement) in Massachusetts, seems to us would be the height of folly. It would be a superfluity—a sort of rush-light illumination in aid of day-light. It is grossly unnecessary there; and it could not be maintained. Wo to the rash hand that should undertake to hold that flag in the wind. The rude breezes and rough weather, that float the strong sheet of the Liberator, and unfurl its solemn folds, would shiver the rash ensign,

"Till its rent canvass fluttering strowed the gale."

The storms that are the breath and element of the Liberator, that flag could not live in. And why hoist it? where is the need, and where the occasion? Did France want new banners in Italy, when her eagles had stooped from the high Alps upon the Po? Did she want other leading, after Marengo and Lodi? Did she lack champions while Napoleon was trampling the "vineyards of Europe?" This may sound extravagantly, to speak of Napoleon and Washington along with your *mobbed printer*, whom you *know* and *see*,—but mark us, brethren, the day comes, when a little antiquity, ay, a very little, will invest the name of that printer with a magnitude and a dignity, which will cast forever into forgetfulness, these *swordsmen* and *statesmen*. We hazard the extravagant prediction.

A state anti-slavery paper in Massachusetts while the Liberator lives! An anti-slavery editor there, while Garrison is in the field! Preposterous—suicidal—vulgarly ungrateful! Why, strike down every flag of us, from Maine to the Ohio,—from the gorgeous streamer that floats in firmament beauty over the towerless city of Penn to our own little rag that wrestles here with the breath of the White Mountains,—strike us all down at a blow, and we should not be missed like the mighty Liberator. There hangs, and should forever hang, the broad pendant of the anti-slavery fleet! On the deck of the Massachusetts rides Nelson—Nelson of the Nile. God grant we hasten no Trafalgar—none at least without its being purchased of the enemy.

Brethren of Massachusetts, we solemnly warn you, lay no rash hand on the Liberator. Do not embarrass it. Do not call off its energies from the enemy upon yourselves. You need all its power. You never needed it more. Has it errors? Put them down—put them down in its own columns. Those are now open to you—close them not up. Don't charge it with errors which you dare not refute. Pour your antidote alongside its bane, *in its own columns*. That is your only safety and *honor*. We hint no opinions on the subjects of your complaint. But we declare this. No man should embarrass or limit at all the *right of discussion*. Don't overawe that right. Give it free scope. It is the life and salvation of your enterprise. It is the very breath of anti-slavery. Encourage the freest—the very freest expression of honest opinion. Above all, cherish the man who pays no homage to human authority. The age should cherish him as the apple of its eye.

ANTI-SLAVERY DIVISIONS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 16, 1839.]

Discord, alienation, and open feud, breaking out in the anti-slavery camp! Not differences of opinion,—not mental disagreement—discussion—debate,—but hostility, distrust and mutual crimination!—and among such men—Stanton, Garrison, Phelps,—and such bodies—the executive committees of the National Society and of the pioneer society of the old commonwealth. We lament it—are grieved—mortified—alarmed at it. Brethren concerned,—is this *warrantable?* Is this a *time* for internal divisions? When the eyes of the disquieted, agitated, awakened world are just opened upon us,—when, by the help of God, we have just arrested to our doings and our cause, the *unheeding* current of mankind,—shall we now amuse them with a gladiatorship of our champions? And is it time of truce, that we may indulge in private encounters upon the wall! Now, when our despairing adversary, terribly enraged, is gathering himself, amid

mortal wounds, for the final struggle, and *Clay leads on the forlorn hope,*—Napoleon himself charging with the Old Guard, which never charged but when the field was an Austerlitz or a Waterloo! Is this the time for our champions to turn their steel on each other, in sight of both hosts? It must not—nay, it SHALL not be. We *demand* of our brethren, that it cease. We call on the Voice of Freedom and the Advocate of Freedom, our strong northmost brothers in arms, on Maine and Vermont, to join us in this remonstrance. We who stand afar back here to watch the frontier—along these Canadian borders—our brethren will allow us this *license of position.* These conflicts must cease. We inquire not the cause. We demand cessation of the *effects.* We had heard of anticipated troubles before the Massachusetts annual meeting—but dreamed of nothing like this. We apprehended nothing but some repetition of *clerical appellancy.* We knew nothing of *names.* But, alas! it is deeper than that. How deep and how wide, we know not. We admire and love these vanguard-abolitionists—every man of them. Our admiration has been thought, by some apprehensive brethren, to savor of *homage.* Perhaps it was over-ardently expressed. But we aver to our bold and *unworshipping* brethren, that we feel not the slightest inclination to do homage to any body,—to any man or number of men, individuals, *majorities,* or the entire anti-slavery "brotherhood;"—a divinity, this last—much more likely to be worshipped, in our apprehension, than any individual in such an enterprise as ours.

We have admired our "mighty men." Our heart has swelled within us, as we have seen them strike for the slave. Though never aspiring to the *front* fight among them, these sons of Jehoiada,—the "Three" or the "Thirty Chief,"—yet we have partaken in the "stormy joy," as one and another of them has done deathless deeds; as "one has lifted up his spear against eight hundred;" another "smitten the Philistines, till his hand was weary, and clave to the sword;" others broken "through the host to the well of Bethlehem;" "slain lion-like Moabites—or lions themselves, in pits, in time of snow;"—the Abishais—the Benaiahs—the Tachmonites. We have seen their deeds from

our watch in the mountains, and with joy have skirmished along their distant outskirts. Now we behold them at each others' breast, and the enemy rejoicing like the Ilions at the feuds of Agamemnon and Achilles.

We assume not the compromiser or the pacificator. We should not incline to these offices, if we were entitled to their exercise. But we have a word to speak, *ex positione*. Will not our gallant brethren of Maine and the Green Mountains back us up, in it? We speak *impulsively*—we trust not "unadvisedly." This division among our anti-slavery brethren,—*let it cease—let it not be.* Let every *dissentient* brother—each for himself—*at once* divest his spirit of every spark of feeling that lies *wrongfully* in the way of an immediate *re-coöperation* of the whole band. Let each heart be sternly and in secret, self-examined, before God, and prayerfully purified of all error in this behalf, in the impartial and charitable spirit of the disciples of Christ. Whatever this may cost, Christian abolitionists *are able*—they *can afford it.* Whatever difficulties lie in the way—abolitionists have been nurtured on difficulties,—whatever obstacles,—these, for years, have been their daily bread. The word "impossible," however good English or even "good French" it may be, can never be good *anti-slavery.* As our position authorizes or tolerates us in making this demand,—the important, the *vital* position of our contending brethren demands of them compliance with our entreaty. It is but to be willed, and it is done. We speak to ABOLITIONISTS and to CHRISTIANS, and we speak "*for* the suffering and the dumb." Our prayer answered, let thick oblivion rest upon the past—the *recent* past only—for on these latter years of our time shall human remembrance settle and abide in the illimitable future. Let not these "vapors," brethren, "foul, pestilent" and *congregating*, deepen into clouds to obscure the glorious retrospection.

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 23, 1839.]

THERE is prospect of this country and Great Britain going *to war*. Our Congress has voted, with unexampled unanimity, immense appropriations to carry it on, although we believe none of them voted to take any *personal share in the danger*. They have voted enough money probably to buy the disputed territory over and over and over. But this would not be getting the land *honorably* to our *Eagle*. Where will be the honor of getting it, or keeping it, or losing it, by a "*rough* and *tumble*"—*blood* and *dirt*—*throttle* and *stab* conflict; like that herd of wild horses, let loose from their troopers a while since. They *did kick* and *slam* and *bite* like "*all possessed*," those horses; and they left hardly a *mane* or a *tale* of the whole herd, so thoroughly had they learnt the trade of their elegant riders. So highly had they been *educated*.

Mr. Webster and Mr. Adams, they say, were very animated and heroic. What must have been their emotions at contemplating the waste of human substance—the wreck and havoc of industry—the disorder and disarrangement of the peaceful business of the world—the ghastly waste of life—the maimings—the slaughters—the devastation of the outraged earth and the incarnadining of the violated seas—the widows made—the fatherless—the bereaved—the heart-breakings and the wailing that shall go up to God like "the voice of the blood of Abel crying from the ground." O, the extent of mischief and misery! and yet these grave scholars and professors of the religion of Christ, ramp at the coming of it, like old war horses when they hear the trumpet.

Meantime the land trembles with passion and excitement, and seems ready with one accord to rush into the bloody strife. The press feeds the flame and carries the war cry from hill to hill, and the *pulpit is dumb*.

And all for what? Why, a paltry quantum of "eastern lands," such as our fanatical people (we ask pardon, our *enterprising* people,—it is the anti-slavery folks that wear the *other name*) were speculating about, a year or two since—a strip of timber

land, containing lots of *clear stuff*—to say nothing of the *turpentine*. For this patch of land we will waste dollars enough to cover it—shed blood enough to inundate it—tall men enough we'll immolate and lay low, to vie with all the pines felled by the trespassers, for that timber will break human *timbers* innumerable,—will make occasion for the whole ground as a grave-yard—will pour out red blood more than all the pines of Madawaska can pour turpentine. The debatable land we'll shroud in a smoke, dunner and pitchier than a *burn* of the whole forest would send up, in a time of drought,—we'll raise war on the Canadian North—war in the South—not with the hunted Seminole, but with the resuscitated negro—for the thunders of it would wake him from the dead. His dull ear will catch the universal cry,—war on the ocean—war along the shore—war on the frontiers. O, what an *adequate* consideration for all this, the *domain* control of this strip of land! the fixing of a disputed line—matter of a petty land-lawsuit.

Away with your national honor; it is a foul *dishonor*. Away with your pride; it is *shame*. Away with your eagle; he is a foul bird of prey, a hunter of carcasses, a devourer of carrion. He is an unfit emblem of civilized man.

We enter our solemn, indignant, *unheeded* and *despised* protest against this savage, barbarian contest.

UNPARALLELED OUTRAGE!

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 25, 1839.]

"OUTRAGE AND IMPOSITION."

THE Boston Courier of the 16th inst. contains an article, which the veteran editor tacitly endorses, detailing one of the most flagrant violations of American sentiment on record. Such an instance of abolition insolence and fraud and of colored impudence, we scarcely remember since the morbid excitement begun against our southern institutions. The particulars are detailed with frightful fidelity by the Courier's accomplished correspond-

ent, whose indignation seems to have been kindled to the utmost pitch of gentlemanly endurance. And really if the christian public passes this over, the worst apprehensions of the country, from this abolition excitement, will have been realized. Popular forbearance should have limits. It is already ceasing to be a virtue.

The outrage was on board the steamer Massachusetts. A passenger of the name of Buffum, says the article, "had with him, *beside his wife*, COLORED WOMEN, FOR WHOM HE PROCURED TICKETS, WITHOUT GIVING ANY INTIMATION OF THE FACT, AND PUT THEM IN THE LADIES' CABIN, WHERE THEY SLEPT ALL NIGHT WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANY ONE."

What a concatenation of perpetrations have we here! perpetration upon perpetration! Tickets procured for *colored* women, without forewarning the captain! *Women* thrust into the *ladies'* cabin—not only *women* among *ladies*—but *colored* women among *white* ladies; for though the correspondent does not expressly avow it, we have to infer they were white—and the ugly creatures had the deliberate insolence to *sleep* there. The height of impudence this abolition has already led them to. They could *sleep* in a *ladies'* cabin, and the *ladies* themselves did not know it. "Without the knowledge of *any one*," says the correspondent. O, their perilous condition, and they not know it! And but for the vigilance of a colored chambermaid, the ladies might have slept all night—a chambermaid, "excellent in her place," says the correspondent. She was in the same cabin, to be sure—but then not for the impudent purpose of *sleep;* she was there for vigilance—"in her place," to serve the ladies. Had these creatures been in there for *service* instead of *rest*, they would have been in their places; but they were in for *rest*, which was an "*outrage*," and they *slept* and *concealed their color*, which was an "imposition."

And what if the *ladies* had found it out in the night—"in the dead waste and middle of the night"—what *would* have been the consequence? What fits they might have had, and what *high-sterricks* gone into, had they waked in the dark, and *seen* a *colored* something, right there in the berths! Or what if one of them had stuck out her lily hand or her alabaster foot, and

touched naked color—O, she might have run "crazy and ravin' distracted!"

On what pretext were these ugly monsters thrust in there? Why, forsooth, they had purchased tickets of admission, and had paid for them! But then they *concealed* their *color*. It was a fraud upon the captain. He thought all was *white* and *fair*. They were ugly *colored* women, and he thought they were ladies as pale as a diaper. It was an imposition. We are opposed to mobs. We would go far to "prevent" them, in the abstract. But there *may* be cases. We appeal to a candid public—are there no limitations? Is the law an adequate remedy in *all* cases? Our wives and daughters, they may want to travel—and to what are they to be exposed? The fairest and most delicate of them *may* sleep in the same apartment, *all* night, with colored women!

But the imposition was detected. The captain traced it to this Buffum. He was a real "gentleman," said the *Courier's correspondent*. "No boat or captain stood, in his estimation, higher." He told Buffum, "he had no objection to *his* being with the colored women; and had he asked the favor, he would have put them in a room by themselves, where they might have slept together." Was he not *a gentleman?* And the ladies, in whose approving presence he uttered this piece of gentlemanship—were they not *real ladies?* O, they were *real—prime.*

And they had a mob too, a salt-water mob. "At this moment," says the Courier's *friend*, "the crowd began to get large ('property and standing' doubtless) and the excitement to increase," ("tremendous public excitement," Buckingham's friend Patriot would call it) and many began to fear the result—that is, *fear* they should lay hold of Mr. Buffum and the colored women, and throw them overboard! The mob always "*fears the result.*" It always tries to *prevent* itself, and if it can't, it "*fears* the *result.*"

Mr. Garrison was there. He tried to speak; but they would not allow it. Some sea Atherton or Cushman put the previous question into his mouth, and stopped him. They put it to vote right away, and voted that the whole crew was "disgusted." The disgust was very general—77 to 23. "They showed con-

clusively," says the beautiful correspondent of the magnanimous Courier, "by their vote and actions, for they would not allow Mr. Garrison to speak a word, that they held him and his party in this transaction in utter detestation." Mr. Buckingham is all for freedom of debate, a detester of Athertonism and Cushmanity; but that is in Congress, and in a case of party. As a whig, he is for it when a Van Buren partisan applies the gag. There he is for free discussion, right of petition, &c. &c. "Circumstances alter cases." He endorses fully this instance of gaggery. Let him never open his mouth against it in Congress again. *He* would gag free discussion there, if he had occasion. He would out-herod Cushman in forestalling debate.

But they put it to vote—this beautiful boat's crew—without a moment's debate or consideration, and they stood disgusted, 77 to 23—just about the true Congress majority. And at what were they disgusted? Why, that three defenceless women were sheltered by that boat's ribs, instead of shivering on deck, amid the tarred cordage, exposed to the mercies of the night sea-winds, and peradventure a tempest. They were in comfort and at rest, —having, no doubt, thanked God, with tears of gratitude, for so unexpected a shelter. Their gentle-hearted sisters were "disgusted" at this. O, the beautiful ladies!—the gentle and sympathetic fine ladies! O, the gentlemanly gentlemen, that would thrust *woman* out of doors, at night, upon the sea! O, the fair sex, that would nestle and snore away in their snug cabins, while their unhappy sisters had to face the scowl of night, and the sea's rude breath on the naked deck! O, the beautiful sweethearts, that could sleep amid scenes like this! O, the magnanimous captain! to deny to *woman* the shelter which humanity, in its barbarian state, would not deny a dog. Shelter for the night—a night at sea; when cut off from mankind and on the perilous deep, a pirate might dream of kindness—with an ample cabin for all—with his mercenary pay in his pocket. Why did the unfeeling brute want those women to shiver on deck, that night? Why! but to gratify those elegant-souled ladies! They could not sleep if their colored sisters slept; they could not enjoy their cabin, unless the unhappy colored ones were exposed on deck,

They must colonize the colored woman, and send her by herself to the cold deck,—the boat's Africa—where she might *repose* free of the *christian prejudice* below.

A real American scene. A demonstration of the barbarity, the injustice, the meanness, the cruelty of the American people. We call their attention to their portrait—their picture. We hold up this boat scene as a mirror. Let them see in it their reflected character and likeness by sea and land. We illustrate colonization by this spirit, that would drive out those colored women from their sheltered berths, to sleep on the planked deck, covered by the night sky,—only it lacks the mockery of getting their "consent." A ship's deck, for a warm berth, and a keen, sleepless sea-night, for the rocked repose of the cabin, is the proffer of colonization to the colored people. If the illustration is deficient, it is in this—that colonization does not stop at the deck. It throws them overboard into the deep of returnless Africa. It banishes them beyond its own walks and limits, where they can never again cross its path. The narrow ship affords no such "bourne"—such "undiscovered country" as this.

Those may argue gravely on scenes and transactions like this, who can. We have not the argument, the spirit, or the time to do it. We speak of it as it strikes us. We feel at it, in some measure, we trust, as uncallonsed humanity ought to feel. We wish we could express our feelings in words fitted to the occasion.

LETTER TO ALBE CADY—EXTRACT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 1, 1839.]

Durham, May 27, 1839.

A. Cady, Esq.

My dear sir,—My editorial chair seems to have taken upon it the habit of the locomotive, and I have again to pay tribute, through your hand, to our little sheet, *volante pede*, as well as *currente calamo*—with flying foot, as well as runaway pen. But every position and condition furnish good occasion for assault

upon the grand enemy. We may attack it to account, with flying artillery, and shoot at it over the croup, like the Parthian—though he rode, I believe, without *saddle*, and we shall not, I apprehend, be called on to fight on the *retreat*.

I write from the ancient town of Durham, once the home and now the mortal resting-place of names known in the stirring times of the revolution. It was formerly a place of leading importance among the towns in New Hampshire off the immediate sea shore; but its supremacy was stolen away by the American system, which set up its water-wheels on the falls of the Cocheco and the Lamprey. Durham fell into dilapidation by a transfer of its trade. Its lively streets, houses clustering together with all the sociable proximity of the city, were forsaken by the lumbermen of Barrington and Barnstead and Pittsfield and Northwood—and its flagged and worn sidewalks sprung to grass. It now seems to be reviving again; not under the returning influences of trade, but the more lasting and substantial thrift of agriculture. The land around it is of exceeding fertility and beauty, and under the fostering influences of temperance and anti-slavery (and of *resulting* religion) could these be brought to bear upon it, it would soon regain an ascendancy, of which no rival Dovers or New Markets could deprive it. Its prosperity would then be based on the imperishable foundations of good principles and good husbandry. Its verdant soil would maintain the population of a city. The ocean flows up into its little creeks, and its quiet river is visited by small craft from the sea, distant some ten miles. I repeat that anti-slavery, temperance and religion, and the enlightened and industrious tilling of the rich ground with which a bounteous God has blessed them, would, in a brief period, make Durham the pride of the state. Total abstinence must make its people temperate. You would not then, as you rode into town from the eastward, meet the farmers of the neighboring region, returning towards the sunset, with faces as red as that luminary's in harvest time, and with a light borrowed, not where the moon borrows hers, but at the inflammatory fountains of the unconscionable village grocer. To bring about this total abstinence, the professors of religion must press the whole power of the

Bible upon the *sin* of this spirit excitement. They must establish and enforce the principle, that the slightest indulgence in ardent spirit or any of its auxiliaries, is a crime against God, who demands of man a worship and a service, which he cannot render, when touched, ever so lightly, by this unhallowed inspiration. To touch it to the taste, is *sin*.

The soul should be left to the utmost use of all its faculties and powers. Under its care and culture, the landscape would then revive and smile like the garden of Eden. The cry of the American bondman, for his liberty at the hand of the nation, would then reach the ear and the heart of a clear-minded and magnanimous community. Every man and every household would be abolitionists. The Spirit of God, always striving with man till grieved and driven finally away, would be resisted no longer, among a people who had crucified their prejudices and denied their appetites the strange delights of intoxication. Religion would cover the face of the land with the verdure of salvation.

On my way I crossed the bold and beautiful Northwood hill. A clear pond mirrored at the foot of its western slope. The smooth path ascended gently over it, bordered with green. The road-side was sowed thick with dandelions, yellow as gold, and "rich as the crown of a king;" and above, as the sun broke out, the termagant bobalink hovered, scolding at the delinquent planters, and uttering his season cry, "Plant your corn! plant your corn!" From the top of the hill you behold the level-ocean region stretching to the sky, and extending the whole semi-circle of the horizon. You feel at once that you are in the neighborhood of the great sea. To the west the rude and rugged inland of New Hampshire. A glorious swell of land to inhabit and inhale the breezes of liberty. I wondered, as I contemplated it, how *editorial* genius could be born and bred there, without catching the love of freedom and emancipation. It is the early home, I believe, of the accomplished editor of the News-Letter.

This morning I took stage for the metropolis—passed the beautiful New Market factories and flourishing village—the dull village of Exeter, which with all its remaining splendor looked

to me like a "decayed gentleman," a dilapidated aristocrat. I thought it would be one of the last places that would hear of the anti-slavery revolution, or any of the great reforms of the day. This was a mere *passing* apprehension, and may be wholly a mistaken one. The respectable and high-born old town may be, at this hour, full of ultra temperance men and "technical abolitionists." I could perceive, in my rapid ride through it, no signs of this, however, except the *sign* of the office of the "News-Letter"—indeed I did not discover that, though I respectfully looked for it.

At Haverhill we took passage in the cars for the city, at half past one, and were scarcely seated, when the mighty *propulsor, aggravated* by the interesting conversation of some anti-slavery ladies, hurried us at once from the green and glowing country into the confused city.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Aug. 31, 1839.]

COMPLAINTS are frequently made that it does not work well. The great proof is, that the sugar crop is lessened. And why should not it be lessened, if emancipation works well or works at all? Before emancipation, the sugar crop was all in all. It was the whole crop and fruit of slavery. All was raised and made that could be, and as much exported and as little consumed at home, as could be. It was the slave's business to *produce*—not *consume*. Now he is emancipated; and what follows? Why, there is something else to be done in the islands, beside the sweet work of making sugar to sell and nourish the idle masters. The colored man is no longer doomed and devoted and sacrificed to sugar making. It is not now "the chief end of man" there.

The man has something else to do. He has houses to build, to live in. His land to carry on, to raise provision on. He *eats* some of the sugar he makes, and does not leave it all to swell the crop for the market. He has to help build the school-house and

the *chapel*, ay, the CHAPEL. There is great call for *chapels* in the West Indies. Chapels are *looking up* there. Chapels are *rising*. There is fencing to make, we take it, and premises to rig up and repair and make comfortable. The women too are leaving the *field*, and turning their hands to *house-work*. They are quitting *their sphere* in the cane-field, and betaking themselves to *domestic institutions*. And the children—they are going to school, and instead of making sugar, *making progress* in the *a b ab* business. This draws off a good share of the effective force from the *sweet* business of the plantation. And after all, only one twentieth of the crop is diminished, from the utmost result of the whole slave force of the islands,—driven at the top of their speed, at high-pressure whip-power. Only $\frac{1}{20}$—such is the superior vigor and productiveness of free, over slave labor. The crop will by and by increase twenty-fold. Not all for exportation, to be sure—for consumption, portion of it—*home*-consumption; for there is getting to be HOMES in the West Indies. "Sunrise" no longer "brings sorrow" there. "Childhood is" no more "wintry" in the sunny isles of the Carribean. Other things will be raised there, beside sugar, which, sweet as it is, is but a poor and *bitter* staff of life. Man cannot live by *sugar* alone. How unnatural and gloomy, to have those glorious gardens doomed to that solitary production! To have the patient and generous earth *enslaved* and prostituted to the unsightly and unsocial production of a single article only, and that not the staff of life—not bread—not grown to live on, but to sell, *to enrich* those who did not sweat in its production, only as they toiled with the whip, to drive unrequited (or *thus* requited) labor out of the wretched slave.

The earth never would spontaneously give her strength to such an unnatural production. She wants to yield *food* for *man* and *beast*, and not mere *merchandise*. She wants to yield it, too, to free labor. She joys to have her bosom *vexed* with the *free* ploughshare, and shaven with the scythe and the sickle of the shouting husbandman, who owns her *fee simple*. She likes to be ploughed and dressed by her own lords paramount—"them and their heirs forever." She likes to be freehold in the hands of those who cultivate *her acquaintance* and her surface. Yes, eman-

cipation works gloriously in the West Indies. A friend told us this morning that a gentleman in New York, recently from Jamaica, complained to him that he had to leave, in consequence of emancipation. He was an *overseer*. He had to quit for *want of employ*, poor gentleman. Others had to do the same. There was nobody left in the island to oversee, or *overlook*. He brought an immense lot of gold and silver from the West Indies with him that he had *earned* there. The Wall street sharpers got hold of him, and eased him of the whole of it. It reminded us of the eagle plundering the fish-hawk. We are glad the money has got into comparatively honest hands.

THE AFRICAN STRANGERS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 21, 1839.]

We are inclined to treat their case as an abolitionist, rather than as an inquirer into their liabilities under the rules and regulations of this slaveholding country, called laws. As an abolitionist we say, defying contradiction, that they ought not for a moment to be kept under duress. The whole procedure against them, from king Sharka down through the dignitaries of Cuba to Andrew *Sharka* Judson, is all of a piece. It is pro-slavery violence all of it. This is what we take notice of. We shall not trouble ourselves or our readers to go through the legal authorities or arguments bearing on the case of these imprisoned men. If they would treat them as they do white men, we don't so much care as to the result. Their lives are as important and no more so, than any other equal number of human beings of the great multi-colored and dispersed family. We look to see what hand slavery has in disposing of them, and to make what use we can of the whole occurrence against the infernal institution of slaveholding. And though we feel no small interest in the heroic Cingues, we don't claim that he have his life and his rights merely because he is a hero or a master spirit, but because he is a man. Had he been ever so cowardly or ever so imbecile in mind or spirit, we should

be equally strenuous, and more so, in his behalf; for it is the poor and feeble brethren of our race of whose rights we ought to be most tender. We are aware that a good deal of enthusiasm displayed by the pro-slavery press is based upon any thing rather than justice and a love of the right. It forgets Cingues' color, in admiration of his valor and his talent and personal prowess. But all this will evaporate by and by, when we call on it to carry out the feeling in behalf of three millions of Cingues' brethren and sisters, who are now weltering in the slough of slavery in this country. Why don't this sympathy rise for them? Who shall kindle at the wrongs of Cingues, and sneer at the infinitely greater sufferings of the plantation? If they hang Cingues, they won't defeat him of the chief object of his rising. He rose for liberty. He has got that, and if he dies, he dies a freeman. Liberty will be cheaply purchased by death. Death is infinitely lighter than slavery. He loses his country, his sweet home, his dear wife and children. His heart will be with them—

> "There where his rude hut by the" *Niger* "lay,
> There were his young barbarians, *all at play*,
> And there their" *Afric* "mother,—he their sire
> Butchered to make a" *Yankee* "holiday."

But they won't hang him. We are fearful they won't try him. The *sovereignty* of Cuba is making application to Van Buren to deliver up this stray property. See if he will incur the frown of the South, and hazard the bauble of the presidency by refusing. Try them and acquit them and treat them as innocent men, or as MEN, the country won't dare do, unless in this moment of excitement, and conquered for the hour by Cingues' William Tell prowess. How could we look the South in the face after it; as Abner said to Asahel, "How then shall I hold up my face to Joab thy brother?" What will become of the Union? The South would get together in the Rotunda at Charleston, and with flaming speeches from Calhoun and Preston, dissolve it into nonentity. They would *stare* at the North so fiercely, that it would go into dough-faced hysterics. They won't dare acquit. And to condemn will be a delicate matter. Counsel are engaged who

will be compelled by their oaths to unfold the whole law, and to show forth their right of acquittal by our own Venetian justice, and the full reasons of acquittal will be recorded, and the nation will read it, and the blood of the murdered Cingues will cry in ears that were deaf as the adder to the voice of Lovejoy's. They will hardly dare hang. Cuba will relieve the republic. She will ask her imperial sister for her slaves. She will get them. The brave Cingues crosses the Gulf stream once more, and should God not open to his mighty genius some second way to victory and liberty, or his unwary tyrants slacken his chain, so that he might bound indignantly over the vessel's side, and escape them in the depths of the ocean, they will revenge upon him the daring effrontery that raised hand against the divine prerogative of mastery. They won't attempt to get him to the plantation. They have no fancy to undertake reducing him, breaking him, making his Hannibal form *handy* in the reptile harness. No overseer would covet the *management* of him. He would as soon harness the "unicorn" to "harrow the valleys after" him. He would gladly swap Cingues for almost any pro-slavery editor in the New England states, and pay that boot which is due to the servility of spirit that would make a slave. No, they would save his more docile and submissive companions for the plantation, but they would make of the gallant hero a signal example of slaveholder's vengeance, which knows no bounds. Those laughing Afric girls would be reared to adorn, by and by, Don Jose Ruez's harem, that young *gentleman,* who so interested the New London editor, and the United States naval officer. He would undoubtedly requite these republican sympathisers, should they hereafter visit his Cuba plantation, with all *sorts* of *hospitality.*

CINGUES.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 28, 1839.]

We are inclined to call the noble African by this name, although he is called by as many different titles as our republicanism offers reasons for enslaving his people. We have seen a woodcut representation of the royal fellow. It looks as we should think it would. It answers well to his lion-like character. The head has the towering front of Webster, and though some shades darker than our great countryman, we are struck, at first sight, with his resemblance to him. He has Webster's lion-aspect—his majestic, quiet, uninterested cast of expression, looking, when at rest, as if there was nobody and nothing about him to care about or look at. His eye is deep, heavy—the cloudy iris extending up behind the brow almost inexpressive, and yet as if volcanoes of action might be asleep behind it. It looks like the black sea or the ocean in a calm—an unenlightened eye, as Webster's would have looked, had he been bred in the desert, among the lions, as Cingues was, and if, instead of poring upon Homer and Shakspeare and Coke and the Bible, (for Webster read the Bible when he was young, and got his *regal* style there) it had rested, from savage boyhood, on the sands and sky of Africa. It looks like a wilderness—a grand, but uninhabited land, or, if peopled, the abode of aboriginal man. Webster's eye like a civilized and cultivated country—*country* rather than city—more on the whole like woods and wilderness than fields or villages. For, after all, nature predominates greatly in the eye of our majestic countryman.

The nose and mouth of Cingues are African. We discover the expanded and powerful nostril mentioned in the description, and can fancy readily its contractions and dilations, as he made those addresses to his countrymen, and called upon them to rush, with a greater than Spartan spirit, upon the countless white people, who, he apprehended, would doom them to a life of slavery. He has none of the look of an Indian—nothing of the savage. It is a gentle, magnanimous, generous look, not so much of the

warrior as the sage; a sparing and not a destructive look, like the lion's, when unaroused by hunger or the spear of the huntsman. It must have flashed terribly upon that midnight deck, when he was dealing with the wretched Ramonflues.

We bid pro-slavery look upon Cingues, and behold in him the race we are enslaving. He is a sample. Every Congolese and Mandingan is not, be sure, a Cingues. Nor was every Corsican a Napoleon, or every Yankee a Webster. "Giants are rare," said Ames, "and it is forbidden that there should be races of them." But call not the race *inferior*, which in now and then an age produces such men.

Our shameless people have made merchandise of the likeness of Cingues, as they have of the originals of his (and their own) countrymen. They had the effrontery to look him in the face long enough to delineate it, and at his eye long enough to copy its wonderful expression.

By the way, Webster ought to come home to defend Cingues. He ought to have no counsel short of his twin-spirit. His defence were a nobler subject for Webster's giant intellect, than the Foote resolutions or Calhoun's nullification. There is, indeed, no defence to make. It would give Webster occasion to strike at the slave trade and at our people for imprisoning and trying a man admitted to have risen only against the worst of pirates, and for more than life—for liberty, for country, and for home.

Webster should vindicate him, if he must be tried. Old Marshall would be the man to try him. And after his most honorable acquittal and triumph, a ship should be sent to convey him to his country—not an American ship. They are all too near akin to "*the low, long, black schooner.*" A British ship—old Nelson's line-of-battle, if it is yet afloat, the one he had at Trafalgar; and Hardy, Nelson's captain, were a worthy sailor to command it to Africa. He would steer more honestly than the treacherous old Spaniard. He would steer them toward the *sunrise*, by night as well as by day. An old British sea captain would have scorned to betray the noble Cingues. He would have been as faithful as the compass.

We wait to see the fate of the African hero. We feel no anxiety for him. The country can't reach him. He is above their reach and above death. He has conquered death. But his wife and his children—they who

"Weep beside the cocoa-tree"——

And we wait to see the bearings of this providential event upon American slavery.

PIERPONT EJECTED FROM THE PULPIT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 12, 1839.]

We bid the servile country look at it as a sign of the times. It will be marked by the future historian, as he tells of the reformation of the country or its downfall, whichever event may be in the designs of Providence, an alternative puzzling to our conjecture. Much is doing to save it. Pierpont has done much. Hollis Street pews mistake, in supposing their ejection will prevent his doing *much more*. He was before a pent moral volcano—ribbed in by these pew and pulpit obstructions;—for after all his burning freedom, he has been impeded and embarrassed by those nightmares, that from their *sixty-three* perches, stared their torporific eyes at his dedicated station. Cast out from that house, he will prove an Ætna in full eruption.

It is a threatening token, when the New England capital banishes her *Unitarian* ministers from the pulpit, for being bold and faithful to speak of the mammoth vices of the city and the crimes of the day. Boston's favorite denomination banished unblushingly for preaching the truth, even in the graceful phrase and scholar periods of Pierpont! See how her other steeples will bear it. But it is again an encouraging token, that a preacher of this popular persuasion there should have the boldness and fidelity to incur ejection in such a behalf. It shows one *tenth* at least, in the haughty city, of the salt, that may be required to save it.

We do not sympathize in the distinguishing doctrines of this ingenuous and most estimable minister. We have lamented that his fine eye should, as it has seemed to us, overlook the mysterious and wondrous humiliation of the eternal God, condescending to the death of the cross, that man, *otherwise incapable of reconciliation to him*, might have everlasting life, while his rectitude of principle, conscientiousness of life and disinterested boldness for humanity, have put to shame the multitudes of the northern pulpit, who, with a better profession, as we deem it, have rested on that profession—hung upon it, or skulked behind it, to avoid obedience to him they professed to believe. Professing a better Savior, they have followed him—if at all—afar off, like Peter at the betrayal; and if they have not *betrayed*, have at least *denied* him, in the persons of "the least of these his brethren." We would affectionately hope that our persecuted brother may take occasion from this instance of suffering for truth and duty, solemnly and prayerfully to review his faith, and to lay his heart open, deeper and deeper, to the influences of the Holy Spirit—that He would reveal to him, in the light He will be seen in hereafter and forever—that Savior, in whose cause he so honorably suffers, amid his faithless and forsaking disciples. We speak this in no sectarian mood or spirit.

We ask the friends of religious liberty to read the manly letter of the banished Hollis street minister. We would commend it to the pondering attention of the pulpit, especially of that portion of it, which does not deem it expedient to run counter to the humors and caprices of parish wealth and influence. "It will never do," says the faithful Rev. Mr. —— BLANK, "for ministers to go faster than the wishes of their people." *Their* people they are rightly called—and they are kept *theirs*, by humoring their ungodly prejudices and winking at their respectable iniquities. Thus are very many ministers the slaves and panders of their parishes, while they are at the same time (and by this means) their tyrants. They lord it over the superstition of their congregations, and trample on whatever of spiritual independence they descry amid the general vassalage,—all the while watching the current of popular caprice, with the assiduity of that *uncompromising* watch-

man, which observes the wind at the top of their steeples. Not so John Pierpont. And for this, "property and standing" has ejected him from the pulpit. We wait to see what community says to it, on whose bosom he is cast. The press—will it deprecate proscription—in the abstract—and then regret Mr. Pierpont's imprudence in thus awakening it? And the Winslow pulpits—we are curious to hear their response to this summons of the Hollis street "brotherhood." The *independence* and the FIDELITY of the pulpit are here signally struck down! Let us see if it will be answered by a general quivering and succumbing—by fresh servility to the mob and heightened insolence to the abolitionists.

We congratulate Mr. Pierpont on his distinguished victory. He has come off with signal honor. We expect henceforth double portion of the outpouring of his flaming genius for humanity and for God. Let the pro-slavery, wine-bibbing, grog-stimulating, time-serving, mob-instigating, man-crushing and God-defying world, have *now* no quarter at the hands of his lightning muse—now is the hour. "*Felix opportunitate*"—not "*mortis*"—for it is *victory—happy in this occasion of deliverance* from a base-spirited and profligate pew-tyranny.

THE NORTH STAR.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 7, 1839.]

JOHN PIERPONT has turned all *free* eyes to this glorious little arctic luminary, which is henceforward to be the queen of the night firmament. His "Fugitive's Slave's Apostrophe" to it—published in our week before last—(in our absence, or we should have attempted an *apostrophe* to *that*,) seems to us a star in the sky of poetry, that shall be gazed at as long as the language it is clothed in endures, and while that cold and steadfast orb shall twinkle in the polar heavens to guide the sailor on the untracked deep; and long, long after it shall have ceased to be the magnet of the fugitive from southern bondage, to attract and direct him through these *free* states to the *land of liberty*.

"Star of the North"—O, it *warms* the true anti-slavery heart to look at it, *now*, of a clear December's night. "Sun of the *sleepless*" it is—and as it is followed by the pilgrim for liberty, so it will be watched by the lovers of the muse, with a dearer interest than ever Chaldean shepherd gazed at the spangled firmament.

We cannot read this glorious "Apostrophe" without tears of admiration and wonder,—no more at the beauty of the thought and the starry magnificence of the numbers, than at the sublime appreciation it displays of the "fugitive's" *manhood*—hunted by the man-robber of the South and his fellow-hounds;—while his mouth is thus filled with deathless poetry. We mark him henceforth as a *poet*, as well as "a man and a brother." It is no *fiction*, though it be poetry, that the bard here sets forth. Our fugitive brother feels it all as he flies. His manhood awakens as he speeds his way, and the star he follows fills his soul with *hope* and inspiration. How keenly his dark vision scans the northern firmament for its evening appearance! How impatiently he watches till God lights his blessed lamp, and hangs it in his northward way! With what anxiety he witnesses the intervening float of the "fleecy drapery of the sky!" He scrutinizes the shrouded pole till it shines again.—There it is yet! He blesses God and "presses on;" his eagerness and his aspirations scarcely surpassed, in holy sublimity, by those of the men who followed the star of Bethlehem. He goes for liberty—HUMAN LIBERTY, a boon of inestimable preciousness. Men have learned here to undervalue it. He flees like Pilgrim—from the city of Destruction.

How inexpressibly tender the fugitive's benediction for the gentle star-beam, that rests upon the spring where he stoops to drink, and where he reposes at approach of day;—and who can hear, without shrinking and thrilling with cold fear,

> "In the dark top of southern pines
> I nestled when the driver's horn," &c.

But we can't review. It is above our province. We can't *stay* for it, any more than can our panting brother. We and he are

on the way to liberty. We thank the noble bard in behalf of our flying brother and of our cause. We trust the time will come he need not fly. The Apostrophe is a star to guide men to our cause. It sheds lustre upon it in the eyes of all lovers of genius. Men cannot scorn the enterprise that enlists such talent. It will attract eyes not to be attracted by the flame of liberty.

But, O! shame to New England, that the fugitive cannot rest amid all her hills! that he must be *fugitive* still—along her bold streams! There is no rest for his tired foot in all her borders. The star of liberty rests not over the Pilgrim States. The "*wise* men" who follow it, do not find it "coming and standing over us." Our mountain region, the very home and haunt for freedom—it is only the highway to liberty—and the indignant spirit, as it traverses it in quest of disenthralment, must say of it, as the surly Johnson did, when he said of Scottish prospects, that "the only fine one was the high road that led to England." Our only natural fine prospect is that of the high road to Canada and liberty.

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 14, 1839.]

THE following article we take from "The Monthly Miscellany," &c.—a highly respectable periodical, published at Boston. Its contributors are among the most accomplished writers of the country. We publish the article and mention the source of it, as a mark of great change in public opinion in the community; such periodicals not having deigned, until recently, to admit such *vulgar* and *fanatical* topics to their graceful pages. The able reviewer is shocked at the atrocities developed by "Slavery as it is." But why shocked? Was he not aware of the existence of SLAVERY in the land, and is he surprised that it should bring forth such fruits? To be sure the details, in this terrible book, are shocking. They are enough to chill humanity's blood and stop its pulse—to make its *eyes start from their spheres*, and its *combined locks to rear themselves on end*—separate and rigid with

horror. But is it surprising? Was it not to be expected of such a relation, between *men*, as that of master and slave,—owner and chattel! Is any one so utterly unaware of human nature, as to think *human* treatment—not to say *humane*—could be bestowed upon a brute!—Terrible developments, forsooth. Well, the abolitionists have been holding up to community, these eight years, the creature itself—in its essential, vital monstrosity. They dragged it forth on to the public arena, and stretched it out under gaze of the nation in all its scaly deformity, its hydra hideousness. The nation were excited—but it was at the abolitionists, not at the dragon. They were mad at the sight—but not mad at slavery. They were mad with the abolitionists, and fell upon them with mobocratic fury. And the genteel writers of the day were among those who instigated the mob. They were annoyed, offended, disgusted. They tossed their scholastic noses on high, and gave vent, in the ears of "popular sentiment," to their dainty and lettered indignation. Well, such is human nature, and such has been human history. Let it all pass for the present. If repented of, all is pardonable—and "late" repentance is "better than never."

But Mr. Weld's book, terrible and faithful though it be, is wrongly titled. It is not *slavery as it is*. SLAVERY as it is, cannot be written in an earthly book. The demon relation is indescribable, unutterable, inconceivable. There are no words formed for it. Words are for human occasion, and for the use of human nature; and nature hath no occasion for a slavery vocabulary. The delineator of SLAVERY must consult the lexicography of hell. He must learn the dialect of the bottomless pit. Weld can talk the strongest *human language*. But he has attempted a work that transcends his and human power. He has examined a "thousand witnesses." They tell all they know relative to the cause for which they are summoned. But interrogate them as to SLAVERY AS IT IS, and they must utter only their *non mi ricordo*, or stand mute. They may tell of some of its external incidents. They can testify of the whippings and starvings—the driving and the lacerations—the maimings, and the "deaths by *moderate correction*"—the huntings with dog and

gun—the separations—the snapping asunder of the strong heart-strings and all the gentle et ceteras of the domestic institution. But are these SLAVERY? Do these begin to disclose it? Do they give a *hint* at it? Do they disclose its title-page, or even its outside lettering? No—no—no. They don't. They can't. Milton was a bold man. He ventured on things "*unattempted* in *prose or rhyme.*" He descended in imagination to the nether hell. But he did not essay the more daring conception to bring hell up, and translate it to the earth and the air. Hell above ground is slavery as it is. This is our description of slavery. We leave it at this. No slave, escaped from it, will say we have exaggerated, or will ask us to attempt details.

Weld's testimony may scare away some from their anti-abolitionism; but it makes no genuine anti-slavery men. It makes no such abolitionists as the mighty author. He became one *before he saw his book.* So did all abolitionists. What made Garrison an anti-slavery man? SLAVERY. The word—the idea, the relation—the abstraction. Not "slavery in the abstract"—had it continued abstract. Had slavery existed only in the abstract, he had remained an abolitionist in the abstract. But slavery existed in the *application*, and he *therefore* became an abolitionist in the application. He shouted his war cry at first idea of the dreadful wrong. Weld heard it and answered amid the depths of Ohio. The Liberator uttered his voice on the wild margin of the Atlantic. They heard him on the western rivers and the utmost lakes.

"The testimony of a thousand witnesses" is important to our cause. It will affect minds that higher considerations cannot reach. It helps overthrow slavery—though it may make no genuine abolitionists. It is that sort of testimony that men seek to help them in their unbelief. It is the kind of evidence the rich man in hell wanted Abraham to send to the earth to convince his five brethren, and keep them from that place of torment. It is the preaching of unbelief. It is not Moses and the prophets. Those the land has heard and disregarded. Neither will they believe, though a thousand witnesses come up and tell their ghastly story from the church-yard of the South.

That our brother man was enslaved, was enough for us to hear. We did not care whether he was overworked or under—full fed or scantily—clad or naked—whipped or unwhipped. He was a SLAVE. He was *imbruted*, and we cared not whether he was a hungry dog or a surfeited one—as an ox, whether his neck was worn with the yoke or his hide perforated with the goad,—or whether, as a horse or an ass, his sides were waled with the cart whip or cut up with the spur. Finding him a *brute*, we took it for granted he had *brute* treatment, aggravated by the circumstance that he could *provoke* and be *hated*, as quadruped brutality could not.

The remarks of the reviewer on public opinion are able and just. Will he join the anti-slavery ranks, and help revolutionize that opinion? or will he content himself with writing a handsome article on our enterprise, and leave it to struggle on as it has done? We like his opinion that "excision" is the only remedy for slavery; but we marvel that he could have supposed it a tolerable evil, before he read of the lightest of its inflictions, in "Slavery as it is."

THE FIFTEEN-GALLON LAW.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 21, 1839.]

WE are glad that Massachusetts people are getting satisfied that legislation is no proper *measure* for the promotion of a moral enterprise. The anti-slavery *measure* is moral agitation—by free discussion. The pro-slavery measure is the legislature. It is as good a measure in one spiritual enterprise as another—as good to regulate the *belief*, as the conduct of men. Mankind were not made to *improve* under its discipline.

They complain of the fifteen-gallon law in Massachusetts, because it has revolutionized the parties. Mr. Buckingham is in a rage with it, because of its impolicy, and because it has shaken Governor Everett in his gubernatorial shoes. We detest legislative interference, because it promotes drunkenness. We think

the election of Gov. Everett of far minor importance to the intoxication of one man—the most abandoned wretch in the by-places of the capital. For one man to get drunk, whoever he be, is of more mischievous importance than a political revolution that should not only defeat the *Reverend* Mr. Everett of one year's occupancy of "*Herod's* judgment-seat," but should leave the *tetrarchy* of Massachusetts unoccupied for twenty years to come. Indeed, we think it would be a great benefit to the *self-governed* people of the *Commonwealth* to go *ungoverned*—except by themselves—for that term of time to come. We could get along pretty well so in New Hampshire, were it not that the *crow* and *militia* laws need continual modification; and they are of no force over crows or militia officers, without approval of a governor.

Some of our temperance friends are in love with legislative reform in this state, in this behalf. We are decidedly opposed to it. It is an illegitimate mode of reform, and is, we believe, resorted to by those clergymen and politicians, and other great men, who are afraid of the effect of moral agitation upon their influential positions in community. We say, let every man sell as much rum and drink as much rum as he chooses, *for all legislation*. If we can't stop drunkenness without the paltry aid of our state house, let it go on. It is a less evil than sumptuary legislation,—and a legislative reformation would be good for nothing, if it could be effected. It would be a totally unprincipled reformation. And as much as we loathe drunkenness, we had as lief witness any bar-room scene we ever saw, as some scenes enacted at our stone state house. Why, we have to keep the legislature itself, sober, in the very session time, by influence of the Temperance society. Stop that influence, and the legislative session would be a time of general drunkenness, gambling and debauchery, wherever the legislature should hold its sittings. And is the country to look to *legislation* for the preservation of its morals! We would as soon look to the general muster, as the general court. We say this with all deference to our *public servants*, as they call themselves when they want our votes.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Jan. 18, 1840.]

This is our magnificent enterprise—our grand and glorious purpose of philanthropy. We labor to effect it by the power of truth, by admonition, by warning, by solemn appeal to the heart and conscience of this nation.

We have nothing to say, in this enterprise, to the slave. He is no party to his own enslavement—he is to be none to his disenthralment. We have nothing to say to the South. The real *holder* of the slave is not there. He is in the North—the *free* North, the *anti-slavery* North! The South have not the *power* to hold the slave. It is the character of the nation, that binds and holds him down in bondage. If nothing but the puny force of the South lay upon him, he would heave it off from his breast with swift and bloody insurrection. It is not the driver's whip that rules the hundred sturdy and sullen slaves of the cotton field, and humbles them to his single control. It is not the mastery, at whose beck that whip is wielded, for that is feeble, enervated and impotent. It is not the indolent and vicious population of the South, who claim to own these people, that has strength of power to keep them in their chains. But it is the whole country. It is the republic, at whose behest the enchained millions of the land lie fettered. And the efficient force of that republic is north of slavery's Dixon line. Slavery is then a *northern* institution, and not a southern. The North continues to tolerate it at the national capital. The North refuses to interdict the inter-state *home* trade in slaves. The North, by its representative majority, cherishes the system in the territory of Florida. The South could neither maintain nor suppress slavery, or the trade in either of these. She has not the *power*, and the North has not the *will*. We remind the *anti-slavery* North that by a *northern majority* does slavery live at the District of Columbia—a majority of *votes*, and by a majority of northern hearts and voices, does it live throughout the South.

It is not a *political* revolution, that we have to work out. This

is not the revolution needed. No such would abolish slavery. The country would not be prepared by it for the slave's liberty. The best and utmost that political movement—that constitutions, enactments and decisions could effect for the slave, is to transmute him into that anomaly in a *christian republic*, called a "free nigger." New Hampshire has thus transmuted him by the magic force of its politics. What is the liberty of a New Hampshire emancipated colored man? It barely qualifies him to pass muster as a candidate for the mercy of the Colonization society. All that constitution and law have done for him is to fit him for examination for the *high school at Liberia*. They have fitted him for *re-transportation*—as representative of his kidnapped ancestry,—by a sort of *return* slave-trade, and back-track "middle passage," to the forlorn and melancholy coast of Africa.

Law and constitution have elevated him to the "*impossibility of ever rising in this country*" *to the water level of humanity*, to such a *high* pitch of——infinite *debasement*, that christianity (so says colonization) can never reach him—only to fish him up for market on the desolate Slave coast.

Ohio has abolished slavery by law and constitution. Yet Ohio is the land of the black law, and her anti-slavery executive casts her Mahan bound hand and foot into the fiery furnace of Kentucky. Connecticut has undergone a *legal* abolition—for proof, behold her *black act* and her demolished Canterbury academy. New York has abolished slavery by *law*; yet it is as much as a colored man's life is worth to live in her cities, and an abolitionist has fared there little better than he. Philadelphia is the capital city of a *constitutional* anti-slavery state. The skeleton of Pennsylvania hall, "fire-stained" and mob-scathed, looms up in its might, a monument of the omnipotency of her idol slavery. Illinois is a *legally* free state. But slavery boldly shot down, before her face and eyes, freedom of speech and liberty of the press. Slavery murdered both with wanton impunity and exultation in the streets of Alton. New Hampshire is a tremendously *free state*. Slavery has been abolished by the very *genius and spirit of our institutions*. Yet they burnt LIBERTY OF SPEECH in effigy, in her state-house yard, on a September night, in ☞1835!

and a school, erected to liberty, in the northern county of Grafton, was brutally hauled off from its foundations by the public sentiment of the county. But we will not enlarge. Slavery has been *legally* abolished in half the states of the Union, and the best they can do for the fugitive slave is to give him race ground to Canada before the southern bloodhound, and for the freed man of color is to let in upon him the gray hounds of Colonization. Surely, if "slavery *be* the creature of law," that emancipation which is its creature, is but a sorry consolation to the subject of it.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 4, 1840.]

It is impossible for us to tell—or conceive—the immeasurable importance of this contemplated meeting at London. We fear American abolitionists are not sufficiently interested in our country's being represented there. The philanthropists of England are expecting us in great force. John Scoble said the other day, at Glasgow, there would be one hundred delegates from the United States. There ought to be five hundred! We fear there will not be fifty. We are apprehensive New Hampshire will not be represented there at all. We have not heard from all the appointed delegates; but those whose pecuniary means would enable them to go, will have concerns at home, we fear, that will render their going inconvenient. Money is scarce, and some of us cannot obtain it or afford to spare it from the support of numerous and helpless families. But that would not hinder the *republic* of the world being fully represented there. There is *money* enough, but not *interest* enough felt by the christian profession of the land. Missionaries can be fitted out and sustained, to carry religion's rush-light to make pagan "darkness visible" on the other side of the globe. But the World's Convention, which if followed up, (as it will be,) will soon open the way to evangelizing the remotest corners of the earth, and superseding

all necessity of missionary effort, such as now is made, scarcely attracts the sneering notice of church or state among us.

The meeting will be the most important the earth has known. The world never before thought of holding a meeting for *such an object*. It has never before entertained the idea of a *friendly* meeting. There was a Holy Alliance once marched through London after fife and drum, under an escort of Cossacks from the banks of the Don. They met then not to abolish human slavery, but to crush mankind under the iron hoof of military despotism—to fix, as Daniel Webster said, a horizontal line between the upper and under strata of human society. The World's Convention is not like that. It meets together, under flag of truce, preliminary to universal and everlasting peace and brotherhood. It is the meeting of the World's committee of arrangements,—preparatory to the congregation of the whole human family—to be gathered again before long, it is hoped, under the old family roof, after thousands of years of estrangement and wide-dispersed separation. How sublime will be the greeting of these brethren! The ends of the earth meet and shake hands with each other—yea, embrace and kiss each other. It will not be a national meeting—nationality will not be represented or recognized. It will be a meeting of MANKIND, and they will discover in each other convincing tokens of their long-lost fraternity and kindred. It will be Humanity's first conference. All the members of the human family will be inquired after and hunted up,—however remote,—and measures instituted for their relief and salvation. None will be forgotten, in whatever longitude or wherever strayed or lost between the utmost poles and "earth's central line"—of whatever language, complexion or clime. It will be a landmark, this "World's Convention," for the admiring retrospection of all future history,—the earth's *first* meeting—but not its *last*. Mankind will again meet—and again. Ere long they will hold their *annual* meetings—and when some swifter agency than the steam—(for God will smile on human invention and multiply it infinitely, when it shall labor to ends like this)—shall *circumambulate* the globe, in briefer space than the ocean's steamer now performs the semi-monthly trips of the Atlantic—who knows but

they will come together from its utmost parts, many times oftener than the shadowy little planet itself can measure its circuit about the sun! It may be so. It will be so.—Stranger things happen every year.

Shall New England be represented from all her states? Do the people appreciate the mighty importance of the meeting? It will teach men that there is no such thing as FOREIGNER on the earth, and that there need be no such thing as ENEMY or STRANGER. "The World's Anti-Slavery SOCIETY" will be formed—at "The World's Convention." Not "The British and Foreign"—not "The American"—not the Old World or the New—the Eastern Hemisphere or the Western—but the WORLD. And the eradication of war from the earth—the restoration of universal peace—the abolition of human slavery—are events no more improbable as its results, than West India emancipation was seven years ago, or two thousand anti-slavery societies in the United States were eight years ago, when twelve anti-slavery disciples constituted the entire abolitionism of America. It may be our phantasy—but to our vision wondrous results are to flow directly and suddenly from this unostentatious meeting.

LETTER FROM EDINBURGH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Aug. 13, 1840.]

Edinburgh, July 22, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER PILLSBURY,—I snatch a pen and a moment to send a *flying* line to you and the beloved abolitionists of New Hampshire from this glorious capital of Northern Britain. I write amid stirring objects—at the foot of "Arthur's Seat" and the famous "Salisbury Crags,"—in this queen of cities, in the land of Bruce and of Wallace and of Burns; and it is no falling off of circumstance to say further, that I am writing with GEORGE THOMPSON'S pen, in his anti-slavery study,—the scene of his mighty preparations, which have shaken this island with an elo-

quence unsurpassed by any in the days of its Sheridans—its Chathams—its Broughams—or O'Connells. I wish our pro-slavery mobocrats could see the "*Fugitive from justice*" here at home, and above all, witness the tempest of applauding that greets him as he enters the great meetings in England and Scotland.

But I must be brief. I congratulate you and Liberty, on your glorious victory of the *3d of June*. I was in the battle with you in spirit, though in body becalmed on the glassy ocean. It was a victory more glorious than the "seventeenth of June," of our bloody old revolution.—or than Bannockburn even, when Bruce sent King Edward home again to England, when he came down to these glens and mountains, to "new organize" Scottish independence. I knew it must so turn out, if the abolitionism of the Granite commonwealth rallied to the rescue. You have conquered, and the cause is safe. I have no fears for the cause since New Hampshire has gone right. *As goes New Hampshire, so goes the land!* Our little mountain state is the Scotland of the Union—and among her hill-tops gush in thousand springs the fountains of our national spirit and opinion. Thank Heaven, they gush *free*. You have unmasked "New Organization," and it has seceded. It is well it has, since it must be so. Let it set up a press now, and then we will have the pro-slavery of the North *openly* against us in the field. I hope our brother Curtis will hoist his sheet to the wind. See how it will stand a gale from the White hills. Free discussion is all that truth wants. A free and fair field—and let the right prevail.

New Organization is not confined to the other side of the water. It is rife and in full experiment here. It has a snug abode in London. We found it under way in the substitute meeting for our glorious anticipated "World's Convention." That convention we did not find,—but instead thereof *a respectable little conference of invited guests of a London committee.* I was sent to no such, and did not present my credentials or go within its enclosures. I told the managers of it that American abolitionists did not send delegates across the ocean to wait on London committees, or any other assemblages short of the whole human brotherhood, in convention gathered, without distinction of sect or

sex or color or clime. They said, as I understood, that they had not any idea of a World's Convention,—that it was but "a poetical flourish of Friend Whittier." They said, in relation to one feature of the meeting, that women were not admissible because of the delicacy of her *sex*. Yet we saw women all the way through England, toiling in the hay-field and the hoe-field, and even hammering stone for macadamizing the road along the great highways. She was not "out of her delicate sphere" in any of these "domestic avocations,"—no—nor in spreading manure to fertilize the soil of merry England.

More of this, should I reach home. The conference, though by no means what it ought to have been, or at all like a "World's Convention," was still an important meeting, and passed some valuable resolutions—and good will follow it. "The World's Convention," however, must be holden in a freer land than old England—it must be holden in *New England*.

I see my name at the head of the "Anti-Slavery Standard." I would just say that I am not responsible for that, beyond what was said in your presence. All will be right, I think, when we reach our beloved native shores. I only wish to say, meanwhile, to you and the beloved abolitionists of New Hampshire, that my heart is with them, and there I desire my lot to be. New Hampshire—my dear native, mountain land—

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

I have only time to say that our faithful brother Garrison is received with enthusiasm wherever we go; and that GEORGE THOMPSON is as true to *Old Organization* as he was when he sounded his bugle amid the blasts of New England and New York mobocracy, in the memorable year of '35.

Your brother, N. P. ROGERS.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Aug. 28, 1840.]

Beloved Friends and Fellow-Laborers in the struggling—triumphing—cause of Humanity.

With joyous, heart-felt emotions, I find myself once more among you. Heart and spirit expand within me as I stand again on the free and favored soil of New Hampshire. With gratitude to our Father in heaven, I would humbly acknowledge his merciful preservations on my long and dangerous journey, and his restoration of me to friends, home, and the anti-slavery field, from the tedium and perils of the ocean and from the *subject* regions that lie beyond it. I thank his tender mercy that, returning from beyond the sea, which cut me off from them for a period, which, however swiftly it may have lapsed to you, amid the joys of home, seemed long to me,—I find no face missing from the dear circle I had left behind me. And I would be especially grateful that God has enabled me to do something in my absence for the great and glorious cause on which you sent me—something beyond my most sanguine expectations. Although disappointed of the form under which I expected to labor and to witness the labors of others who should be mighty for bleeding humanity, I believe I have been instrumental of doing more, and that more has been done for truth and liberty, than could have been achieved by the grandest convention that could have been tolerated in the British islands. "Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." The great cause of God and humanity has been signally advanced in England by a blind attempt of his enemies to baffle and defeat it.

I rejoice in the wondrous prosperity God has vouchsafed the cause here. I find it standing high on the vantage ground of victorious truth. New Hampshire abolitionism has, under God, signally triumphed, and triumphed for the whole land. The eyes of the country were on you—anxiously watching your struggle. The hopes and fears of friend and enemy were every where widely awaked. You were faithful, and have triumphed. Thanks to him

alone who was on our side, when men rose up against us. Let us humble ourselves in view of this interposition—and while we esteem our own efforts as nothing, and our own righteousness as filthy rags, let us now and henceforth put unwavering trust in God, that he will always sustain us in every conflict for his truth, and give us the victory over all its enemies.

The foes of our enterprise are at length embodied in the open field. At this I rejoice. I exult to find them coming out and mustering openly, and *in our neighborhood.* They are gathering about our encampment as if they regarded it the post of import ance on the anti-slavery field. They regard it rightly. I thank them for the estimate they put upon our labors and our success. Let them come—more and more of them. It is what we have all ardently desired. We will meet them under God, and they will perish, though they were of Goliath stature and their spear staves like the weaver's beam and their Philistine foreheads of triple brass. No front is thick enough to stand proof against the sling-stones of the truth of God.

I can breathe freely again in the atmosphere of liberty—for, my brethren and friends, with all our pro-slavery it is an atmosphere of liberty. Here is freedom, compared to the restrictive and suffocating *subjection*, that broods upon the beauteous face of "merry England," and haunts even the glens and mountains of gallant Scotland. For Scotland herself is not free. She does not dream of New England liberty. Remote as she stands from tyrant London, up among the northern mists, and prompted perpetually as she is to freedom by her glorious scenery and her stirring associations, old Caledonia is not free. She is *subject.* Her gallant people stand aloof from the head-quarters of royalty and regal aristocracy, and from that sterner, kindred despotism, the hierarchy of England;—from the Windsor Castles and the Westminster Abbeys—the St. Paul's Cathedrals and the old Towers of London, the common ally and guardian of them all—those palaces, where kings tread by divine right on the necks of their *subject* brethren, and the priesthood cloaks the despotism with the gorgeous mantle of old superstition—and where the mounted cannon gapes hollow from their high battlements down upon the

defenceless people as the grand sanction of them all,—for instead of love to God or man, the gunpowder and the bayonet are the grand sanction of British church and state. The "stay and staff" of both is stowed away in that ugly old Tower, in the shape of a hundred thousand glittering muskets and a quarter of a million sabres. O, the beautiful array of their instruments of death!—"Let us write PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MEN on 'the outer wall!'" cried Garrison, as we gazed on the gloomy old receptacle, as we left it. O, the heavenly panoply there arrayed by the religion and government of England, to maintain their wholesome supremacy over a prostrate people! One can't doubt, as he beholds their countless multitude and horrent display, that church and state are safe in England.

Scotland, though remote from all these, is not free. She is in *subject* union. The Scottish lion sleeps on Arthur's seat, and brave old Scotland is part and parcel of Great Britain, and her gallant people are British *subjects*. They will not be *subjects* always. Great and free spirits are there; men and women fit this hour for freedom's peaceful martyrdom. The Murrays—the Smeales—the Handersons—the Brewsters, and the THOMPSONS—for GEORGE THOMPSON dwells in Scotland. He could not breathe in London. But THOMPSON, even in *Edinburgh*, is by position a *subject*. Daring as the lion, when he ranged our free shores and braved our roused mobocracy to the beard, his spirit is mitigated and subdued on the *subject* island, like the forest king in the Tower. O, that he were here among us again!—He longs to be here. His heart droops in Britain. He sighs for the free conflict for liberty here. But for his young family, he would have accompanied us back. Church and state both could not now drive him out from us again, as a "felon," or a "fugitive from justice." He is waging a conflict for British India. "New Organization" scowls upon him from haughty London, in the form of "The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee." London is the fit head-quarters for that committee. It is the capital of the World's Despotism. There is not such a tyranny on earth as England's. Despotism *shows* darker and grosser perhaps on the continent and in the far East—but in accomplished,

regulated and christendom-like tyranny—in settled, premeditated hostility to human liberty, England no doubt stands pre-eminent among the nations,—and London is its capital. Her anti-slavery, in the great mass of it, partakes of this character. It is more despotic as well as more servile than our republican pro-slavery. I had greatly misapprehended its character. Its genuineness may be judged of by the fact, that politic statesmen affect to be interested in it, and his royal highness the Duke of Sussex, and his serene and mighty highness Prince Albert preside at its great meetings—while its managers look upon George Thompson with jealousy and displeasure. What would Prince Albert say to *American* anti-slavery? I would sooner trust our enterprise in the hands of our pro-slavery mob, than with the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. They don't *begin* to be abolitionists. They would not think of joining our new organization even. They would be more likely to join the Colonization society—although they have no prejudice against color. And their exemption from this is accidental with them. They despise low condition as much as we do color. They have had no occasion to despise color. British slavery has been carried on in the remote West Indies, and no emancipated colored people have strayed up to the British islands from *the South*. Common British abolitionism can thrust woman out of the anti-slavery conference. Even their Quakers did this, in defiance of their own principles and usages. They can deny the competency of woman to think and act among men on the great subject of humanity, while they foist an inexperienced girl on to the throne of England, surrounded there by a crowd of old war bruisers by land and sea, and old hackneyed, heartless statesmen; give her command of the ship of state and the steering of the church, archbishops and all—and to crown her *delicate* and becoming station, make her commander-in-chief of their standing army, and grand admiral of the British navy—all this British anti-slavery can do gravely and in earnest. They are great sticklers for female *delicacy*. They won't allow an opinion or a vote to come between the wind and woman's nobility. But it will load her shoulder with the brick-layer's hod—make her hammer stone

by the road side to mend the highways—hoe potatoes, pitch hay, and spread manure among the *subject* male laborers in the field of the nobility—all this with proper regard to female *delicacy*, and without violation of "*British usage.*" I witnessed her in these and many other positions equally lady-like. They have no *freedom* in Britain—and how can they have *anti-slavery* there? I speak it with glorious exceptions. The very face of the ground there, with all its beauty and fertility, looks *subject* and shackled. It looks as if serfs had tilled it with involuntary labor. The Briton will talk vehemently for liberty and rights, and he can afford to,—for he means nothing by it, and power knows that he means nothing. He connects no action with his talk. If he is rash enough to talk *significantly*, he goes into the Tower, or York Castle, to repent of his temerity at his leisure. He is very vehement in his invective—but his impetuosity, like his own watch dog's, has a chain to limit it. He will pour out copious and violent epithets, so long as he will take it out in epithets. He may go where he pleases, but a uniformed police man constantly dogs his footsteps, or one of their bear-skin headed,—*bare*-kneed, hateful military. The whole citizenship—or rather *subjectship*—of the country is besprinkled with red coats, whom hungry labor has to maintain in setting limits to its own freedom. Over all the sweet hedge-rows peep the ugly bayonets, and British liberty walks perpetually under guard, *subject* and subjugated; and it was most mortifying to me that some of our new-organized republicanism crept over the water the other day, and did it homage. It went over there and conspired with it to razee down "the World's Convention" to a seven-by-nine London conference. Posterity will remember New Organization for that, if for nothing else. But they were defeated. They were completely baffled of their purpose by Garrison's masterly movement into the gallery of Free Masons' Hall. His position there was a perfect discomfiture of their plot. They did not dream of that movement. They could not meet it. Why stands WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON in the gallery, without that professed anti-slavery conference,—Garrison, the *very incarnation of American abolitionism?*—queries at once the philanthropy of Europe. That com-

mittee can't answer in their confusion. But an answer comes from O'Connell, that it was the "cowardly, unworthy, unjust and impolitic" exclusiveness, that, among other things, trampled American abolitionism under foot in the rejection of its delegates! An answer comes from George Thompson, too, condemning their soulless organization, and himself for not more promptly denouncing it in the meetings. Dr. Bowring, and William Ashurst, and William Howitt, and other names, the pride of English and Scottish intellect and philanthropy, join in the condemnatory response. And the colored people of Boston too—let their resolves and their gallant reception of their own beloved champion, last Thursday night, at the Marlborough Chapel, utter their answer to the question, why Garrison did not go into that conference.

That quiet position in the gallery defeated the cunningly devised conspiracy of "British and *Foreign*" "New Organization." It set all England a thinking. It did more to agitate the grand questions of human rights and human duties, essential to the abolition of slavery, than any convention that could have been tolerated in Britain. A hundred lectures could not have done so much in a twelve-month. It hit the nail on the head. I am happy to have taken part in it. But I did not think of giving you my reasons for it here. This will be done in due season. The reasons are palpable to the sound anti-slavery mind, as soon as it learns the facts.

I will only say I should have greatly delighted to mingle in "The World's Convention." I was willing to leave home and encounter the ocean for it. I was impatient to reach it as our wind-bound vessel lingered on the outward passage. But I did not find it. I had no credentials to its lifeless substitute. You would not have sent me to that substitute, and I would not have gone. I had nothing with which to purchase the committee's ticket of entrance. They laughed at the idea of a World's Convention.

I ought to acknowledge that the highest respect was paid you every where I went, in my own personal treatment. Even the committee did not wish to hazard their popularity by lying under the imputation of incivility to New Hampshire abolitionism.

They urged me to go into the conference by every inducement, and by appeals to *all my capacities*. When I declined entering on my dishonored credentials, they invited me in as an individual. I was sensible of the civility—but they had dishonored your credentials, and I could not compromise the indignity.

Great spirits are at work in Britain for freedom. They are as expansive as humanity. But I see little that they can do for liberty there. They must come *here* and labor, and they are eager to come. The World's Convention must sit in *New* England instead of *Old*. And when it does, they will come over and join in it.

I will not extend this long letter further. I could say something of the scenes—the wonders—the men and women I saw on my journey through those famous old countries. And something I intended to say of the character of my beloved friend Garrison, which I had the happiness to witness intimately. But I will defer these to future opportunity, and close by subscribing myself your brother and fellow-laborer in the precious cause of humanity, N. P ROGERS.

RIDE OVER "THE BORDER."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 18, 1840.]

JULY 20th, early in the morning we took coach at the "Turf Hotel," in New Castle upon Tyne, for Scotland. It was one of the few fair mornings we saw in *lowery* England. Circumstances were such as might stir one to a lofty flow of spirits. We were in the neighborhood of the "Percies of Northumberland"—and but a day's ride from the Scottish border, and Edinborough. We were in famous old New Castle, the native place of "coals," —with its narrow and steep streets, as old as English history—their ancient walls, stained and blackened by the smoke of bygone centuries, and the *breath* of the *dark ages*. The grim old castle and St. Nicholas' gloomy church—its huge tower propped, long ago, by buttresses to keep it from falling under the warfare

of time—its turreted steeple, as graceful as the interweaving boughs of an ancient elm, smoky old New Castle—and its magnificent *modern* town, of squares, and streets, and markets, and terraces, reared by the New Castle house-joiner—the self-taught, the wonderful GRANGER—the Napoleon of business. With no resources or means but his own exhaustless genius—an obscure mechanic, without aid or patronage, he started up and built a city in his native town, rivalling the "Regent Streets" of London, in beauty and magnificence, with the proudest market-place in Europe.

Before us stretched out old England, far and wide—the champaign, heaved into hill—heaped up from the bowels of the earth by the coal miner. We were mounted a-top of the coach—a beautiful road, smooth as pounded and pulverised stone could make it—and fleet and finely-trained horses. There we were—on the road to old Scotland—through the wild wastes of Northumberland—in the old world—three thousand miles from the banks of the *Pemigewassett!*

The country soon began to lose its level, and put on an uneven aspect, as we entered among the Northumbrian swells. George Thompson had gone from New Castle to Edinborough, the Saturday before—and the coachman, who was a North-the-Tweed man, said that a gentleman had told him we were going with him, and wished him to point us out the objects on the road,—and accordingly, soon after, he stretched his hand towards a line of mountains, that broke on the view from a high point of the road, and cried, "Them's the Cheviots!" A cry to send colder blood than ours from the surface. There they towered—the famous Cheviots! We were beholding their peaks at last. By and by, a lonely hill-side stretched away on our right, with a single stone monument standing in the waste—without a tree or shrub.—"That," cried the coachman, "is the Chevy Chase, and the stone ye see yonder, is at the spot where the battle was fought, and where the *Dooglas* died."

The stately hunters were not there. The "fifteen hundred bowmen bold"—nor the "twenty hundred Scottish spears."

We kept rising higher and higher, and the country grew more

and more desolate and waste. Over it the English armies had marched after the Edwards, to attack Scotland, among her mists and glens. We saw none of their foot-prints, nor their flying banners—their archer uniform of Lincoln green—nor heard the neigh of their chargers. All was silent sav the moan of the autumn-sounding wind,—and nothing of human workmanship was to be seen, but our white, macadamized road, gleaming amid the green fern, and winding over the distant swells; and nothing of life, but the heath fowl, that ever and anon started into the air, from the fern and the deep moss—and the sheep every where sprinkling the green wastes, watched by here and there a plaided shepherd and his dog. Little stone sheep-folds, hung about on the dreary hill-sides, added to the desolations of the landscape. The view was grand and impressive, of those wide-spread barrens. They looked like immense swells of the ocean—green but bare, and scarcely less desolate, than if they had been deserts of sand. We came at last to a sharp ridge, that lay across our way—and that, the coachman exclaimed, was "the Border."—A small bluish stone, about large enough for the bound of a farmer's lot, peeped out of the broom, on the right of the road, which he pointed out as the boundary between these ancient kingdoms. We crossed "the Border," and pitching over the hill, descended rapidly into Scotland.

We entered, at once, an entirely new country. It was level, cultivated, and exceedingly soft and beautiful. Instead of Dr. Johnson's nakedness of trees, the country seemed quite well wooded, with a young, but not very thrifty growth. It did not look like the woodlands of England. In the distance loomed the Scottish mountains, enrobed in mist. The roads continued perfectly fine, and in finished repair—with a heap of hard stone, every few miles, piled nicely by the way side, which men and women, by virtue of "British usage," had hammered and packed away, for repair of the roads. These repairs, *by the way*, are made by trustees, and the expense raised at toll-gates, which every now and then obstruct the traveller on the road. They make better roads than our highway tax does; but free labor will make our free roads, by and by, *better even* than theirs, which already seem to be *perfect*.

We will try to give our readers, the first opportunity, some sketch of the road and route through the vales of Jedborough, and the Tweed—by Melrose—Dryburgh and Abbotsford, on to the peerless capital of North Britain. It is one stream of poetry and romance, all the way to Edinburgh, from the border.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 2, 1840.]

JUST before our great anti-slavery meeting in Glasgow, news reached us, that "the Defender of the Constitution" had gone into one of the slave states, and absolved himself and his party from the reproach of anti-slavery. He there, as we heard by American papers, made his pro-slavery confession to Priest Preston, of Carolina, who had threatened, in his sacerdotal displeasure in the United States senate, to hang Mr. Webster's anti-slavery constituents.

George Thompson told the people of Glasgow of it, assembled in thousands at that mighty meeting. He told them of the intellectual power of the American statesman—of his northern birth and early education,—how he went to school to LIBERTY up among New Hampshire's rocks,—and how, having learned of another teacher in the schools of the South, he had now betrayed his native principles, and done homage to the slave system, in consideration of the suffrage of the South in the coming tug for the presidency. We wish the dark-eyed orator could have been within hearing, when Scotland uttered the indignant cry of 'SHAME, SHAME!"

John Dunlop, of Edinburgh, was there and heard it. He left the meeting, and hastened home to his seat at Randolph cliff, where a princely picture of Webster hung, painted by King, at Mr. Dunlop's order, in Washington, when he travelled in this country. He took down the recreant orator, reversed the painting, and hung it up in the rear of the apartment, face to the wall, and placed a splendid painting of the chief RED JACKET over the fire-place in its room.

So posterity will *hang* up to everlasting *reversal* and reprobation, all memory of these haughty great ones, who despise the infant anti-slavery enterprise in these the days of its struggles and sacrifices. Verily they have *now* their reward.

WINCOBANK HALL.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 16, 1840.]

WINCOBANK HALL is one of those romantic homes in proud old England, which in rank and grandeur stand mid way between the comfortable commoner's dwelling-house and the castles and palaces of royalty or the peerage. It is at a picturesque place near Sheffield, called Wincobank, and is the seat of a highly estimable English lady, Mrs. Rawson. We met with her at London, and when we left that overgrown city for the North, had the good fortune of her society as a fellow-passenger on the railroad. With her we had John Dunlop, of Edinburgh, an elegant scholar, a warm-hearted Scotsman and a christian, (we fell in with him on our *journey up* St. Paul's cathedral,) Charles Lenox Remond, the young colored orator from Rhode Island, co-delegate with us from the American Society to "the World's Convention," (*which neither of us could find,*) and then GEORGE THOMPSON and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. With such a company—on such a jaunt—who could have failed of the loftiest enjoyment incident to this earth's excursions?

We took our departure from the magnificent "Victoria Hotel," close by the entrance to the great Northern Rail-way—an entrance that looked like a Grecian temple, and which alone was said to have cost ten thousand pounds sterling. It is a sample of the splendors of England, where the people are perishing for want of food. We shot out of London at the lightning speed of the British locomotive, and were, in a twinkling, deep in the country. O, the country—the glorious country—of old England! A church spire on the left towered as we sped, high into the sky above a forest of British oaks, whose immense, thick

tops lay piled along the verdant height, in shape like a mass of clouds—as thick and as fleecy. It was the church of "Harrow on the Hill"—the scene of Byron's school-boy days. The memory of the dark-spirited bard flashed across us as evanescently as this glimpse of Harrow. On we glanced through field and woodland, with the green, sweet hedge row lined,—along canal—through deep cut and tunnel—tunnel darker than any midnight this side the pole—the din of whose thundering passage realized to our stunned ears all the noise of a battle, the rattle of musketry, and the roar of a cannonade—through lofty banks purpled o'er and scarleted to their tops with old England's flowers—over moss and moorland—along the fat pasture, where John Bull's herds wantoned, as his *people do not wanton*, up to their eyes in feed—the ample-bodied, sleek-hided, small-headed, slender-necked, no-horned, *horned* cattle of England. On we raced, in sight of distant ruins and haughty halls—of crumbling old towers and kingly castles—on—through the uplands of beauteous Derbyshire, and by the Derwent Water—amid all that the strong hand of tyranny could achieve in a thousand years to cultivate, adorn and beautify, a region moistened perpetually by that verdure-giving climate,—till sunset brought us to the neighborhood of old Sheffield, the great cutlery shop of Britain and of the world. There we parted with our fellow-traveller Mrs. Rawson and her beautiful little daughter—they to Wincobank Hall, and we to the Tontine Inn in famous Sheffield, under pledge to Mrs. R. that we would meet "some of her neighbors to breakfast next morning at the Hall."

At eight next morning, accordingly, we took the railroad for a three or four mile trip, and as we dismounted, at the foot of Wincobank ridge, to take the foot-path over it to the Hall, a keen-eyed, active gentleman of sixty—undersized and dressed in black, accosted George Thompson, and was introduced to us as—JAMES MONTGOMERY. He was one of Mrs. Rawson's "neighbors," and was on his way to breakfast with us at Wincobank Hall,—from his home "The Mount near Sheffield." We had the pleasure of climbing with him, side by side, over that romantic ridge, and of beholding the landscape that lay at its

foot,—a more glorious one, when we got to the summit, cannot be often seen from the tops of *this* world's ridges. There stretched out, under a bright morning, the vale of the Rother, and that winding stream, the olden home of "Cedric the Saxon," in Ivanhoe,—the "Boar of Rotherwood." Smoky old Sheffield gloomed at the extremity of the valley on the right, and in the distance on the left the turrets of the ancient cathedral of Rotherham. As we looked upon it with our celebrated companion, we threatened him we would assuredly tell of it—if ever we lived to reach the other side of the Atlantic—how we gazed on such a scene as that, along with "The Wanderer of Switzerland." He said we might, in welcome. And we have more than once made good our menace. Pitching over the ridge, with a prospect on the other side of unutterable beauty and wide extent, and thought to be finer, said George Thompson, than the vale of the Rother, we descended some thirty or fifty rods to WINCOBANK HALL. It was a fair spot—one at which a "way-faring man would pause and linger, forgetful of his onward road." The old hall was of rough stone, with slated roof, and built and arranged, with its out-houses and appurtenances, seemingly with all the taste and beauty that architecture and wealth could accomplish. It looked equal to the descriptions of the halls of "merry England," in the old romances. We were welcomed by a crowd of elegant visitants and inhabitants, and ushered into the library, which seemed to be the principal apartment, so far as we had the means of seeing, and where, among the stately furniture, were displayed some ten thousand volumes of the choicest British editions, with their rich, plain backs, and heavy binding. At the farther end of the spacious room you looked out through a whole wall of windows that reached the floor, into a garden of Eden behind the hall. There stretched the lawn of velvet—"shaven with the scythe"—under the dark beeches and the glittering hollies—here and there the rustic chairs made of the crooked limbs of trees, and the classic vases and urns.

Poet Montgomery and our own travelling company were sample of the numerous party present. We breakfasted intellectually, and sat at the table until near twelve. About one, having

parted with Montgomery, who promised us a call in the evening at the Tontine in Sheffield, two carriages provided by our kind hostess took our company to ride some half dozen miles, to see

WENTWORTH HOUSE AND PARK,

the celebrated seat of Earl Fitzwilliam. We rode to it along those exquisite English roads, bordered all the way with hawthorn hedge row. As we approached the park, the road turned off from the public way, and we went through one of those entrances that lead to the haughty retreats of titled England. It had cost undoubtedly more than many a better man's "house and home." An extensive outer park opened upon us with a most beautiful, unfenced road. To the right, overlooking the forest, stood a temple, called by the coachman the Mausoleum. It was a lofty stone structure, and in the top of it, he said, the former Fitzwilliam was entombed. Men and women were at work in a hayfield on the left of the open grounds; a beautiful pond lay beyond them, and away by the farther side we saw a company of the grooms of his lordship (or His Grace,) each leading one of His Grace's racers training for the turf at Doncaster or at Ascot. As we drove by a clump of oaks, we started up a stag with a pretty clever set of antlers on his head. He saw we were no hunters or nobility, and went to his feeding again. We met a strolling minstrel. He had been up to Wentworth House to play for a guerdon.

After riding a mile or two, we came to the entrance of the inner park, and passing it, the lordly mansion itself broke upon our view a mile distant, standing its back to a thick, dark woods, and fronting an immense open green, where a thousand deer were grazing, intermingled with the white buffaloes and other animals of the old world—*wild beasts* from far countries. The "House" was a dark brown stone, with a *six hundred feet front*, most exquisitely built. The centre was a projection, with the gable supported on fair pillars, standing on an elevated base; and in the centre of each ample wing a similar projection, of similar dimensions,—the whole of most beautiful proportions and forms. A row of superb statuary ranged along the roof. The softened

sunlight of England fell faintly on the green lawn that stretched out almost boundlessly before it. The hand of agriculture might not touch that proud greensward. It was guarded as the carpet of nobility, and of nobility's deer and hounds and race horses. The plough might not profane it. The hungry, "bread-taxed Englishman" might not vex its face to draw out from its fertile mould the staff of life. Its countless acres lay doomed to perpetual sterility. It was still wondrously fair and beautiful, and it hath a charm even to the eye of the depressed peasant, who regards it as part and parcel of the nobility of his own native England. No one hugs nobility like the hungry subject, whom it grinds to powder and crushes to the earth. He would esteem it sacrilege to mar that Wentworth Park with the plough, or cut up its now useless surface into farms, to gladden the hearts of a hundred of the families of destitution. Why, what would become of the poor of England, he thinks, if it were not for the munificent nobility! He could no more live without them, than republicans could without their standing army of politicians and office-holders.

We were admitted to the recesses of Wentworth House, and were conducted by a serving woman throughout its princely apartments. The noble Earl and his family were absent. They were abroad, travelling in Germany—wandering "up and down in dry places," we suppose, "seeking" the "rest" they could not find in that regal abode. The interior of the mansion was as imposing as its exterior, and there seemed no end to the statues and paintings that adorned it. There was a room one hundred and forty feet in length, hung throughout with paintings of the great masters. Among the statues was an exquisite one of the Trojan shepherd Paris, taken from among the ruins of Herculaneum. No wonder, we thought as we beheld it, that Venus and Juno submitted to his umpirage their rival claims to beauty. A heathenish idea. — Fitzwilliam's rooms looked like the interior of a heathen temple. We remember among the paintings, the earl's favorite horse Whistlejacket, which at *full length* hung opposite his own—whose pedigree and exploits on the turf our conductress eloquently proclaimed to us. The famous earl of Strafford, and

his secretary reading him the warrant for his execution. A model of Solomon's temple, of the size of a small church organ, of transparent tortoise shell mounted in gold. We can't "*begin*" to describe the gorgeous secrets of that prison house. The cost of them would defer, for a twelve-month, the starvation of all Britain and Ireland. We beheld with our *own unassisted* eye, the very *identical* bed, on which *she that was afterwards Victoria, queen of England*, slept—and her dressing-room, while she sojourned, in queenly expectation, at this stately mansion. Her bed was of purple and gold, and the linen thereof (if it had linen) must have been the "fine linen of Egypt." It was every way a couch worthy the slumbers of Cleopatra. To show the rank of Wentworth House, it is one of the two or three spots, spoken of at court, where her majesty would probably pause during the anticipated birth of an heir apparent to the throne of Britain. And what an inheritance for a worm of mortality to wanton in for a season! Perilous inheritance by and by, when crushed and starved humanity will heave up under it like a volcano. That day is at hand. The idea of "rights of man" will cross the Atlantic in some of these steamers, and stir the soul of the English yeoman to throw off the load, that crushes him, into the sea.

We saw a chapel in the secret recesses of Wentworth House. A secluded apartment, where those haughty inmates retired to do their modern penance. There lay the golden prayer books on the crimson cushions. The gallery above it was hung with magnificent paintings.

Among other things we saw his Grace's library. And amid the *noble* volumes we discovered an American book, labeled with the name of Webster. Within was written "Fitzwilliam," (by the noble earl, no doubt,) "a gift from George Ticknor, Esq." It was Webster's Speeches. A full-length portrait of Fox hung hard by, in the utmost attitude of oratory;—a position he was thrown into, perhaps, when on the abolition of the slave trade—or ranting for the American revolution. His great rival, who reposed among Fitzwilliam's volumes, would be ashamed to look him in the face now, since his homage to the slave system at Alexandria.

Leaving the house, we departed a different way from the one we entered, and went out two or three miles through the cultivated grounds of the enormous estate. Immense fields were waving with crops of barley and wheat and oats—in the highest state of cultivation—by the hand of vassal labor. We could take no pleasure in looking over such fields. They were dressed and tilled by half-paid toil. We saw on a hill some miles distant a lofty monument, and asked our friend coachman what it was, and he said it was the Keppel monument,—put up there by the old earl, to commemorate the acquittal of Admiral Keppel. We remembered Admiral Keppel, sometime in the last century, and his celebrated trial by court martial. It seems Fitzwilliam was his friend, and to show his *noble* exultation at the acquittal, reared that structure, at a cost which would maintain scores of suffering families among the laborers of England. It was a superb-looking object. Keppel was a sturdy old sea-fighter, and he was accused, we believe, of a lack of brute courage, or some such admiral (and admirable) quality, in the guardians of England's naval glory.

We *at length* came to the verge of the tremendous estate, and issued from it into the smaller parcels of ground into which this *subject* island remains cut up, since the great carving by the Norman conqueror. A beautiful road led us by a new route to Wincobank, where we arrived a little before night. A hospitable and elegant refreshment at the hall, and we returned by coach to Sheffield. James Montgomery had been there, and kindly left for us a beautiful little work he had recently written for the benefit of Bristol Hospital, the healing miracles of our Savior, in verse,—with an autograph memento on the blank leaf of our meeting at Wincobank. We prized it higher than we should a race horse from the proprietor of Wentworth House. Next morning we took the railroad for the ancient city of York—and, sun about two hours high, came in sight of the famous Minster; which was *some time in sight before we reached it*, although we went at the rate of *forty miles* an hour.

RIDE INTO EDINBURGH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 30, 1840.]

We should love to give our beloved readers some sketch of the things we witnessed abroad upon their *anti-slavery* errand. We did not find "the World's Convention,"—the more shame to those, who from this and the other side of the water, hindered its sitting. The day is at hand when it will sit. England will not have the honor, however, as she might have had, of its first sitting. We found the materials of it, scattered up and down in England and Scotland and Ireland,—and we did our utmost to urge their great spirits to onward and decisive action for humanity. We met and mingled with the champions of mankind, although they were not gathered in Freemasons' Hall, in *free* "convention."

But we set out to tell of the *inanimate* scenery of the old lands. We tried to lay up what we saw of it for the *Herald* entertainment of our New Hampshire friends. But it was so varied—so much—so rapidly successive, as well as *im*pressive,—each succeeding impression bedimmed the first, as waves efface the *inscribed* beach! We "remember a mass of things—but nothing distinctly." It was a continued panorama—or a long gallery of paintings. We wish the reader could have rode with us into Edinburgh from Melrose on the morning of the 21st of July. It is forty or fifty miles. We took coach in the neighborhood of the famous Melrose Abbey. It was a fair Scottish morning. The mist went up lightly from the Tweed, and brooded over the vale of the Teviot. It was a famous place we were going to,—"Auld Reekie!" and a famous spot we were starting from. We were in Scotland—"world-famous Scotland," as Garrison finely called it at our grand Glasgow meeting. We were

"All in the pleasant Tevi'dale,—fast by the river Tweed,"

where the Bruces, the Wallaces and the Douglasses had *tramped* in the days of Scottish story. Where Ettrick and Teviot dale had marched their "blue bonnets" to the "moonlight leap over

the Border," and where Walter Scott had "lived and had his home." The wide world has not a spot, to us, where the raven imagination would likelier light down, and rest her wing and the sole of her foot. It seems a dream as we remember it, here by the side of the Merrimack. But we were *there, the 21st day of July, and awake.* The night before we had explored old Melrose Abbey, along with our beloved fellow-traveller, William Lloyd Garrison. The true-hearted *abolitionist* can understand us when we remember *him* enthusiastically as parcel of the scene. His presence enhanced the interest of old Melrose. It caused us, as we mused there, to look *future*, as that old ruin caused us to look *past.* We clambered together over the crumbled grave-stones of the storied dead of Scotland. We got up by the northern twilight, and groped along the galleries and under the "*lancet arches*" of the old monastery, where the monks traversed in the deeper twilight of the middle ages, or the dim periods that preceded them. We climbed the ruined stair, to the top of one of the old towers, and sat there among the ivy, and heard the *primeval* ticking of the abbey clock, that had seemed to outlast the massive walls in which it hung. *Time's keeper*, surviving *time's* ravages upon the chiseled stone. We had a night view from this *observatory* of the Eildon hills, with their triform tops, famous in the legends of Scotland, as cleft by the hand of Michael Scott, the wizard, whose bones had long ago mouldered to dust in the abbey vault below us. We went down and stood upon his grave-stone. The "heart of Bruce" lay buried by its side. The dark, rank grass grew all along where once stretched the tesselated marble floors. The quiet sheep fed there by day, and at night lay down to rest in the bed-chambers, perchance, of the haughty abbots. We heard one bleat, as we stood pondering at an old monument in the abbey burying-ground hard by. It sounded strangely from out the hollow ruins.

But we have started for Edinburgh. We took the top of the coach—as well for prospect as for economy. An "inside" were on odd position *on the road from Melrose to Edinburgh.* We bade good by, forever, to the graceful old abbey—its wondrous carving showing more distinctly in the day-light. Off on the

right, in our rear, as we started, DRYBURGH ABBEY, some four miles distant down the Tweed, a hoary ruin, looked out upon us from a wood of oaks. An impressive sight. It is the *tomb* of WALTER SCOTT. Up the Tweed a little way, towered the colossal statue of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE. It stood on a wooded hill-side, overhanging the stream, and looking down upon it as the guardian of Scotland's favorite river. — A few miles onward, and we crossed the Tweed, and lo! ABBOTSFORD! the last living abode of the Great Magician, with its multi-turreted top, shooting above a wood of his own hand's planting. It stands in a low valley, within a few rods of the bank of the Tweed. A forest, planted by the same hand, overspread, for miles around it, the hills, which were naked and bare when he became proprietor of the charming neighborhood. Tweed is a modest stream to one who has learned his definition of *river*, this side the Atlantic. It looked the "Tweed's *fair* river;" but the "*broad and deep*" must have been seen nearer down to the German ocean. The road was of white, macadamized dust, and as smooth as a floor all the way. Not a root, nor a scollop, nor mud, nor stone. The coach wheels rolled over it as over plank—when we came to down hills, the patent drag was instantly slipped under the hind wheel, and the fine-trained team descended without slacking their trot. The land was cultivated like the fairest of England—the "aits" and the barley, and the wheat. Fine crops of hay too, and the lads and lassies of Scotland were out among it on hill-side and lea, on bank and brae. The country, bare and sightless in the days of Dr. Johnson, is now adorned with a growth of respectable sized forest,—planted with the love of beauty and the taste natural to Scotland. Now and then a parti-colored magpie flew up from the hedge as we drove along. We saw but few birds, however; the hedge *row* does not teem with them, like our *hedge fence*. We coursed along a high hill-side, and below us to the left, shone the slated roofs of the little town of Galashiels, a manufacturing place of some considerable importance on the Gala-water. A range of green summits loomed out of the mist on our left. They were the Pentland hills. We passed a low, winding vale, with a small stream running along it—and down on our right, a mile

distant, on a knoll by the side of a little *water*, stood Bothwell Castle—a grim old fortress, where a fellow-passenger told us Queen Mary retreated after her escape from Loch Leven, but was soon compelled to flee from it. We will not be too certain that it was this castle. By and by, a mountain away a-head, half hid in mist—green—insulated, rising like a tower on a plain, and the outline on the top of it, like a lion asleep. "That," cried a young Edinburgh passenger, as enthusiastic as we were, "is Arthur's Seat, and soon ye'll see Ed'nborough." The country was level and beautiful. The day was fine for Scotland. It had rained, as it *had every day since we landed in England on the 17th of June*—and the Scottish mist was on the hills; still it was fair weather.

We saw another castle—Craigmillar—on a hill crowned with noble oaks. It was a giant of a castle, and the favorite summer residence of Mary Queen of Scots. It stood about a mile off on our right, and seemed a ruin. We saw the "hills of Braid." Arthur's Seat grew more and more distinct. We could see the Salisbury craigs—the rocky battlement that girdled its side toward the city; and at last the Edinburgh castle and the "city of palaces" herself—and a more glorious looking object we can scarcely conceive of. It was piled up like the cliffs of a mountain, and the towers of the old castle were clouded in the mist. The princely streets and rows of palaces—the semi-circles of stone architecture, kept developing from the vapor as we drew nearer, till the coachman whirled us into the city, and almost at the threshold of it, in a high, airy, cleanly region, we found ourselves in *George Thompson's* "Duncan street, Newington"—at "No. 8" of which—(every abolitionist wants to know)—the "*fugitive from justice*" has his home. We of course were dropped down at the nearest spot to No. 8. The stage-coach, by the way, don't go out of the straight road to drop or take up passengers in Britain. Thompson had expected us. We had parted with him the Saturday morning before, at New Castle upon Tyne. He was out at the street corner promptly to receive us, and asking a broad-shouldered porter, with a coil of rope on his back, to take charge of our luggage, took us at once to his home.

We were joined there by Charles Lenox Remond and John Dunlop, which made good our group that started together that day week, from London for the North. It was two o'clock, after noon. We found a beautiful family at George Thompson's—one little orator about a week old—the little one born in New England, now a bright-eyed, sweet-voiced, distinct-spoken lad,—little Garrison, a younger boy than he, born after the "*fugitive's*" return to "justice" and to Scotland,—and two fair-haired, older daughters. These are *childish* facts; but the children are GEORGE THOMPSON'S, and that gives them a place in the Herald of Freedom, and in the interest and hearts of abolitionists. We found our beloved friend neatly and *abundantly* situated. The work cut out for the delegates to "The World's Convention" for the afternoon was to undergo a splendid dinner at Dr. Beilby's, one of the leading physicians of Edinburgh; and for the evening, to speak at the Rechabite festival, a great tee-total meeting at Dun Edin hall; for which, of course, we all felt *abundantly prepared.*

We will wind up the day with our hurried narrative, and say that our first specimen of Edinburgh hospitality was of the most elegant and friendly character. Dr. Beilby was, for our host, all that the Abernethies, or the Rushes of the literary capital of the world could be, and his wife, an Irish *woman*, was his equal, and his Scottish guests were such men as George Thompson and John Dunlop, Adam Black of the Edinburgh Review, and the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie. From the dinner table we went to Dun Edin hall, where were gathered two thousand of the moral flower of Edinburgh; and when that tee-total meeting broke up, it was after *two o'clock in the morning.* We never met a gathering of such spirited people. We were not inclined to sleep here, weary as we must have been. We realized *where we were.* That kept us from drowsiness; but there was nothing calculated to stupify in the speeches of Thompson, Garrison and Remond, or the stirring strains of an instrumental band of music, that played at intervals from the orchestra of that splendid hall, or the finer strains of a band of vocalists—a dozen or fifteen of the amateur singers among the young gentlemen of Edinburgh. We never

heard the like of their singing. When Remond rose—introduced by Garrison as the representative to Scotland of the colored people of New England, they cheered him, that multitude, with clapping, and waving of hats, caps, and kerchiefs, and with Scottish *hurrahs*, till the rafters of Dun Edin hall fairly trembled. Such is prejudice against color among the polished people of the "modern Athens." We wish our *democratic republican* negro-haters had been there to be thunderstruck at it.

LETTER TO EDITORIAL CHAIR.

[From the Herald of Freedom of November 6, 1840.]

Plymouth, Nov. 4, 1840.

TO THE EDITORIAL CHAIR OF THE HERALD OF FREEDOM.

BELOVED OLD CHAIR,—You are not old, *as my Chair*, or as the Chair of the Herald, but in your private capacity of mere seat. What your *capacity held*, or whom, before you became Chair of the Herald, I do not know; but you are by many years, apparently, the senior of the paper, in whose service you now faithfully stand; and so are an *old Chair*. If you were old as the editory seat of the little anti-slavery paper, whose servant you are, I should *respectfully* style you, and not familiarly, as I now do. I take it, you and I both shall be more respected some years hence, than we are now,—at least, treated with more respect. You are now sat upon, while I am trodden upon—you by your friends, and the friends of liberty—I by its enemies. But we both bear it patiently. I said we should be respected hereafter, for I expect myself to be remembered in *connection* with the first paper ever printed in New Hampshire in the service of humanity. Although I shall not, as I expect, add any thing to the memorability of the paper, yet I shall get remembered among the other incidents of it, and as one who did his best faithfully to keep it in effectual operation for the great cause.

I believe JOSEPH HORACE KIMBALL used to be your occupant.

This will be an honorable circumstance to you, and give you an honorable perpetuity.

But let futurity, as to these things, take care of itself. Neither chair nor those who set in them, are much benefited by being respected or remembered, especially the occupants—for they die. The chairs sometimes go down to posterity, to be seen, or respected while they are yet alive. I saw some very respectable old chairs, on my recent anti-slavery journey across the water. They were not editorial chairs, but "chairs of state." I did not respect them much for this, though others do. I saw a *very* respectable old chair of state in London. It stood in Westminster Abbey—in a little old mouldy loft, among the dark nooks of that old monastic pile. Queen Elizabeth sat in it, when they put the crown on her head, (which a hair comb would have much better become, in my opinion—or her native head of hair; and so I would say of James, who was crowned in it after her.) It was an old chair, and little like what modern *subjection* would build for its queen. But they reverence it for its *oldness*. Victoria was crowned in it,—although it was the homeliest chair I saw in Britain, except one, and that I saw in *York Minster*, and it was the dishonored one in which hunch-backed Richard the Third was crowned, in the famous old Roman city of York. I said it was a homely chair. You will take no offence, when I say it very much resembles yourself. It had an ornamental stone in it, not such as kings and queens would wear, but quite as becoming, I think, and adding full as much to its beauty. It was a famous stone. It was brought from Scone in Scotland. There was a wizard saying about it, that wherever that stone should be, there should be the crown of Britain or the crown of Scotland. When Scottish king James became king of Great Britain, he carried it with him to London, and it has remained there ever since. It is a homely, clumsy stone, not one of "the precious," but a piece of blue, common, field stone—some two feet and a half long, and ten inches broad, if I remember right, and is deposited in the frame-work of the old rickety chair, directly up under the seat, across the fore part of it. I sat down in the chair with my hat on, in token of irreverence for crowns and the baubles of state.

I felt no such deference for seats as I do when I sit on your honored flag-bottom, and make the local inspiration to help me say something for him, who has no seat among the human family. But there were many old associations hovering about that ancient chair. It was in the depths of that monkish old pile—above it was the surpassing beauty of its lofty, vaulting dome, that seemed to spring upward like the boughs of a tree, and reminded me, by close resemblance, of the intermingling elm boughs that wove themselves into each other, above my head, in one of the walks in the royal park at Windsor. They looked, where they meet over head, for all the world like the *lancet arches* in the roof of Westminster Abbey, and the stone *raftering* was about the size of the elm boughs, and resembled them, and I have no doubt Gothic architecture stole its forms of beauty from the native tree tops. Close by the old *succession* chair was a vaulted stair way—closed and hollow, leading up to some old retreat of superstition, the old locks on the entrances eat all up, a century ago or more probably, with rust. I can't tell you so that *you* can understand me, the objects that surrounded that old chair. I did not think, when I begun this letter, of saying a word about the abbey. It is all a digression. I meant to say something of New Hampshire anti-abolition, to watch which, I have again left you, as I have had to, often in times past, and which you have kept in awe, quite as much when empty as when filled.

I will say nothing of king Richard's chair, or of the mighty York Minster, where it stands, now. I intend to tell of these things for the entertainment of *our* beloved anti-slavery readers, who can gather English history out of these old chairs and cathedrals, and so something that belongs to the cause of human liberty. These things we will declare *when we meet* again. I do not feel at home away from you. No sofa or couch of down yields me the reposing support, to say nothing of the philanthropic excitement, which I experience within your massy old frame work. I am interrupted, and must subscribe myself,

With much love to you and *our* readers,

Yours and theirs,

N. P. ROGERS.

PRO-SLAVERY "EXCOMMUNICATION."

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 19, 1841.]

LET us not be misunderstood or misapprehended in our estimate of the bearing of these church doings, on the anti-slavery cause—or in our purpose in assailing sectarian organizations And because we speak strongly, and at times from the impulse of the moment, let not our friends esteem it rash or extravagant. Our views, we seriously believe, they will by and by see to be sound, and in accordance with the gospel—and necessary to be broached for the advancement and triumph of the anti-slavery enterprise. Somebody must *begin* to broach them. Somebody must startle community, torpid and fettered as it lies, under sectarian delusion and despotism. While religion is sectarian, slavery is safe. While the monster has the countenance and support of all the institutions of sect throughout the entire country, she will laugh at the impotent efforts of abolitionists to jostle her in her gory seat. We have seen and *felt* that all the "influence and power" of sect is against our movements for the slave. We cannot go on while this "power and influence" remains over the people. They won't dare become abolitionists, to any useful extent. They are not allowed to hear the truth. The public ear is deafened and stopped up against it. And it *must* be so. Sect cannot have it otherwise, and live. Self-preservation drives her to smother anti-slavery, if she can. Look at her pulpits, and her presses, and her literary institutions, and her *benevolent* institutions, and her whole machinery. It is all of it—every rope, wheel, pulley, cog, dead against our movement, and all its principles. And you may as well propitiate slavery herself, as sect. You can improve and ameliorate the one as well as the other. Seeing this, and feeling it, we assail sect. It is our anti-slavery duty. We are false to the slave, if we fail to do it. We know it will alarm and offend many of our friends. It will shake our little subscription list—and sift it again, after new organization and bastard philanthropy have thinned it down to a forlorn hope. It will deepen the scowl with which a pro-slavery community

glowers at us in the highway. What of all that? It has got to be done, or the slave perishes for all any interference but the avenging arm of the Almighty.

Three millions of our common humanity welter on the plantation, in the capacity of the brute. Fifteen millions, in mad defiance of God, are revelling around them in professed liberty and christianity, as dead to their unutterable condition as a yard of grave-stones. Interspersed over the whole land are the strong holds of religious profession, called churches—leagued together in merciless fellowship, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada line Their great, overgrown, gloated sects love slavery, as the drunkard does his drink. They pamper it—they frown at him who would disturb it; and if they had the power, they would put him to death. They may come to have that power yet. Slaveholding is no where deemed unchristian among them. They hold that it is altogether christian to enslave. Their members, their ministers, their local organizations, hold slaves, and trade in them, and traffic in the acknowledged disciples of Christ. It is held no fault, in the eye of the American church, that a man sell his own children; ay, that he be a grower of children for sale, and even to carry on ecclesiastical movements.

Can anti-slavery advance in face of a religion like this? Can we *discredit* slavery—much less bring it to an end—while the entire religion of the country defends it thus, and maintains that it is of God?

CORRESPONDENCE WITH PIERPONT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 16, 1841.]

Boston, March 20, 1841.

My thrice-*honored*, because *persecuted* friend!—I give you joy. You now know, if you never before knew, the full force and beauty of that "beatitude"—"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." You and I do not belong to the same *sect*—and I rejoice that we do not; for if we did, we might

not know, practically and experimentally, how very feeble, how much like burning tow-strings are the ties of sect, when they are pulled upon by the strong sympathies of humanity—the attractions of the christian spirit.

I congratulate you!—I almost wish somebody would excommunicate *me*. Well—it may be said that *has* been done by the great majority of the christian church in the country, and in all christendom. As a Unitarian, I am, in effect, excommunicated from the christian fold. But this was done so long ago, and I have lived and labored so long and so happily as a Unitarian, that the old excommunication, like one *run* of the small pox, has got about worked out of the constitution, and I have become liable, if properly exposed, *to take it again*. And it is altogether possible that I may soon have to take it again. I am to be brought again before a council to answer for my overt acts of treason against the majesty of Rum.

If those our adversaries only knew how much they *exalt* us, the poor victims of their *spiritual* pride, in your case, and *purse*-pride in mine, we need ask for them, I think, no severer penalty. But of *this* exaltation *they* have no conception. Those things are hidden from "the wise and *prudent* of this world." They think, poor souls! that they are making us unhappy. That's all they know about it.

I rejoice, "my dear sir," to see that your *spirit* is not broken, though your connection with the Plymouth church *is*. *They* excommunicate *you!* No—you have long since excommunicated them!—that is, you have placed yourself in a position in which you have nothing, or very little, in *common* with them; where there was really no *communion* between your spirit and their spirits. Well, let them put you out of their synagogue, and think that in so doing, they are doing God service—*as indeed they are!*—though in a way that *they* think not of. Let them excommunicate you! There is another church, of which I verily believe you are a member, in full communion, and—"in *regular* standing," I was going to add; but *regular* standing is standing according to *rule*, (*regula*,)—*thus* understood, I imagine your standing is not very regular, if we take the *rules* of any "visible

church" on earth as the criterion; but of the *true* church I believe you are a member, i. e. the church of the *true* and the devoted,—the daring, the trusting, the tried and the *approved.* Faint not, my dear friend; fail not. No—your spirit cannot faint; the flesh may be weak, but the spirit is strong;—so will it be, while you are persecuted. Though your outward man perish, yet your inward man—which is all the MAN that is worth our concern—your inward man will gain strength, day by day.

My dear friend, may God bless you!—He surely will.

J. PIERPONT.

Concord, March 25, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter of the 20th I have received. I have long been your admirer, and since personal acquaintance with you, have been proud of the notice you have shown me. I *love* you now, and here promise to *admire you no longer.* It was indeed kind in you to send me your consolatory—congratulatory greeting—at a time when you would naturally suppose me most in want of it. I value it none the less highly from the fact that somehow I have scarcely thought myself persecuted at all, by this little excommunication. I feel the excitement and fervor of the battle we are waging, and a considerable sword-cut would hardly give me a smarting sensation. This excommunication really strikes me as resting on my "old organized anti-slavery," and not on myself. It is evident what it is for. It does not in the least dishonor me. I am not alone. I am in no business where want of patronage or of reputation would impair my living or my prosperity. I have given up business. I am the slave's advocate, and my clients *can't be made to forsake me,* or *withdraw their patronage.* I have not a particle of reputation to forfeit,—having been for some time past "of no reputation." So that I am not persecuted. I endure nothing, have no cross to bear, never enjoyed life half so *well,* even when I am *sick.* Still, your letter was a great cordial. It gave my heart a spring, and even my pulse a little *vivacity.* I will not try by *words* to tell you how I feel about it. Will you allow me to publish it? If I should, it would not be to get myself honor,

but to let my old Plymouth friends know that my position is not regarded every where as they regard it. They know your name there, and though your opinion would be no proof of my *orthodoxy*, it would embarrass them in their effort at despising my anti-slavery character.

I have done sympathising (condolingly) with you, in your Hollis street vexations. They are *opportunities* for which you should bless God. What interest they impart to your life! How dull ordinary Boston pulpit-life—compared to yours, since this battle! How dull would your own even be, to return to! You are charged with *defence of great principles.* "Felix opportunitate!" Make the utmost of it. And when the history is read, let it not be seen that he omitted this or that glorious chance,—or left this or that capital point unattained.

The Lord be with you, my dear friend, and sustain you, and enable you to fight eminently *His* battles in the earth. O, the misfortune of living in the stagnation of this world's peace! And O for faith in Christ to enable us to fight acceptably these heart-stirring, heart-sustaining, soul-expanding conflicts!

With a heart full, I am

Your friend and brother,

N. P. ROGERS.

P. S. Allow me to add in my own defence "*in haste.*"

Boston, 5th April, 1841.

WELL, my dear Excommunicate! I think that neither of us wishes or can wish any thing worse to fall upon those "who despitefully use us and persecute us," than the knowledge would bring upon them of all the good they are doing us, and of the *satisfaction* that we derive, as well as exaltation, from all that they do to put us down, and stop our mouths;—stop them, but not with bread. Poor, dear persecutors!—they should have known us better—instead of trying to *thrust* us *out*, they should have *bought* us *in*. Instead of *starving*, they should have *stuffed* us. They should have known—

> "That Satan now is wiser than of yore,
> And tempts by making rich—not making poor."—

They should have offered *me* an interest in a distillery of New England rum, and *you* a share in a sugar plantation. There's no knowing what *that* would have done! You and I *might* then have been bound together by very different ties from those that bind us now. I might have bought your molasses for my distillery, and you my rum for your negro drivers;—to screw their bowels up to the whipping point. Thus might you and I have been brought into the relation and sympathy of ordinary business friendship, and held together by silver chains; and the patriarchs of the South and the friends of freedom at the North might, for all that we might have done, have met together; and the distillers and the cold water men have kissed each other;—Temperance and Slavery might have billed and cooed "like sucking doves," and mother church might have looked benignantly on, and have pronounced her benediction upon the bonds of matrimony that of the twain had made one flesh. But Pro-drunkenness and Pro-slavery took other counsel, and it will probably prove to them the counsel of Ahithophel. They thought they could bring us into straits—that they could hush our *crying*, by frightening us. —Blood of John Rogers, of Smithfield memory!—that any body should ever think of stopping *thy* current by threatening to let thee out of the veins of one of *his* descendants!—Ah, the children of this world have not, in this particular instance, been quite so wise as the children of light.

Now, don't understand me, my friend, as meaning to say, in sober earnestness, that either of us could have been bribed, either by "rum" or "negroes," to hold his peace upon the sin of drunkenness and drunkard-making, slave-catching, slave-selling, and slave-whipping. I only mean to suggest that if *any thing* could have done it, *that* might; for most men are more easily seduced than scared—bribed than bullied—purchased into the wrong than persecuted out of the right. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall persecution, or nakedness, or famine, or the sword?" No, these things do but bind the closer to him all who really love him, and who labor to serve him, by serving their fellow-men in the spirit in which he served them.

You ask me to let you publish my letter congratulating you

upon your good fortune in having been excommunicated. Really, I don't know what I said, or what to say. I kept no copy of the letter, and as I wrote not to the *editor*, but to the *man*, I suspect that it would not make much of a figure in the columns of a newspaper, or do much for my "honor and glory" as a literary man. But, if it will do *you* any good, print it, though in writing it I may have done such violence to grammar as to have knocked out all the *i's* of orthography, and broken every bone in syntax. I am not so hard pushed yet, but that I can bear a few more reproaches for meddling with exciting topics. But if you print, pray do it at once. "If it be done, 'twere well that 'twere done quickly;"—for next week I am again to be brought before a council to answer for my overt acts of treason against the majesty of Rum; and, if I am to be hanged soon, I should like to see *all* my sins of *this* sort set forth in black and white before the cap is pulled down over my eyes. But, if you print *my* letter, I think you should, also, print *yours* in reply. I don't know that you have kept a copy of yours; nor do I think you have;—so I enclose it, praying that you will remit it to me, for preservation, whether you print it or not.

How do you sleep, my poor excommunicated friend? Are you not *gored* every night, in vision, by papal bulls? "At the noise of the thunder" of the Plymouth church, have not all your slumbers "hasted away?" Do any of your old friends *know* you now, when you show—if you ever dare to show—yourself in public? When you "go out to the gate through the city, when you prepare your seat in the street, do the young men see you and hide themselves, and do the aged arise and stand up?" Do your vital organs perform their functions as they were wont? Do you masticate well what little you can get to eat? or do "the grinders cease because they are few?"—O my friend, what a sad thing it is to be excommunicated from the orthodox church that is in Plymouth, New Hampshire! But, my dear sir, you'll get over it—whether the church will, or not, is another question.

Your friend and fellow-servant,

JOHN PIERPONT.

"AILSA CRAIG."

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 30, 1841.]

THIS famous rock in the Irish sea we meant to have said something about, when we saw it, long before this time. But anti-slavery makes us omit and forget the wonders of the old world. We passed it on a trip from Scotland to Ireland. We left Glasgow on the 28th of July, at ten in the morning, for Dublin. William Lloyd Garrison in company, our fellow-passenger to the Irish capital—and Charles Lenox Remond—Wm. Smeale of Glasgow, a distinguished anti-slavery Quaker—and John Murray, of Bolein, a sweet little village down the Clyde from the city, a noble, Robert-Bruce-looking man, and a great abolitionist,—these, and *one* GEORGE THOMPSON, were our escort as far as Greenock—there to take final leave of us before our departure for America. It was hard leaving the "bonnie" city of Glasgow, and especially "Albany Place," the princely residence of our hospitable friend Mathew Lethem, who made us feel entirely at home there in less than three days, which was all the time we had for Glasgow. But we made *old* friends there. They are made by abolitionists *in a day*, in Scotland. We went aboard a steamer, and rode down the ship-thronged Clyde. Nothing can exceed its beauty below this great city. To be sure, they have robbed it of its native banks—and commerce has substituted for the green slope, a sloping wall of neat and firm stone masonry on each side, and straightened the once indented shores. But the utility of the metamorphosis is so mighty, and so palpable,—making this narrow stream, a far way inland, the highway for the commerce of one of the great ports of Britain—of a city as large as New York or Liverpool—where the largest ships may ride as freely as in the ocean, for depth of water—that it gives it a most imposing, singular, and interesting appearance. It is hardly broader than some of the widest streets of London. Our little steamer elbowed its way among the keels, that thronged it like "the full tide of human existence" along the slippery pavements and broad side-walks of Cheapside, or Glasgow's "Broadway," the

swarming Trongate. It was amusing, we remember, to see the ploughed-up water roll along the stone banks, half way up their slopes, in waves that coiled and convolved like the folds of the sea serpent. The walls were a good deal higher than the natural shores, which were wet and low. They had filled in behind them with earth, and made high, wide, level land on either side, which was now covered with old verdure, and planted with stately trees;—and the promenader might take his rural evening walk there, side by side with the winged commerce of every quarter of the globe,—the "white sail gliding by the tree," and the smoky plumage of the steamers streaming off over among the glorious woodlands. The gentry of the rich city had scattered their seats along the borders, with here and there a palace of nobility. We remember one of surpassing beauty, whose proprietor, John Murray told us as we passed it, lay in his grave in a foreign land. He was killed at Paris—sitting in his hotel—by a chance shot, in the Three Days' revolution. A colossal monument, standing on a high spot in the neighborhood, commemorates the event. Strange man, we thought, who could leave such a home as that for Paris, or any where else. But there is nothing of *home* about palaces. Home dwells in cottages.

We made our way steadily, though not rapidly, down the widening channel—and came to where the "bonnie" Vale of Leven came down upon the Clyde from Loch Lomond, and its enclosing mountains, which we could descry in the misty distance, up the Vale. All abolitionists have heard of the Vale of Leven—and remember its remonstrance to the women of America, sent over here some four years ago, and unfurled over the heads of the thousands in Broadway Tabernacle at an anti-slavery anniversary. The four thousand Scottish women who signed it dwelt in the Vale of Leven. We saw John Summerville, the minister who obtained their signatures. What would induce one of our clergy—with any "weight of influence," to be seen going about for *women's* signatures to an *abolition* petition! Where Leven Vale meets the Clyde rises a tremendous rock, in the clefts of which lodges the grim old fortress of Dumbarton castle —famous in the history of Sir William Wallace.

We reached Greenock, which is a considerable port,—and landing, went with our beloved friends up to the higher parts of the city, to take a glance or two at the country, and bid a farewell to the Scottish hills. It was painful to part with them, amid the crowding associations that pressed upon us, and bitterer still to leave the dear, dear friends from whom we were then to separate. But we had no leisure for grieving. The steamer waited, and we gave and received the silent parting grip, and went aboard. She walked away from the wharf, and through suffused eyes we witnessed the waving – last farewell of our beloved brothers. We can see them now. The eagle figure and features of THOMPSON, the trim, erect, soldierly port of the Quaker Smeale,—Murray, with his tall, gaunt, Scottish form and look, palpably made, as the stranger beholds him, for times of trouble and peril. If there is a revolution in Scotland within twenty years, the name of JOHN MURRAY, of BOLEIN, will not be undistinguished in its history. And in their midst—*kindly surrounded* by them—stood the black countenance and elegant figure of Charles Remond;—not behind his white companions—but in their centre, as it were—not crouching and retreating from their scorn and repulse, like the crushed colored man of the republic—but of gallant bearing, and feeling evidently, in his acknowledged manhood and more than brotherhood—some consolation for the bereavement he was experiencing as his faithful friends were leaving him behind them, in a foreign land.

The river soon broadened into a frith, as the Scotch call their bays. The mountains retreated from each other, and sails were to be seen here and there at anchor, in the coves and harbors of the wide water, near their bases. We met a naval horse-race on the frith of eight beautiful little vessels, at the very top of their speed. They were running the heats—in a wide circle, and leaning down hard to the sea—close on each other's heels; all sail crowded, they made the water foam white about their prows. It was quite an animating sight, with none of the painful sensation at seeing poor *quadruped* horses scourged and pressed beyond their powers. There was no *distress* or faltering of *wind* in these graceful little racers, as they swept the frith of Clyde.

A Mr. McTear had come aboard the steamer at Greenock, for Dublin. He was a Greenock merchant. We were talking with him on the deck when we spied a conical rock, as it seemed, rising out of the water some distance ahead. It appeared through the thin mists like a hay-stack, and about as large. We spoke of it to Mr. McTear, and he told us it was Ailsa Craig. We remembered mention of it by Scott in the Lord of the Isles, where he calls it *rock* instead of *craig*—in the mouth of Robert Bruce—

> "Lord of the Isles! my trust in thee
> Is firm as Ailsa *rock*."

We had supposed it was in the Forth, on the other side of Scotland. As we were looking at it, Mr. McTear asked us to guess the distance to it. Strangers, he said, were apt greatly to mistake the distance. We looked at the rock along the intervening water. We could get no aid from the shores, which were at great distance—quite out of sight on one hand. We supposed, of course, we should underrate the distance. So we stretched it liberally, as we thought, and guessed two miles, though it did not look like that distance. "You have made the common mistake," said Mr. McTear; "it is over twenty." We could hardly credit it; but he told us we should see it was so,—for we would be over two hours getting to it, and were going at ten knots. And over two hours it was; and such was the deceptive character of the way, that when we thought we were coming right upon it, and wanting our friend Garrison, who was asleep below, to have a sight at it, we went down and told him to hurry up and see "Ailsa rock"—it proved, to the amazement of us both, that we were then nearly ten miles from it. And the little prominence, that looked so like a hay-stack, or a hay-cock, when we descried it first, grew, as we neared it, a mighty mountain—nine hundred and eighty feet high—rising abruptly out of the sea, and two miles about the base. It was a naked rock. A little level space projected on one side, with a small house on it. We could not conjecture the use of a habitation there. The captain of the steamer said it was the *governor's* house. We asked him what a governor could do there. "Take care of the

birds," he replied; "and he pays the marquis of Ailsa, the proprietor, who takes his title from the Craig, £50 rent, for his privilege of taking them." What sort of birds? we asked him. "Seafowl of all sorts," he said. "They inhabit the Craig; and ye'll may be see numbers of them. They are quite numerous. The marquis has threatened prosecution if people fire upon the Craig from the vessels. They have been in the habit of firing to alarm the birds, to see them fly." He had been himself governor of the Craig, he said, some years before, and had great sport and some danger in killing the birds. His way of killing them was with a club; and he told us how many thousand, we dare not say how many, he had killed in a single day, of a famous kind of goose. He had let himself down to a quarter of the cliffs where they haunted, to get the young and eggs; and the old ones attacked him, and he fought them with his club, till he was covered with blood—theirs and his own. He had a good mind, he said, to give them one gun—just to let us see them fly, as we were strangers. As he had been the marquis' governor, he said, he would venture that he would overlook it in him. He ordered his boy to bring the musket. The boy returned and said it was left behind at Glasgow. "Load up the swivel then," said the captain; "it will be all the better. It will make quite a flight, ye'll find.—Load her up pretty well."

The steamer meanwhile kept nearing the giant Craig, which was a bare rock from summit to the sea, and all of a dull chalky whiteness, occasioned, as the captain said, by the excrement of the birds. We saw caves in the sides of the mountain, and down by the water; the retreats, our informant told us, in former times, of the smugglers, who used to frequent the Craig, and carry on an extensive trade from these places of concealment. We had got so near as to see the white birds flitting across the black entrances of the caverns, like bees about the hive. With the spy-glass we could see them distinctly, and in very considerable numbers, and at length approached so that we could see them on the ledges all over the sides of the mountain. We had passed the skirt of the Craig, and were within a half mile, or less, of its base. With the glass we could now see the entire mountain

side peopled with the sea-fowl, and could hear their whimpering, household cry, as they moved about, or nestled in *domestic* snugness on the ten thousand ledges. The air, too, about the precipices seemed to be alive with them. Still we had not the slightest conception of their frightful multitude. We got about against the centre of the mountain, when the swivel was fired. The shot went point blank against it, and struck the stupendous precipice as from top to bottom with a reverberation like the discharge of a hundred cannon. And what a sight followed! They rose up from that mountain—the countless myriads and millions of sea-birds—in a universal, overwhelming cloud that covered the whole heavens, and their cry was like the cry of an alarmed nation. Up they went—millions upon millions—ascending like the smoke of a furnace—countless as the sands on the sea shore—awful, dreadful for multitude, as if the whole mountain were dissolving into life and light, and, with an unearthly kind of lament, took up their line of march in every direction off to sea. The sight startled the people on board the steamer, who had often witnessed it before, and for some minutes there ensued a general silence. For our own part, we were quite amazed and overawed at the spectacle. We had seen nothing like it ever before. We had seen White Mountain Notches and Niagara Falls, in our own land, and the vastness of the wide and deep ocean, which was then separating us from it. We had seen something of art's magnificence in the old world, "its cloud-capt towers, its gorgeous palaces and solemn temples," but we had never witnessed sublimity to be compared to that rising of sea-birds from Ailsa Craig. They were of countless varieties, in kind and size, from the largest goose to the smallest marsh-bird—and of every conceivable variety of dismal note. On they moved, in wild and alarmed rout, like a people going into exile—filling the air, far and wide, with their reproachful lament at the wanton cruelty that had broken them up and driven them into captivity. We really felt remorse at it, and the thought might have occurred to us, how easy it would have been for them, if they had known that the little smoking speck that was laboring along the sea sur-

face beneath them, had been the cause of their banishment, to have settled down upon it and ingulfed it out of sight forever.

We felt astonished that we had never before heard of this wonderful haunt of sea-fowl, and that no one had ever *written a book upon it.* It struck us, as really one of "the wonders of the world." And not us alone; others, not at all given to the marvellous, declared that it surpassed every thing they had ever before witnessed. We supposed the mountain must have been quite deserted, from the myriads that had flown away; but lifting the glass to it, as we were leaving its border, we were appalled to find it still alive with the myriads left behind. They kept leaving and leaving, until our steamer had got far on beyond the Craig, and till we could no longer discern their departure with the telescope; and it was miles off into the dusky Irish sea, before we saw the ebbing of their mighty movement, and that they were beginning to return. We felt relieved to see them going back. It had scarcely occurred to us in our surprise, that they were not leaving their native cliffs forever. Slowly and sadly they seemed to return,—while the eye sought in vain to ken the outskirts of their mighty caravan. And Ailsa Craig had sunk far into our rear, and quite sensibly diminished in the distance, before the rearmost of the feathered host had disappeared from our sight.

The excitement occasioned us considerable depression of spirits, from which we were not entirely relieved until night came down upon the St. George's channel, and the protracted northern twilight could no longer disclose objects to our wearied vision. Then, after refreshing ourselves with some substantial confectionary, with which dear George Thompson had kindly stuffed our pockets from a shop at Greenock, before leaving the "land of cakes," our beloved fellow-passenger and ourself, after sundry fond remembrances of the other side the ocean, some expectations of next day's greetings in Dublin, and some grateful sense, as we trust, of the Goodness that had not forgotten us amid all our dangers by sea and land,—we forgot what we had seen, and *whereabouts we were,* in the arms of oblivious sleep.

The next morning the sun rose clear upon the glassy sea, and revealed to us the hills and mists of old Ireland, towards which

we joyously sped, entering the beautiful bay of Dublin,—and at ten o'clock, just twenty-four hours from our embarking on the Clyde, we stepped ashore on the banks of the Liffey, in the Irish capital. We found Irish and American friends in prompt waiting for us at the landing, and in a few moments were bag and baggage mounted on that out-of-door, non-descript vehicle, the Bian' Car, and full gallop for 161 Great Brunswick street, the elegant and hearty home of Richard and Hannah Webb.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BOSTON.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 21, 1841.]

My dear J. R. F.

I meant to give you something for last week's Herald, bearing date Philadelphia or New York, but had so much to *do* with anti-slavery at the first city, and so poor health at the latter, much of the time I passed there, that I could write nothing. I am now laid up "in ordinary" of an east-wind, late-spring cold, at the home of our fast anti-slavery friend Francis Jackson, almost under the eaves of *Pierpont's meeting-house*,—two localities not unworthy anti-slavery remembrance. I am in the room which was thrown open to the mob-routed women in 1835, when the calm-minded proprietor gave them public invitation to hold their meeting in his house; telling them if the mob, then in possession of the city, tore it down, why, then he would endeavor to build another. In this room they held their adjourned meeting, while mobocracy howled along the street. Harriet Martineau was present, and, amid the tempest, gave in her public adhesion to the anti-slavery cause. The room inspires my heart, but cannot give clearness or vivacity to the stupified head, so that I might give you something of the Philadelphia and New York meetings.

I reached Philadelphia, Thursday, at 4, P. M., (6th inst.) in twenty-four hours from Boston, having passed the night on the Sound aboard the New York, a swift and elegant steamer which

brought us from Norwich, Conn., to the great commercial Babylon, at 7 in the morning. We crossed the Hudson, and entered the cars, and made a tedious and most uninteresting jaunt "through the Jerseys," as dull as Washington's retreat, and nearly as slow. We passed the village of Trenton, near, I suppose, where the turning-point engagement of the revolution was fought; and along the banks of the Delaware, of which that celebrated passage was made by our frost-bitten remnant of an army. Once these localities would have awakened enthusiastic feelings, but they enkindled nothing of the kind now, as I thought of the bloody purpose of those celebrated movements, and how with all the boast of the revolution, Liberty had never set foot upon the continent which was delivered by it; and we were then on the way to an anti-slavery meeting in the dishonored city on its banks, one of whose most beautiful edifices had been burnt by the people to ashes because it had been consecrated to liberty of speech. The Delaware rolls sullenly and silently by it without a murmur of indignation, fresh as its waters come from the field of Trenton and the wintry passage of Washington. That passage and that field were in vain. They have got to be repeated, but not in military array. It is moral power now led against the Hessian myrmidons of slavery which storms its barriers and crosses its rivers.

The approach to Philadelphia down the Delaware is exceedingly pleasant. We passed the picturesque chateau of Joseph Bonaparte on its banks, at Bordentown. It has a beautiful foreign look; but you can't forget that its immense cost was wrung out of laboring poor, who have not where to lay their heads. The Lord speed the day when no more of these proud abodes shall be erected on the earth—when, instead of the castle or the palace usurping miles of solitary green, happy, equal humanity shall have planted its dear domestic homes along "every rood of ground."

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The city is inland—remote from the sea, its tempests and surges, and embosomed between two *quiet* rivers. The people are *surgeless* and *untempestuous* in mood and demeanor, and far

remote from the ebb and flow, wind and wave, and agitation of the New England North. The city is a level. The people are *not mountainous*. The streets of the city are all at *right* angles and in *parallels*, and the habitations lie in *squares*. There seem to be few *curves* or *diagonals* in the *ways* of the people. The city is plainly but richly built. There is an unostentatious, but palpable opulence in the tall palaces, with their white window-shutters, and their marble step flights at every door. They go up to their thresholds over the white Italian marble.—And there is no ruffling or *furbelowing* in the *uniform* of the *plain*-clad people, but their material is as rich as a Jew. The city has all the tidiness and sweet cleanliness of a Canterbury Shaker village. The streets undergo continual ablution, and the broad brick side-walks look damp, cool, and refreshing, as if just wet with a thunder-shower. And you would think, to see the people, that they are all fresh from the bath. The city has the inestimable blessing of *water* as well as *air*. It is in this particular highly favored among cities. It does not have to depend on the rain it may catch in decaying cisterns, or on wells sunk in its own foundations of *doubtful purity*. Fairmount sheds the water upon it, from its verdant summit in the neighborhood, in supply as copious and unfailing as the Schuylkill, and pure as the rills that feed that noble river from the Blue Ridge. Fairmount waters every street of the city, and every dwelling, from basement to loftiest attic. The abundance is wonderful. It is "water—water—every where." And the people riot in it. If they were pagans, they would worship it. Water would be their god; with his Olympus on the top of Fairmount, and his haunt up the bed of the Schuylkill; or perhaps he would himself be that propitious river. The city revels in *perpetual ablution*, and it "keeps clean the out-side." But with all their *water power*, they *could* not, it seems, put out the conflagration of the "Pennsylvania Hall." That was a fire the Fairmount fluid *could* not quench. The "fire-stained" ruin stands there in unaccountable contrast with the *quiet*-looking habitations about it.

MEETINGS AT NEW YORK.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 4, 1841.]

Some of these were of a deeply interesting character, and brought out some of the humblest of the people to speak, as well as to feel. Among others, a woman past middle life, of the name of Harriet Lloyd. Pledges and contributions were making, as she cast into the humble treasury her quarter of a dollar, and accompanied the deposit with a few remarks. But the spirit of the meeting waxing powerful, and the duty of liberality being urged by the various speakers, and in order to that, the duty of economy in expenditures, and of sparing contributions in behalf of other causes—the causes of sect and party—Harriet Lloyd rose again, and declared she could not keep from speaking in such a meeting as that. She could understand, she said, the claims of the cause—she could feel the claims of the slave, for she had been a slave. She knew what the slave whip meant. This was the meeting, she said, the slave would go to, and this the society his heart would be in. She had given what she had. She meant to earn more and give it. She meant to save the money she had been in the habit of giving otherwheres. She was a Methodist, she said, and had given her money there—but she should give it there no more. This was the cause of God's poor, and she should give her money, what little she could get, here. She had no confidence in the other societies. They were societies where a woman was not allowed to speak her heart for the slave. They were afraid of hearing women. She had no confidence in men who rated women like that. They were no friends of the slave. They did not hold woman any higher than slaves. They held her as a sort of beast of burden. They thought no higher of her than Balaam did of the ass that carried him, and seemed as 'fraid to have her speak, and to wonder as much to hear her. But after all, she said, Balaam was not so much wiser than the ass. She could see as far as he could. She see the angel coming before he did, and tried to make him see it, and he could not, and struck her for it. And he did not see the angel at all, till

she crushed his foot against the wall; and if she could not have seen better than he, they would have gone on till they met the angel, and what would have become of them then!! O, no, she exclaimed, as she threw herself into a most expressive attitude, and with the finest natural gestures, let the women speak! —they *must speak*, and must be heard. She felt they must. She knew what was wanted, for she had been a slave! President Tappan, if he had been present, might have called the noble woman to order, as John T. Norton did Abby Kelly, at the Connecticut meeting the other day. But she would have scorned the call. Her great soul was up, and she would instantly have put to shame any man narrow enough to interrupt the current of her free speech. The plea of usage would have been a feeble barrier before her. We wish our heartless clergy could have heard her. It would have shamed some of them out of their heartlessness.

Abby Kelly spoke greatly and generously at the meeting. They owed much of their interest and success to her. The hearts of *brethren* were faltering. Walkers by sight, they were wavering at the gloomy prospect of the cause, and were counseling discouragement and retreat. This noble-hearted woman, full of faith, scattered their pusillanimous counsels and fears to the wind, and restored heart and courage to the meeting, and ample resources to carry on our movement were at once opened and realized.

But she is a woman. Above all, she is an *unreverend* woman. She has had no theological education, and "it is a shame for a woman to speak in" a *tabernacle*.

But how much better she spoke than men!—how much clearer! With how much more heart and feeling! How much more deeply she remembered the bondman, and how much less deeply she remembered herself!

Sarah Pugh, of Philadelphia, too, spoke on the question of funds, and *shame* though it was for her to *speak*, the shame we felt was at the vastly more sense she showed than her brethren, and the deeper interest she manifested than they, in the cause of bleeding humanity. Her brief speech was full of point and force.

The reverend brother—such a one, could not have said in a half day what she did in a minute. He could not in a day. He could not at all. Yet it is an honor for him to speak. He is delighted *solemnly* at his own oracular tones. And for her—it is a shame and a sin; a departure from spheres and the like. Colored men spoke—not the reverend brethren; they have withdrawn in New York from our movement. It is a little too humble an affair for their cloth. David Ruggles was there, and Thomas Van Rensellear, and James Hudson, with his red shirt bosom. These could speak for humanity—for they felt for it. And they spoke with strong effect. We doubt if New York has ever witnessed a meeting of deeper feeling or more faithful and devoted spirit. Every thing went on harmoniously, and terminated satisfactorily, and the friends separated for the year's campaign, full of heart and zeal.

"TALES OF OPPRESSION."

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 4, 1841.]

We have published numbers of these interesting narratives from time to time, from the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Our readers find one of them on the last page of to-day. Isaac T. Hopper, the author of them, is a very remarkable man. He resides in the city of New York—is one of the executive committee of the American Anti-Slavery society, and is connected with the Anti-Slavery office, in the city. He is a member of the society of Friends, unless they have *disowned* him. They were "taking steps" after him, when we were in the city recently, at the national meetings. The heresy they are hunting him for, is his connection with the national anti-slavery paper. For this, they are seeking to cast him out of their *broad-brimmed synagogue*. We trust they will succeed,—for Isaac T. Hopper is too much of a working christian to be a technical Friend, and too much of a man to be a Quaker. The traces of sect are not made for limbs like his.

We had the pleasure of staying at his and his wife's hospitable home while we attended the national anniversary. We had heard of him as an extraordinary man in character and appearance, and were specially curious to see him for his reputed resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte. And he does indeed resemble him. We met with one of his daughters at Philadelphia *before seeing him*, and we at once apprehended she was a relative of his, from her Bonapartean features, and so told her on being introduced to her. Joseph Bonaparte is said to have remarked, on seeing Friend Hopper, that he so resembled the Emperor, that with his uniform on, he would be mistaken for him by his own household. He is about seventy years of age, but has all the activity and vivacity of healthy middle life. His eagle "eye is not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." There is not a gray appearance in his full head of hair, and his form is round and full, and muscular as in the prime of life. He wonderfully resembles the likenesses we have seen of Napoleon. The high, aquiline nose, the flaming eye, the *adamantine*-marble forehead, the delicate, firm mouth, the same under-size and peculiar form, the stooping shoulder, neck, and singular set of the head, so distinguished in all the statues and busts of "The Little Corporal." And he speaks like him, and moves like him. Rapid, clear, sententious in his conversation, without a repetition, or spare word—or any hesitancy of thought or speech. We heard him talk a good deal, and all he said was as trim and fit for the press, as the "Tales of Oppression,"—which, by the by, we understand he narrates from memory, and without any reference to record, except the records made on his vivid recollection by the events themselves. If he had been bred a warrior, he would have been another Bonaparte. But he has lived a Quaker, with the exception that he has been by no means "*quiet*"—as the baffled kidnapper and the rescued slave could testify. He has been a perpetual "committee of vigilance," ever since the day mentioned in the number of his "tales" we to-day publish. The fugitive slaves know him as well as they know the North Star, and the man-hunters hate him as cordially as they do that constant lamp and *guide-board* to the poor bond-man's city of refuge. He has been the NEGRO'S

FRIEND; and now the broad-brimmed corporation, among whom he has strangely lingered to this late period of his life, are dogging his footsteps with the blood-hounds of sect. If they overtake him, wo to them. They will find their dogships in the grasp of the Numidian lion. Yet they can "cut him off." They can vote him "guilty of breach of solemn covenant." But if they do, he will give the world another number of his "Tales of Oppression." They had better beware, though we hope they will not.

His son-in-law, JAMES S. GIBBONS, another indefatigable friend of the slave, is undergoing the same "labor," and for the same cause—to wit, *undue fidelity* to Christ.

They are *demurely* setting the excommunicatory trap to catch him. Whether they make it out of texts in the XVIII of Matthew, or not, we don't know. The sects all agree, we believe, in that perversion. We apprehend they will become more friendly than they have been. The Quakers have been hung and persecuted a good deal in times past; but now they are beginning to ape their *solemn* persecutors in "cutting off" their more conscientious members—*amputating* them to save the *sound* and *healthful* and *active* body, and they will find sympathy and respect, and be admitted into the brotherhood of christians.

The corporation goes by the name, we believe, of Rose Street, or Grace Street, meeting. They had threatened CHARLES MARIOT, another most exemplary member—but expected he would decline a re-election to the offensive committeeship with Friends Hopper and Gibbons. He has not declined it, and we heard before leaving the city that the *gay* brotherhood had began to "*step*" in regard to him.

O what mummery and what a mockery of the christian profession! Will this age see men delivered from it—or are they irremediably blinded?

MARY CLARK.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 4, 1841.]

We have not been entirely sensible of the departure from this little scene of care and turmoil, of this beloved friend, till our return home from the anti-slavery journey on which we first heard news of her death. We realize it now, and the more sensibly as our annual meeting is transpiring; and she is no longer to be seen animating it by her presence, and encouraging it by her counsels. Mary Clark is then really dead. We are to meet her no more till we also shall have put off this tabernacle of clay. She was a most devoted abolitionist while here among us. Does she now regret it, does any one think, who disesteemed her for it in her life-time? Will any of her surviving friends, who perhaps lamented the perversion of her fine powers to so despised and degraded a cause, and who marveled at her want of discretion and taste, will they lament it now in her behalf—or even in their own? No—we think not. Anti-slavery seems appropriate enough to those who have gone to commingle in the world of retribution,—however ill advised to sojourners here. It is good for those appearing at the judgment-seat of Christ. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me," is of momentous value at the final tribunal. God be praised that it is, as we trust, the portion of our dear departed sister. She would not exchange it for any thing within the scope of imagination to conceive. If she could speak to survivors, would she check us in our zeal, or would she not hasten us to greater activity? Would she not admonish us of our tardiness and torpor? Doubtless she would. And let us take the admonition. She rests from her tireless labors. She did not pause in them for sickness. She does in death. The sick bed was not to her a place of relaxation. She was active, while she was languishing there. In death she reposes; but to us she still speaks. All her example pleads loudly that we gird ourselves anew to our work, while her exit warns us that a period to our labors is at hand, and her absence from the field adds weight to the share of

work remaining on each and all of us. Let us give heed to her example and to her empty place.

We had thought to say something of her character; but that has been already beautifully sketched by a pen of truer delineation and nicer touch than ours—the pen of one whose bereavement her own fine pen had but recently depicted, and the beloved object of whose smitten affection she has now joined, no doubt, where bereavement can no more enter, neither sorrow nor sighing, and where tears are wiped away forever from every eye. The hearts of the anti-slavery women of Concord will forever, while they beat, bear record of her zeal, her worth, and her exceeding ability in the great cause they hold so dearly. Anti-slavery women and men elsewhere will deeply appreciate her great services and their great loss. Death is releasing our champions from service. Let it not find any of us with his work unfinished. The miserable slave still pines in his doleful prison-house. His more miserable and guilty master is still reeking in innocent blood. And the still guiltier professed christian community is hardening itself in opposition to our holy enterprise, and turning its adder-ear against the bitter cry of humanity.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 11, 1841.]

Such is their importance in our estimation and that of judicious friends about us, that we give them again to our readers, in hope that they may be scattered largely among the people. The estimation in which anti-slavery holds the mercenary and recreant clergy, we lay before the people, and ask them to review it with the Bible in their right hand, and their honest, impartial observations on the ranks we condemn. If we charge them truly, we charge the people, in the name of God, to rise and shake themselves free of these spiritual nightmares.

Anti-slavery demands the ear of this people to the wail of the plantation slave—he is a SLAVE. The people are made his ensla-

vers by the *influences* which spell-bind them. He cries to them for help, and if they could hear him, they would help him. The clergy muffle the ear of the country, that it cannot hear. The slave system has shot its roots and its fangs throughout the ecclesiastical polity of the land. The roots of the two systems are interwoven and intertwined with each other like heart-strings. They are allied to each other with the inseparable unity of marriage. They twain are one flesh. They are not twin—they are one. Disturbance of one is death to the other. Try it. Touch slavery, and the church winces as if her eye-ball was touched. Wound slavery, and the church flounces like a harpooned whale. Verily, the great mass of the religious profession of the land is saturated with the blood of the slave. It is tinged through with it. And the mass of the clergy are what anti-slavery calls them at her annual meeting in New Hampshire in 1841—"A VAST BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES!" Objection will be made to the epithet *thieves*. In one sense it is objectionable. It is not legally heinous enough to set forth their crime. Theft is a *secret* taking. Slavery takes openly and shamelessly. It is robbery rather. But it lacks the dignity of robbery. The robber encounters danger, and displays intrepidity and some hardiness of character. The slaveholder betrays the meanness of the thief. He steals the helpless. He plunders the defenceless and the weak. He preys upon the unresisting and submissive, who submit beyond all human endurance; or if they are ever goaded to resistance, it is by *transcendent* outrage and a wantonness that is *supernatural*. It is done upon the helpless mass that lay weltering in the South. The solemn clergy of the land are united in its countenance and support. The efforts that would reach that mass and disenthrall it, they universally frown upon, with exceptions so few, that they are imperceptible.* The few *seeming* exceptions are but a varioloid type of pro-slavery. The *exceeding* few that would be *real* exceptions, are fast ceasing to be of the brotherhood at all. It is casting them out as fast as it discovers them, and their own free action for enslaved humanity would itself *work* them out. The vast brotherhood of the clergy is in fellowship with the slave system or with its fellow-

shippers. If any of its number dare renounce direct fellowship, under the audacious pressure of the abolitionists, they are obliged to counteract it and more, by *indirect* fellowship. They are obliged to succumb to sect and to denomination, and these go all lengths for the great human felony. Of this more fully hereafter

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TREES.

From the Herald of Freedom of Aug. 6, 1841.]

We feel strongly inclined, in this season of long drought and glaring sunshine, to pay a tribute to the magnificent trees, which embosom and adorn the otherwise unsightly little capital of New Hampshire, and, to the eye of the observer at a distance, multiply its dwellings, and augment its dimensions to the appearance of a small city. We know no country village this side the water *better off* than this, on the score of shade, not excepting old Worcester, Mass., with all its stately button-woods. And what a glorious object is a Tree! How magnificent a forest of them, on the boundless plain, or the mighty hill-side! And the single tree—there is scarcely its match for beauty among unintelligent objects on the face of the earth. It is surpassed perhaps only by him who walks among them in living and thinking grace and beauty. "In form," though not in "moving," like him, the tree, how "express and admirable!" The solitary tree—or the row—or group, planted by human hands, or spared by them from ordinary extermination, near the abodes of men. The thick-topped maple, with its wholesome looking foliage and impervious boughs, in whose close and dark recesses the hang-bird sings her "wood-note wild," in the hot summer noon. The lofty, clear-limbed, open-boughed button-wood—with its dainty leaf, its scarred trunk, and excoriated branches. And the elm, the patriarch of the family of shade;—the majestic, the umbrageous, the *antlered* elm. We remember one at this moment—in sight from our old *home* on the banks of the Pemigewassett. We have seen

larger, but never one of such perfect symmetry and beauty. It stood just across that cold stream, near the bridge "Fayette"—by the road side—on the margin of the wide interval. "One among thousand" it stood of the multitudes which the taste of its early proprietor had left dispersed about on the broad landscape. It stood upon the ground as lightly as though it "rose in dance;"—and its full top bending over toward the ground on every side with the dignity of the forest-tree and all the grace of the weeping-willow. You could gaze upon it for hours. It was the beautiful handy-work and architecture of God, on which the eye of man never tires, but always looks with refreshing and delight. We remember a clump of white pines, too—right opposite on the other side the stream;—tall mast pines—of the primitive woods—*aborigines*. We seem to hear their evening murmur, mingled with the *flow* of the rapids that hurried by their foot. How they came to be left there, we can hardly imagine. They are on the verge of the village, and must have stood there since long before the settlement of the town, and have survived the axes of half a dozen *hewing* and *hacking* generations. We remember a crane lighting down on to the *tip top* of one of the tallest of them, one day at sunset.

But the shade trees of Concord—we sat down to pay a hasty tribute to them. They are every thing to this stirring little region of taverns and politics and printing offices. They hide its architectural deformities of State House, Court House, State Prison, sectarian pagodas, and dilapidated distillery, beautiful in its ruins. Some of the others would make pretty ruins. We trust they will speedily be left to clothe themselves in the interesting garment of dilapidation, tenanted by the moles and the bats. To us, who do not deal in any of the commodities vended at the ware-houses aforesaid, and to whom residence in Concord might otherwise be irksome, there is relief and reconciliation in its glorious trees. The traveler would linger as he entered the village from the northward, under the venerable elms that overshadow the ancient Walker seat, and its neighboring dwellings, and the compact and refreshing maples, that front the respectable old residence of the late worthy Deacon Kimball. Going on, he would

halt by Hoit's tavern ;—not to refresh himself with the rum that we are sorry to learn continues to be sold there, in this day of light and reform, when the ditch drunkards are every where rising from the gutter, in the majesty of awakened human nature, and at the bugle call of Hawkins are kindling up the torch of reformation about the benighted meeting-houses of the land. It is a shame to keep a rum tavern in the presence of these noble men, and their anxious wives and children. Not to drink rum would the traveler pause here—who has taste enough to look at a tree, but to gaze upward at the peerless elms that front that tavern. They are remarkably lively and spirited trees, and of a peculiar delicacy of twig. He would uncover his head, and pass slowly down the spacious street, quite o'er-arched in sundry places with the umbrageous elm boughs that spring in arches from either side until you come below the Merrimack County Bank, whose *comeliness* of structure is no wise diminished to the eye by the tree tops, a superb row of which right against it *hide it from the sight*. We hardly know a patch of public way so favored with shade at all hours of the day, as this. It greatly enhances the value of the residences there. Advancing, you pass an exceedingly graceful body of elms before the Dr. Green house, down the wide, exposed, and dusty Main Street, on one side of the way, and the Corinthian pile on the other—the temple of justice, of christian forbearance, and "forgiveness of debtors," for our county of Merrimack. You come next to where maple-decked Centre Street comes down against the old respectable Mrs. Stickney house, with its three magnificent elms topping out in *one*—a form they have assumed from standing *together* and by themselves *alone*. Proceeding on, you pause to contemplate with pleasure and regret the thrifty grove springing in the State House yard—pleasure at the number and beauty of the trees, and regret perchance at the unnatural straightness in which they are planted. Half the number, naturally disposed, as the English plant their parks—would furnish twice the ornament to the cold legislative establishment that stands up in Yankee stiffness in the midst of them. There stands the Statute Factory, the Government House, the *Politics* Market, the fountain of annual, perennial, and *per-*

petual legislation;—where they repeal or modify this year, what they enacted or amended last,—and enact this year what they will modify next, and repeal the year after, under the increasing and varying light of the age, and at the tune of sixty thousand dollars a year. Two or three hundred *able*-bodied citizens of New Hampshire, capable of great usefulness at their respective homes, agonize their minds here some thirty days of each revolving year, in enactments, modifications, and abrogations of militia law,—of cat, fox, and crow bounty legislation, and pickerel protection, and in bandying, from party to party, *democratic* asseverations; each out-heroding the other, in acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the laborers at home, who are earning the sixty thousand dollars, with *indurated* hand and sweaty forehead. Sixty thousand dollars, per annum, of New Hampshire-earned money!—Those must be *true* lovers of the *working people*, who will thus spend it! All spent in perpetual-motion-tinkering at the old statute book,—at law-making, to enforce people to go straight in the path of justice. With what success, ask yonder hideous prison, and its caterer, yon comely Court House! O that the money were spent by the people in improving their beloved homes, and in cultivating their rude homesteads!—rude, ragged and barren now, because they *must* maintain politics. O that it were laid out in shading the highway with beauteous trees! The cost of this yearly mangling of the law book would prepare a complete road for every traveled rod of New Hampshire, if not of New England—and adorn it, both sides, with shady trees. It is squandered on counterfeit patriotism. One young button-wood in the north-east corner of State House yard is, in our eye, worth more than the laws of all June session. It is a most beautiful tree—a model of its species. State Street, in rear of this concern, is well planted with shades, almost its entire length; but they are small yet. There are several clusters of charming young button-woods,—particularly about the houses where George Hough and Jacob B. Moore formerly lived, once printers and editors in Concord.

Passing down Main street from the State House, you find one wing of Leach's Buildings fronted with four princely elms;—the

group adopting the form, at top, of a single tree of giant size. Farther on, another co-partnership of elms, three in number, of towering height, and great amplitude of shade, showing finely as you come down "Hopkinton road,"—and nearly opposite that great homely edifice called the "South Church." This great ecclesiastical barn stands there askew at the corner of two streets; all shadeless and naked, in extreme architectural deformity, and as ugly as Juggernaut. It is mounted upon one story of the same materials as compose the State Prison. It is *dedicated*, however, and has become an *object of worship*. About the last we knew of it, it was refused by Thomas Chadbourne and others, to Temperance and Anti-Slavery conventions, in September, 1840. Stepping up Hopkinton road, to the fine seat of late W. A. Kent, you come under an old stag-horned elm, that spreads out its antlers as broadly almost as Liberty tree on Boston common,—with sundry fine junior elms in its neighborhood. Casting the eye up to the corner of Green and Pleasant streets, it lights upon the handsomest button-wood in all the region,—a real gem of a tree. A corps of youthful maples,—as you turn down Main street again, grow before the former dwelling of our late fellow-townsman and anti-slavery friend, William Gault. Their tops are as round, thick and compact as so many cabbage heads. We pass without notice now, the king row of elms in Concord, and in New England, to go down and take a view about the famous old Count Rumford seat, and a few clever elms at the Concord Landing. The Rumford House, though it has not the finest elms, is most tastily shaded of any habitation in the town, and has a noble old oak among the trees, in its small park. This house has considerable of a history. Returning up to Main street, you pass the tasteful mansion of Theodore French, and admire the matchless shag-bark walnut on the green slope behind it, and the fine grove of oaks on the hill-side that borders his beautiful field. This is far the pleasantest place in Concord—to our taste. We have passed it a hundred times, and never once, to our recollection, without admiration of that peerless shag-bark, which towers up like a good-sized button-wood; and in shape, dimensions, rich foliage and position exceeds almost any tree we ever beheld.

We ought to thank the early settlers of Concord for planting, or sparing, so many trees. We honor, too, the taste of the present inhabitants, in this behalf. They seem not only to appreciate the old shades that have come down to them from other times, but are prompt to plant trees themselves. And the soil is as favorable to trees, as the people. They flourish in every part of the town. And all classes of the people, the most unlikely, one would imagine, to have such a taste, seem to fancy these beautiful ornaments. The very party editors set out trees. One whole street owes its branching and leafy honors, it is said, mainly to one of them—the pretty little Centre street. It ought to bear his name. And we would respectfully suggest to the tasteful editor, whether he had not better devote his remaining energies to the further adornment of the town in this way, rather than to the miserable business of editing for political party, of any kind. Would it not be more for his own enjoyment, and certainly for his reputation with posterity, to vest the remainder of his renown in thrifty young elms, maples, and button-woods, rather than in party politics?

But we return down Main street to the patriarchs, the monarchs of Concord trees, and the peers at least of any we have ever beheld this side of old England. And indeed they would show with reputation even there, and would scarcely dishonor one of the royal avenues of Windsor Park, or even that king of kingly walks, the "LONG WALK" from Windsor Castle, three miles into Windsor Forest, lined on each side with a double row of British elms! These royal Concord trees are about half way between "South Church" aforesaid and the pitch of the hill below it. They range along the west side of Main street—high up from the road, and cast their old shadows, toward sunset, far off into the beautiful meadows and the winding river. They are the oldest trees doubtless in the place. We have never seen any in New Hampshire of such venerable appearance. They stand so thick as to interweave their long branches. A wide and elevated side-walk runs along beneath them, affording a most pleasant saunter and promenade. You gaze upward into their dark tops, the giant branches running away up into the wilderness of foliage,

and bending off in great curves down again over the distant road, intersecting each other in countless gothic arches, like the roofing and recesses in the old abbeys and priories of England; branches big enough for trunks to great trees—and then the trunks themselves—vast, shapeless, and rooted all abroad in the ground, to withstand the wrestlings of a century's winds among their mighty tops. You feel awed and overwhelmed as you look up, as when in Westminster Abbey or the old York Minster. Here you are gazing on the originals, there on the architectural copies—the coping and the lancet arch of the old cathedral being borrowed doubtless from the tree top. God built the old elm, and your Christopher Wrens and Inigo Joneses the "solemn temples" of Britain. Yet they get the homage and admiration of men, rather than the Architect of the universe.

Some of these great trees are scarred, where the lightning has struck them, and followed them from the high summit into the ground. The grand original row seems to have been interrupted. One great tree stands alone at considerable distance below it, and another above, both on a line with it, and evidently of the same generation. They are a magnificent spectacle; and there are some highly tasteful dwellings beneath their shadow. We wish the row had been continued the entire length of the high part of the street. Nothing in the world would be more magnificent. And how cheaply and easily it might have been done! The planting of a sapling is a trifle in expense. There it grows, and costs nothing but time.

We have omitted mention of sundry noble elms above the North Meeting-House. Perhaps, as single trees, some of these are unrivaled. The old veteran standing in front of the Coffin house, is an unrivaled tree.

But we have said a great deal, and must release our reader and pen, with a call on every man to plant a tree. It is a virtue to set out trees. It is loving our neighbor as we love ourselves. Set out trees—not to make your home outshine your neighbor's; but for him to look at and walk under,—and to beautify God's earth, which he clothed with trees, and you cut them all down. Every tree is a "feather in the earth's cap"—a plume in her

bonnet, a tress upon her forehead. It is a comfort, an ornament, a refreshing to the people. And when peace and liberty prevail, we will have an Eden of them, from one end of the land (and the world) to the other.

POETRY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 9, 1841.]

I HAVE ransacked our scanty exchanges for a morsel for this "corner," but can find none that will *speak*. Poetry that won't speak and ring, is worse than none. The poetry is the match, the torch to our little field-piece—and if it is not fiery, if there is no ignition in it, no explosion, we might as well put an icicle to our priming. Miserable prose, any prose, is better than any thing short of first-rate verses. I will substitute a *skein* or two of—narrative,—any thing—My jaunt home from Lynn, last but one. I meant to have sketched an incident or two of it, for the Herald, in the time of it, and began to, but events crowded it by. Parker Pillsbury was with me; we came by way of Newburyport and Salem. Passed the noted house where Richard Crowninshield murdered old Mr. White, and hung himself after it, to prevent Salem people hanging him. They did hang two young Knapps for the same murder. I saw the stately house—the windows of the bed chamber, where the ill-fated old man lay, secure in his slumbers, sleeping the sleep from which he was not to wake. His young brother crept infernally in, and murdered him, to get his money, to spend like a fool. Pity the rich old man would not have freely given the profligate youngsters any amount of the stuff, for the asking, and pity the miserable young men had not known of such a disposition, had the old man entertained it. They would not have murdered him then, and Salem people would not have hung them—a triple murder. Daniel Webster displayed all his eloquence to compass the conviction and slaughter of those wretched young men. Had he not succeeded, and they had escaped, it would not have been strange, if they had murdered

him, in revenge for his attempt upon their young lives—some night. I never could admire Webster's oratory on that bloody occasion. He was not State's attorney. He was not officially bound to appear against them. He was a volunteer, and a mercenary at best, eloquent for a fee, earning bread at the price of those young wretches' lives. Or was he merely adding to his *fame!* Fame to him, but death, horrid death to them. Death, to which White's murder was but a pin's prick, in suffering, as it was but a speck in crime. They murdered the Knapps in cold blood, without even the base motive of money. They murdered them for coward fear, at best. They were afraid they, or somebody else, would murder community, would stab the state, some dark night, and so they hung up the two youths, like dogs. The bare fact of their hanging would multiply the chances of murder in the commonwealth to an incalculable extent. To have forgiven them, publicly, from sacred regard to human life, would have gone infinitely far towards abolishing the *fashion* of murder.

I saw "Gallows Hill" on the borders of the haughty town of Salem, where the ancestry of those who hung the Knapps for murder, murdered scores of unhappy women, a century and a half ago. They took them up on to that gloomy hill, and strangled them in the air, for being *witches*. I don't know what a witch is, or what it was then. But they charged those poor, helpless women with *witchcraft*, and murdered them. Not a soul of the murderers was hung for it. It was the property and standing that did it, led on by the learned and solemn clergy. If murderers ever deserved hanging, the wretches did, who strangled those poor women on "Gallows Hill." The Hill towers up above Salem, like Bunker Hill above Charlestown. They had better erect a two-hundred-foot monument on "Gallows Hill," in commemoration of the glorious victory gained there by the religion of the old commonwealth over the witches.

We rode to Newburyport, over one of the fairest roads in New England, quite deserted now, for the flying rail-way, beside which, the once rapid turnpike looks like absolute *stationary*, and standing *stock* still. Welcomed at the hospitable mansion of William Ashby. Spent the afternoon in visiting sundry *meet-*

ing-houses, open to us as visiting strangers, but not as anti-slavery advocates. The godly pagodas were all shut as close as a clam-shell, or a miser's money-box, against the plea of perishing humanity. They wan't built for that. They were built for *worship*. We went to the top of the belfry of one of the *reverend* houses. The *Reverend Doctor* Dana preaches in it, one of the successors to the Galilee fishermen. The view from his turret is quite fine. Beneath your feet the pretty town—prettiest on account of the gardens *left* in it. Had not the embargo smitten down its commerce, however, some thirty years ago, *in compliment to slavery*, the gardens would long ago have been devoured by great brick buildings. Up into the country stretches the glittering Merrimack—the rail-road cars smoking (at times) across its daring bridge. A white sail bedecking here and there the beautiful inland sea. Down, out at its mouth, the dark, inky main, blending with the "blue above." Plum Island, its sand ridges scolloping along the horizon like the sea serpent, and the distant outline broken by many a tall ship, leaning, *still*, against the sky. We peeped in, after our descent from the belfry, at the empty, deserted scene of worship, and the tomb-like pulpit. All was hollow, as the heartless formalities performed there by ghostly superstition, and by orthodox gentility, every seventh day. The boxes of the theatre were empty then. Myriads of fans and psalm books occupied the cushioned places of the worshippers. The worshippers were off at their several games of life—every one overreaching his neighbor. For that is the week day fruits of the religion of all these meeting-houses.

We went, next, to the Reverend Mr. Stearns'—"House of God." This contained several objects of interest. A marble slab imbedded in front of the pulpit, announcing that the famous George Whitefield was buried beneath it. A marble cenotaph monument stood in one corner of the house, to his memory, of great beauty, (if such a thing can be beautiful,) piously erected by the late Wm. Bartlett, at an expense of some fourteen hundred dollars, enough to have built some poor laborer, out of whom he had extracted a portion of the funds, a comfortable home, who had to go without a home, that the memory of a pro-slavery di-

vine might be honored with a temple. One ample side of the monument was inscribed with eulogium of Whitefield, emblazoning his piety, telling how many times he traversed the Atlantic, and how many thousand sermons he preached. And id all his voyages, and sermons, I asked myself, ever lead a single human soul to real repentance of sin, and reformation of *character* and *life?* I was constrained to answer, probably not. He might have excited thousands to be *religious*, but probably few or none to be substantially righteous in heart and life.

The bones of Whitefield repose in a vault beneath the pulpit. I understand he wished to be interred there. If he did, it was a weak ambition. His chance for Paradise would not, I think, be enhanced by it, though it would win him the worship of many a devotee, who, in after-days, would seek entrance there, through faithful attendance in that temple of idolatry. I was prevailed on to descend into the vault, and behold the sainted orator's remains. I did not want to, but thought, as I was so nigh, it might be hardly tasteful to omit doing what others had gone pilgrimage to accomplish. The sexton lighted a lamp- -raised a trap-door behind the pulpit, and we went down. A small door swinging open into a brick vault, about as capacious as a common ash-house,—disclosed the narrow resting-place of the Reverend dead. Two other divines, I believe, repose there with the celebrated Methodist. I forget their names--Whitefield's coffin lay across theirs. The lid of it was raised, and there lay the skull, and the bones of some of the limbs, in a bed of apparent mould. I touched the forehead bone. It was cold enough. I would not indulge in any of the weak and unwarrantable associations common to such sights. Bones and ashes lay before me. They once belonged to fellow-men. They were therefore objects of more interest than if they had belonged to cattle. The men were neither of them philanthropists, as I learned, or benefactors of their race—in their life time. Their clay had been deposited there, in that house where God's poor had no quarters, (or *quarter.*) Vanity had sought that place for its bones, and vain superstition and idolatry had put them there. They were but bones now,—and the place was unfit for the stay of any bones that had

consciousness annexed to them, and so I turned away from gazing, and sought the wholesome air above as speedily as possible, and the abodes of the *living*, the humblest of whom interests me far more than dead clergy. Some of Whitefield's bones were missing. Some eminently pious visiter had purloined them, and conveyed them away,—as amulets, perhaps, or tokens to show at the gates of Elysium. I was told Whitefield died in the next house but one, in rear of the meeting-house. The very next house to the meeting-house was distinguished, however, for an event far more interesting to humanity, than all that pertains to priests and their temples. It was the birth-place of Garrison. I would gladly have sought admission to it, to see where the Liberator passed his days of infancy and childhood—but it was getting late, and we retired.

We passed the evening pleasantly and hospitably, at the house of our anti-slavery friend Charles Butler, with the Newburyport handful of friends of the cause, and the next morning set our faces for the Granite North.

ANTI-SLAVERY JAUNT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 10, 1841.]

We meant, from the several stages of our hurried expedition, to drop back for the Herald some of its incidents, detailed while events and impressions were fresh. But we could not find opportunity. The rapidity of our movement and constant occupation during intervals of anti-slavery action, compelled us to defer attempting it, and we must now give our readers a dull reminiscence.

In company with brother Garrison, we left Concord the morning of 23d of August. The morning was clear and pleasant after the rains of Saturday night and Sunday. The air was purified and refreshed from the parching drought, and the earth joyous as the "shining morning face" of a new-washed school boy. The dust was laid, and travelling beautiful. We crossed

the Merrimack, hailing it as our native stream, brother G. at its mouth, and we up its coldest tributary, and rode over Canterbury high hills with that lightness of heart and freedom of spirit, which God vouchsafes, in our land and day, only to the faithful abolitionists. Others may "labor" "and seek rest" as they may. They don't find it. Kearsarge mountain, looming in the western distance, at solemn height, gave us promise of the mightier peaks in the great chain to which we were journeying, standing alone, in advance of its high peers, like an advance guard, encouraging us by its great, but subordinate elevation, to expect *altitudes* equal to our *loftiest* wishes. Speeding on by many a bold home on the hills, and many a valley whose retired beauty recalled to delighted recollection the vales of Scotland, we approached the tributary stream paid to the Merrimack, from out New Hampshire's chiefest lake, and which bears its name, the *Winnipisockee*. This, with our own little native river, the cold and swift Pemigewasset, from the Franconia Notch, *conspiring* a short distance to the left of our way, in the formation of the Merrimack. Just before crossing Winnipisockee river, we passed the brick "steeple house," where the honorable Samuel Tilton, at the instigation of the honorable Daniel Atkinson, and supported by an honorable mob—"all honorable men"—arrested George Storrs for the *felony* of an anti-slavery prayer. What a sign that event of republican and christian times! And they tried him, for his *anticipated* anti-slavery lecture, before a New Hampshire justice of the peace! a fact that will be picked up by the future Belknap for our history, and which will afford a sort of immortality to some on the banks of the Winnipisockee, who otherwise might have enjoyed a comfortable oblivion.

On the high lands of Sanbornton (taking the old road for prospect) the glorious mountains of the North showed us their blue outline, the broad, whale-like back of Moosehillock, and the pyramid-looking Haystacks, blending with the sky, and bedimmed with vapor and cloud. They called to mind the first *discovered* land, last summer, on our voyage to England—the dim Irish shores, and the misty mountains of Wales. Towards sunset our own home-hills greeted our sight, and the *once* loved spires of

the village where we were born, their clean white showing picturesquely among the green of the woods beyond them. Old North Hill, with its bare forehead and commanding peak, which in Scotland would have been crowned with immortality in a hundred songs, standing there unhonored and unsung, a bleak hill top, climbed now and then for prospect, but chiefly for the blueberries that grow upon its brow, or the sheep and young cattle and wild colts that pasture up its sides. Few places, of so little note, strike the eye of the traveller so pleasantly as the town of Plymouth in Grafton county. A beautiful expanse of intervale opens on the eye like a lake among the hills and woods, and the pretty river Pemigewasset, refreshed with its recent tributary, Baker's river, from the foot of Moosehillock, and bordered along its crooked sides with rows of maple, meanders widely from upland to upland through the meadows, and realizes to the mind some of the sequestered spots in the valleys of the Swiss cantons. It was with no small interest that we introduced the editor of the Liberator to the scene of our birth and boyhood. It was the birth-place of New Hampshire anti-slavery, too. We are sad to say, it is not now anti-slavery's dwelling place. The spirit that once animated it, has faded under the influence of the pro-slavery pulpit.

We had been led to expect somewhat that the Congregational meeting-house, a very tasty synagogue, which we helped largely to erect a few years before our removal from the village, would be opened to brother Garrison for a lecture. We did not expect it from the character of its pulpit, but from the majority of the committee in charge of it, professed abolitionists, as well as from the prudence of the minority, though not interested in the anti-slavery cause. We supposed all had the necessary curiosity, if not the good taste, to want to hear the man of whom so many bugbear stories had been told in the village, and whose name had, they knew, become renowned on both sides the Atlantic. But a petty bigotry and priest-ridden prejudice prevailed. Perhaps the church malignity towards his fellow-traveller moved them to shut the meeting-house. No matter for the reason. They refused the house, unless upon a condition which abolitionists

could not accept, and which honorable men would never have offered.

The Methodist meeting-house was also refused, but more honestly than the other, with a broad, ill-mannered No, from the temporary divine who *tends* it. Let them be forever shut against the cause of BLEEDING HUMANITY. They are *abandoned to their uses*. As is ever the case, in the overruling of Providence, the paltry refusal of the meeting-houses served greatly to advance our cause, and magnify the occasion. Driven from the synagogues, the abolitionists applied for a grove across the river, on the land of Mr. Joy, of Holderness. He readily allowed them the use of it;—one spot was found in the neighborhood of Plymouth steeples, not dedicated and given over to slavery, and to soulless, heartless, ungodly sect. One temple there was, not made with hands, of God's own building, roofed with the blue sky and pillared about with the trees of the wood, and floored and carpeted with the glorious, green earth, dedicated, not to imitations of Jewish ceremonials, or the rites of heathenism, but to that worship of the Father, which He requireth of them, who worship Him in spirit and in truth. Thither anti-slavery repaired to hold her assembly, and hear the advocate of the Savior's poor. Semicircular seats, backed against a line of magnificent trees, to accommodate, we should judge, from two to three hundred, though we did not think about numbers, were filled principally with women, and the men who could not find seats stood on the green sward on either hand, and at length, when wearied with standing, seated themselves on the ground. Garrison mounted on a rude platform in front, lifted up his voice and spoke to them in prophet tones and surpassing eloquence, from half past three till I saw the rays of the setting sun playing through the trees on his head. It was at his back—but the auditory could see it, if they had felt at leisure to notice the decline of the sun or the lapse of time. They heeded it not, any more than he, but remained till he ended, apparently undisposed to move, though some came from six, eigh., and even twelve miles distance. A vastly better impression was made than would have been, had poor, pitiful sect opened its portals. More attended. It was a different and a far better

auditory than would have been gathered in the meeting-house, especially if the pastors had countenanced the meeting and led in their implicit flocks. The auditory was not the village aristocracy from under the eaves of Bank, Court House, *Seminary*, or the Steeple House, as George Fox used to call it. Such would have had as little heart to hear or to act as any of their corporations which admittedly "have no soul." Pearls cast before them would have been cast contrary to the scripture injunction. They could not have listened with hearing ears or understanding hearts. Their ears and hearts are kept by their pastors. Driven from the *sanctuaries*, we had another and freer auditory. They were politicians, to be sure, many of them; but a politician has more of a heart left in him than a sectarian. Politics is not such a soul-canker as sect. Sect eats the heart all up. It leaves nothing in a man. He can't say his soul is his own, or that he has one, belonging to any body. He is a poor, creeping, formal idolater, bowing down to an image he has helped to set up, and to the wooden perch on which he mounts his idol for exhibition and worship. No, the politicians have their humanity left, at least a portion of it. And if it appeals to them, they are not afraid to hear it. It is not *irreligious* in their estimation to have "flesh in their hearts," and pity for bleeding humanity. The meeting in the grove called out many of them who would not have entered the house, and we confess they have reason to suspect the motives of even an anti-slavery lecturer, who is admitted by the pastor into a pulpit. We don't blame them for their jealousy of *meeting-house* lecturers. It is a sign, *if they are let into pulpits, that they have not at heart the interests of humanity.* The rejection from the house gave Garrison many auditors of this kind. And though he told them the stern truth about their politics, they knew it was told in honesty. They knew there was no speculation or hypocrisy or party in it. They felt it was true, or at least honest. They understood it, and can repeat it. And they are the men to spread it among the people, at least some of them. Now let the little papacy of Plymouth village prate of Garrison's infidelity. The people have seen him and heard him, infidelity and all. And they heard more of christian truth and gospel

preaching, in that one, river-bank discourse, than those yoked and fettered meeting-houses can ever afford from the day of their dedication to the time when not one stone of them shall be left upon another.

Garrison spoke the better for being driven to the open air. The injustice and meanness of it aroused his spirit, and the beauty of the scene animated his eloquence. We never heard him speak so powerfully; and as he spoke the more earnestly, the people, from like cause, heard with deeper interest. He scarcely alluded to the miserable jesuitry that excluded us from the synagogue. We are thankful it all happened so. To God be the praise.

We must defer, for another week, further account of our journey, our ascent of North Hill, our jaunt to the Franconia Notch, to the Littleton convention—by the way, gloriously attended and conducted—and to Mount Washington, and our passage of its tremendous gap, side by side with the infant Saco, not wider there than the narrow path, but soon expanding into a bridged and boated river in the beautiful champaign region below the mountains.

NORTH HILL.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 17, 1841.]

We meant to have gone on with our begun account of the White Mountain journey this week, but the fatigue and excitement of the Dover meetings have jaded us out, and we have no more power left to tell the story of the White Hills, than of bodily vigor to climb again their *inaccessible* peaks. We spare our readers another week from reading a tame attempt at it. We will go with them up North Hill, though. This is no contemptible ascent, and if it stood where some of those renowned Scottish Bens do, and had undergone the poetic handling of their Burnses and Scotts, people would cross the ocean to see the sights from its top.

We went up it the morning of Garrison's lecture among the Holderness maples. It is one of the most charming rides in the world, for the two or three miles up the Pemigewassett, before you begin to ascend. It was a glorious morning, just such as you would choose to go to *such a show*. A little above our starting, the Baker's river pays its quiet and humble tribute to the brave Pemigewassett, and tradition tells a thrilling story of an Indian fight with a party of hunters under Capt. Baker, fought a long time ago, at the forks of the streams. The Indians were beaten off, the story goes, but not defeated, and the white men fled down the river toward the New England settlements. When they had retreated through the trackless woods as far as they had strength to run without fainting for hunger, they halted near the confluence of the streams that form the Merrimack. Upon that solitude now stands the populous and stirring village of Franklin. They knew the Indians were after them, and feared they would have them if they could not contrive to divert them from the pursuit. They had among them one friendly Indian. His aboriginal sagacity found a way to deliver them from their perilous predicament. He struck a line of fires along the margin of the little brook, that tumbles down from the high hills west of the village, and which in its descent now turns many a mill wheel, whose music was then unheard amid the woods. It crosses the road and empties into the Pemigewassett just above its junction with the river of the lake. The Indian knew the children of the forest would pause and study that hurried encampment. He thought of cheating them with tokens of a reinforcement; he cut *some* two hundred twigs of willow from the margin of the little brook, and stuck them up along beside the range of fires he had kindled, as spits for roasting their morsel of meat. Whether they stopped to roast any, or to eat, is not remembered. They retreated a short distance and secreted themselves, when the Canadian prowlers appeared upon the banks of the brook. They saw the ashes, and the signs of the hasty meal, and the smoked and scorched willow twigs. They counted them, and learned to their dismay that the *hunters had got reinforced* from the settlements, and were probably hard by in ambush. They took the

back track, without delay, and Captain Baker's handful army joyously made the best of their way in right the opposite direction. We do not vouch for the accuracy of this history, though we have told it many a time, and we forget with what embellishments, in the story-telling days of our boyhood. We used to think as much of *Captain Baker*, we remember, as we now do of Bonaparte or the Duke of Marlborough, and *do still, for the matter of that.* Fertile expanses of green intervale now smile along the mouth of Baker's river, and fifteen miles up its banks among the Rumney mountains, all which distance it has not a fall or hardly a ripple—a track for the future rail-way from the Pemigewassett to the Connecticut. It would look exceedingly wild and spirited, as the locomotive streamed panting and smoking up that narrow vale!

Two miles above the meeting of the little rivers, you cross a picturesque bridge at "the Falls," a scene for the painters when the land shall become like the old world, the home of the fine arts. Art paints nothing among us now. All our pictures are *originals*, from the hand of Him who made the world. A carriage road of a mile or two, at an angle with the horizon that would discourage the dwellers by the sea-side, but which is all a level to the free people of the hills, brought us to the end of *wheel* navigation, and two of our company took to the saddle,—brother Garrison, having never been on *horse*-back, except his ride on a *Shetland pony* from Loch Katrine to Loch Lomond last year in the Scottish Highlands, preferring to try his fortune on foot. Suffice it to say, that in some three quarters of an hour we reached the commanding peak of the hill. The earth sphered up all around us in every quarter of the horizon, like the crater of a vast volcano, and the great hollow within the circle was scarcely less smoky than that of Vesuvius or Etna during their recess of eruption. The little village of Plymouth lay right at our feet, the angle of observation seeming far *steeper* from the top downward, than from the village to the top of the mountain. Off the declivity, on the western side, lay tidy farms and snug houses, along a good road where since our remembrance settlements had not penetrated, and which still bears the name of the "New Discovery."

To the south stretches a broken, swelling upland country, but champaign from the top of North Hill, patched all over with grain fields and green wood lots, the roofs of the farm-houses shining in the sun. South-west, the Cardigan mountain showed its bald forehead among the smokes of a thousand fires, kindled in the woods in the long drought. Westward, Moosehillock heaved up its long back, black as a whale; and turning the eye on northward, glancing down the while on the Baker's river valley, dotted over with human dwellings like shingle bunches for size, you behold the great Franconia Range, its "Notch" and its Haystacks, the Elephant mountain on the left, and Lafayette (Great Haystack) on the right, shooting its peak in solemn loneliness high up into the desert sky, and o'ertopping all the neighboring Alps but Mount Washington itself. The prospect of these is most impressive and satisfactory. We don't believe the earth presents a finer mountain display. The Haystacks stand there like the Pyramids on the wall of mountains. One of them eminently has this Egyptian shape. It is as accurate a pyramid to the eye as any in the old valley of the Nile, and a good deal bigger than any of those hoary monuments of human presumption, of the impious tyranny of monarchs and priests, and of the appalling servility of the *erecting* multitude. Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh does not more finely resemble a sleeping lion than the huge mountain on the left of the Notch does an elephant, with his great, *overgrown* rump turned *uncivilly* toward the gap where the people have to pass! Following round the Panorama, you come to the Ossipees and the Sandwich mountains, peaks innumerable and nameless, and of every variety of fantastic shape. Down their vast sides are displayed the melancholy looking slides, contrasting with the fathomless woods.

But the lakes—you see lakes, as well as woods and mountains, from the top of North Hill. Newfound lake in Hebron, only eight miles distant, you *can't see*, which we can't account for, but that it lies too deep among the hills. Ponds show their small blue mirrors from various quarters of the great picture. Worthen's Mill Pond and the Hardhack, where we used to fish for trout in truant, bare-footed days, Blair's Mill Pond, White Oak Pond,

and Long Pond, and the Little Squam, a beautiful, dark sheet of deep, blue water, about two miles long, stretched amid the green hills and woods, with a charming little beach at its eastern end, and without an island. And then the Great Squam, connected with it on the east by a short, narrow stream, the very queen of ponds, with its fleet of islands, surpassing in beauty all the foreign waters we have seen, in Scotland or elsewhere—the islands, covered with evergreens, which impart their hue to the mass of the lake, as it stretches seven miles on east from its smaller sister, towards the peerless Winnipisockee. Great Squam is as beautiful as water and island can be. But WINNIPISOCKEE—it is the very "Smile of the Great Spirit." And the Indians gave it the name to signify that smile. And, verily, if the propitious glance of creative Power could be left upon its inanimate works, we should think it would play there in the form of this glorious lake. Its finest view, however, is not from North Hill. Red Hill is the place to behold it, and there the Indians must have stood when they gave it its name. Red Hill is near its northern extremity, and we never saw such an object in nature as Winnipisockee seen from its top. It looks as if it had a thousand islands. They tell of three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day in the year. But there must be many more, some of them large enough for little towns, and others not bigger than a swan or a wild duck swimming on its surface of glass. Days might be spent to gratification and profit on the top of North Hill; but we had not the time. Garrison was to speak to the people on American slavery in the afternoon, and we had to curtail our stay. It was with emotions that we can't describe, that we cast our farewell gaze over all that well-remembered, intimately known, *native* region, that lay beneath our feet. It was the scene of most of our mortal existence. Our young footsteps had wandered over most of its localities. Time had cast it all far back. That Pemigewassett, with its meadows and its border trees! That little village, whitening on the margin of its intervale, and that one house we could distinguish among them, where the mother that watched over and endured our wayward childhood, totters at fourscore! We had to turn away and seek refuge from it all in God and ANTI-SLAVERY,

and descended the hill with what cheer we might. O that we could have found an anti-slavery people in the valley below! But they were absorbed in the miserable business of scraping up more than is needful or innocent, of the perishing trash of this world, and in the paltry village habitudes that belong to mercenary life. The interest once felt for humanity, there in the breasts of a choice corps of abolitionists, had faded out under the influence of selfishness, politics and sect. The little minister had got the better of their philanthropy, and they were quietly in his harness at the call of the steeple bell

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FRANCONIA NOTCH AND THE MEETING AT LITTLETON.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 1, 1841.]

We bargained last year with our beloved fellow-traveller Garrison, in the Scottish Highlands, either on Loch Katrine, on board the barge rowed by McFarlan and his three Highlanders, or else as we rode the Shetland ponies from Katrine to Loch Lomond, through "Rob Roy's country," and along his "native heath," and when we were gazing upward at the mist-clad mountains, that if ever we lived to get home again to our dear New England, we would go and show him New Hampshire's sterner and loftier summits, her Haystacks and her White Hills, and their Alpine passes. God in His tender mercy preserved us homeward o'er the terrible sea, and has kept us since amid the vicissitudes of the rolling year. We have performed our promise, and been our stipulated journey. We had gazed together on the Scottish trosachs and Caledonia's mountains, and now have beheld New Hampshire's highlands and her eternal notches and gaps, her lonely mountain peaks and boundless woods. Scotland's "Crags" are "wild and majestic"—but they are no match for ours. They are but *island* mountains. Ours are *continental*. The Ben Lomonds and Ben Nevises of old Scotland rise abruptly from the lowland plains, in distinct and naked elevation. Our great Haystacks and our Mount Washingtons lay away from the

sea and the level country, enshrouded by illimitable woods, amid piled-up hills, and you have to climb as high almost as the Scottish summits, before you get to their feet, and you view them at last, not in the full vigor of untired imagination, as you come to the "Highlands," and with your fancy all afire with poetry and song, but you reach them with imagination jaded and wearied out with hills on hills in everlasting succession, more than you can remember or count, and they stand there all unsung *to speak for themselves*, and you *have to take them as they are*. But we cannot compare them, any more than we can the great men of the old world and the new. We cannot bring them together, that they may show themselves at once before us.

We started from the home of our dear Plymouth kindred, Wednesday morning, the 25th of August, and took our way up the wild Pemigewassett. The road follows that stream some thirty miles to its source in the very notch of the great Franconia mountains, and is perhaps the levelest, as it undoubtedly is the pleasantest of any road of that length, any where in New Hampshire, if not in New England. The mountains shut down upon the river so that the settlers had to stick to the stream. They could not leave it far without coming upon a surface a little *too perpendicular* for even the travelling and inhabiting ambition of the northern regions of the Granite State. The road courses along the diminishing river, and up the narrowing intervales, and between the converging and threatening uplands, that soon *degenerate* into mountains, which though nameless, in a land whose *staple commodity* is hills, would still rank respectably among the chief summits of more southern New England. Beautiful strips of intervale continue all the way up through Campton, Thornton and Woodstock, the picturesque and appropriate name of what was once Peeling, and at the head of *plough navigation*. Woodstock is the last of the towns, though Lincoln has ventured up above her, into the very notch, and has *some families* besides her town officers. Lincoln may be made, however, a comfortable town by temperance and hardy industry. Temperate industry can prosper any where, in spite of mountains and winter; but we would have advised men to stop in their career of emigration

toward the Franconia range, as far short of it at least as Woodstock, until the population, so far up, was a little thicker. Woodstock has a noble population of abolitionists. It was once the haunt of rank party politics; but the temperance reform overrun it some years ago, and then a revival of religion, which seems naturally enough to follow tee-totalism on principle, and being aloof from the more influential sects, the free inhabitants embraced quite generally the doctrines of abolitionism when they were first presented. New Organization, we believe, has not been able to seduce them from their fidelity. If all New Hampshire was as humane and free as Woodstock, she would be the queen State of the Union.

The scenery through Thornton strongly resembles the rural districts of Scotland. It is so like it, that many years ago a considerable number of Scottish emigrants, on their way perhaps to Barnet and Ryegate, settlements of their countrymen in Vermont, were induced to stop short and settle here. The McLellans, the Robertsons, the McDearmids and the McNortons. We remember their musical accent and foreign look, in our boyish days. They have passed away now, and their places are supplied by their half-yankee descendants.

At Tilton's tavern, about twelve miles above Plymouth, we halted for Parnell Beach and Ezekiel Rogers, who were to meet us here from East Campton, and accompany us to the Littleton convention. Nothing seemed wanting to make Tilton's inn a beautiful and very refreshing place for the traveller, but that a horrible, satanical beverage was sold in it, that they call *rum. People buy it to drink!* It is "an enemy." They "take it into their mouths to steal away their brains." "Every cup of it is unblest, and its ingredient is a devil." We saw two men *buy some of it*, and swallow it down deliberately. We remonstrated with them for their suicidal desperation, and with the taverner for furnishing it to them. His excuse was, that folks *would have* it, and he felt obliged to keep it or lose the patronage of the travelling community.

Friends Beach and Rogers arrived, and we all resumed our journey to the mountains. About a dozen miles of excellent

road carried us to Garnsey's tavern, in the immediate neighborhood of the great peaks. We stopped there to refresh ourselves and horses, and to go out to visit the celebrated Flume. We refreshed ourselves, for we had brought some wholesome bread along with us, and got some spring water. Whether our horses got any refreshment, we doubted—for poor Garnsey was so stupidly besotted when we returned from the Flume, that he could not convince us whether he had fed them or not. He run of a notion he had. He thought he had watered them too; but the horses denied that as soon as we led them to the trough. We went out east, to see the Flume, about a mile into the wood. The way was exceedingly romantic. It was a foot-path through the very deepest and heaviest growth of New Hampshire woods. We passed birches as big as mast pines. About a quarter of a mile from the high road, the path pitched down two or three hundred feet, very precipitously, at the bottom of which roared a mountain stream among the rocks, as clear as crystal, and as cold as a well. Our way lay across it on the trunk of a fallen spruce, that required some steadiness to pass. We crossed this stream three or four times more, and came to the cascade. The bed of the stream is here a bare, smooth rock, ascending some ten or fifteen degrees. It is about twice as wide as the stream, which glides down over it, barely covering the mossy rock. It continues up, we should think, several hundred feet. At the foot of it the water dashes into a basin. We walked up dry shod the whole length of the cascade to where the rocks began to wall up on each side and form the entrance way to the Flume. This is a tremendous chasm, cut directly up into the bosom of the mountain—the walls rising on each side, in the highest parts sixty or a hundred feet, as if they had been chiselled in the solid rock. We took no dimensions, but should say the great sluice-way was fifteen or twenty feet wide, and as many rods long. It may be longer. The stream was along the bottom of it, among enormous rocks that have got there, we could not conjecture how. The Flume bends about at the upper end, and we could not see its termination. There seemed no place, from which the rocks could have been rent, in the stupendous walls of the chasm,

which rose up smooth to the top, and we thought they must have been tumbled along down the great trough by the headlong water in time of flood. We were struck with awe at entering it, as we gazed up the giant trench, to spy a massy rock, weighing, we should think, a hundred ton, hanging in the very jaws of the chasm, suspended in the air. It looks, at first sight, as if it was about to fall. It must have dropped into the rift, we imagined, when it was rent asunder by the volcano or earthquake or other mountain throe that opened it, or mayhap some Titan wantonly hurled it down there from the peak of Great Haystack. A wild and picturesque-looking bridge stretches over the chasm a little way from the pendant rock. It is made by the trunk of a mighty tree fallen across there by some hurricane that swept the mountain side. Brother Beach had entered the Flume ahead of the rest of us, and when we had advanced a little way into it, we discovered him, beyond the *accessible* path, clambering by the hands along the side of the great wall. He had doffed his hat, coat and waistcoat, and boots and stockings, and was adventuring for the upper end of the cavern. We feared he would "catch his death of cold"—if he did not get dashed to pieces—for it was as cold and damp as a dungeon. We shouted to him at the top of our voices; but he could not hear us, for the roar of the cataract, and the distance. He soon disappeared at the bend of the Flume, and we saw no more of him, till a cry overhead made us look up, and we beheld him midway of the bridge. If Walter Scott could have had such an incident, he would have made a picture out of it, to immortalize some of his Rob Roys or Helen Mc Gregors. We told brother Beach, after his descent, that we would now risk him for an old-organized anti-slavery agent, and advised him to take the field. We all sung Old Hundred at the foot of the cascade, and made our way back to Garnsey's. After giving the poor benumbed, besotted taverner what exhortation he had sense enough to hear, we paid him for his *problematical* oats, and rode on for the Notch.

The way was most beautiful, through the still, solitary, primeval woods. We hoped a deer would show himself from the wild—but he would not—*not* knowing that we were *no* hunters. The

Pemigewassett brawled along our road side, no longer a river, but a mountain brook—foaming among the rounded rocks and cold enough to drink. The air was moist. "The summer solstice" had scarce "tempered" it. The road was exceedingly fine, and remarkably level, and the trees of the most majestic size. We came to a causeway or kind of bridge over the channel of a little stream, now dried up—that ordinally paid its hurrying tribute to the river, and halted to see "the Basin." We can hardly give a description of it. It is carved by the *chisel* of the whirling stream out of the solid rock—some twenty feet across, the curve on one side rising about that height, leaning over the pool, and the dark evergreens on its brink looking down into its deep, pellucid, agitated bed. The water is mackerel color, but so clear, that the sandy bottom, though fifteen or twenty feet down, looks to be within two or three feet of the surface. It is said that two scientific pedestrians halted here to view it one hot day, and feeling desirous of bathing *their feet*, bantered one another to jump in: one of them tried it, and it was *some time* before he *reappeared* to his amazed companion—who, of course, refrained his *feet* from imitating him. You roll along a mile or two, the road gently undulating through the majestic woods, and fringed with bushes of delightful green—when a vast and overwhelming opening breaks upon you, a boundless *Room* among the mountains, walled on the left by the great Elephant mountain, the rock covered by stunted evergreens *precipicing* up two thousand feet—the blue sky itself scarce visible over its eternal ridge. Before you, at the farther extremity, opens the Notch, *curtained* by the sky of Vermont, which there comes down upon it; and on the right, the wooded, steep side of Lafayette, or Great Haystack. Nothing can exceed the awful sublimity of the great wall on the left. The vast mountain side is clothed with scales of rock, as with a coat of mail, scarred here and there with the old avalanches—while, opposite, the forest side of Lafayette is striped down with the deep green of modern woods, which have grown in the paths of the "slides." At the northern extremity of the great Room you come to view "the Old Man of the Mountain." It is on your left, up, say fifteen hundred feet, a perfect profile of

an aged man, jutting out boldly from the sheer precipice, with a sort of turban on the head and brow; nose, mouth, lip . chin and fragment of neck, all perfect and to the life—and with a little fancy you supply the *cheek* and *ear*. It looks off south-east. It needs no imagination to complete it. It is perfect, as if done by art. But it is up where art has never climbed.

The pond which heads the Pemigewassett lies a mirror at the foot of the almost perpendicular mountain. We followed a foot-path down to its margin, and wandered along its narrow beach to the northern extremity. The view south from here is truly wonderful. The sheer precipice of rock, rising to the sky on the right, and the forest side of Lafayette, as high and almost as steep, on the left, both coming down at the southern extremity of the great apartment in the form of a notch, and the whole floored by the green lake. While we stood pondering the magnificent scene, two or three wagons from the north drove rapidly through the pass. The rattle of their wheels sounded through the vast hollow like the running of a hundred chariots.

The printer calls for copy. We have fallen into a particularity of detail which would take a volume before we got to Littleton, but we have not time to abridge. We must resume our sketch another week, and hope then to reach the White Mountains, and to conduct our readers to their summit, and let them off through their tremendous Gap, in a less tedious manner than we are wearying them with here. No writing is so difficult as this sort of narrative—the selection of facts among so many, and all so interesting, and the difficulty of conveying to the reader the impression made upon yourself, and of sketching scenes that have begun to fade from the memory. To travel well and see well, is rare enough; to tell the story accurately and well, rarer still. It wants, among other things, the plain, colloquial, every-day style, which few writers are *refined* enough and *courageous* enough to adopt.

LITTLETON CONVENTION AND THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 8, 1841.]

WHOEVER would take a week's ride of more interest, gratification and instruction, than any other in New England, will find it from Plymouth, in this State, to the White Mountains, by way of the Franconia Notch,—returning thence to Plymouth by Conway and the Winnipisockee lake. This circuit embraces a greater variety of beauty and grandeur in natural scenery than any the like distance in our knowledge. The White Mountain Notch, it is said, is best seen passed in the other direction, from Conway up. You then ascend it instead of descending, and get the sublime impressions of an *enhancing* approach to those awful piles in the great architecture of God. The other way you get the terrible and the appalling, as you *precipitate* from the level where flows the infant Saco, down through the jaws of the sundered mountain, and seem to be plunging almost to the bottomless abyss—with those frightful masses of fallen rock on every hand, bidding you gaze up to behold other hideous masses toppling to their descent. But the effect of the whole circle of impressions is best attained by witnessing Franconia first. This is sublime enough till you have seen the White mountains. It is indeed grand and awful in itself—but most so before the imagination has been *shattered* and *outraged* by encountering those scenes of elemental strife and havoc, where thunder and earthquake have played their terrible antics about the great rival mountains. To be sure, in the course we prescribe, you visit Winnipisockee and Red Hill *after* both these giant views. But you go for mere beauty there. And the degree of this is such, that no previous grandeur—or previous beauty even—can diminish the sense of it The picture from Red Hill defies competition, as it transcends description. It is the perfection of earthly prospect—only have a clear air and a *fair day*. The *rest is there*, and nothing can mar it or detract from it. Plymouth village, too, is a very pleasant spot to the stranger to rest in, both before and after he has

gone this grand *round* of excitement. Not that it would be pleasant to the anti-slavery traveller (and he is the only one who can enjoy this scenery, or any other, with the emotions of a MAN; others may appreciate a *good road* and a *good tavern*) to look at its pretty meeting-house, all gagged and *glued* up against the free gospel of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, or to consider its smart population ridden to servility by a vain and superficial pro-slavery minister. That would be mortifying, but *for the present* must be borne with. *Time* will cure it, and a *short* time.

Our readers left us last week standing on the margin of the pond at the foot of the "Old Man of the Mountain." We wish we could transport each one of them thither to enjoy the enchantment of that lonely and magnificent spot. But anti-slavery has not leisure to linger about enchanting places. We must away to our labors. We left the pond and the "guide board," that points the eye (not the *foot*) to the Old Genius of the Notch in his house up there above the eagle's haunt, and resumed our ride to Lafayette House, a tavern in the narrowest part of the pass. We did not go into it, and know nothing of its *keeping*; but its location is picturesque beyond all tavern stands we have ever seen. "The Stuarts' Inn," in the trosachs of Scotland, was romantically located—but it could not match this. Behind the house rises a mountain wall a thousand feet on high, hung with woods of evergreen that anchor from top to bottom in the rifts of the rock. You may pretty accurately measure its elevation by the tiers of spruces that grow one above another all the way up, and of nearly equal height. The great cliffs at the summit seem to jut out over the inn. It were almost worth the journey there to drink a draught from the lead pipe water-spout that stands across the road, and pours out living water, equal to any that ever bubbled up from a white sand spring, enough to water a whole village.

We resumed our ride. It led down a most beautiful *scolloping* road, gently descending through the majestic woods. We passed another pond on our right—the head-water of the wild Ammonoosuck.

It is scarce a bow-shot distance from the head pond of Pemigewassett. There these waters start on their distant destinations; one to seek the sea at Newburyport, by way of the *freshets* Merrimack, and the other at Long Island Sound by the sluggish Connecticut, and its fat, Lethean, pro-slavery valley The Ammonoosuck pond is an enchanting sheet of water. It is embosomed closely among these solitary woods. It is hard by the Lafayette House, and abounds with trout. The water fowl have probably not discovered it. What a place for the invalid from the pent-up city to come and sail on, in the hot summer months, in a beautiful highland barge! Let them come and inhale health and invigoration with these mountain breezes—but don't let them bring their paltry fishing gear or their sporting *'coutrements*. Let no man cast a *knavish* hook into these peopled waters, or discharge a *felon* gun at the gentle deer that stoops to drink on their wild margin. Humanity does not *sport* with fowling pieces or fish-hooks. Let poverty on the sea-board—provided it can't get bread out of the generous earth—sustain itself on the uncouth cod and halibut, that are fools enough to *speculate* on the temptations it may throw in their way. But the pretty mountain trout—let them live, and the bounding deer. There is enough to eat in New Hampshire without resorting to take their lives.

A few miles descending ride brought us out of the woods and opened upon us a new world. From the very heart of the mountains you emerge on an expanded level, stretching away to the Connecticut, and terminating with the distant hills of Vermont. Some half dozen miles from Lafayette tavern, you settle down iuto the village at the Franconia Iron Works—the famous region for cold, where the mercury sinks down as far below zero, as the bottom of the valley does below the peak of Great Haystack. Emerging from the woods, this giant mountain shows itself, as you look back, in all its Alpine majesty. You behold its naked summit, with its quarter mile of bare cliff, reposing solemnly in "the upper sky"—the fugitive clouds ever and anon hurrying past its top, while down its mighty ravine from the extreme of vegetation to its base, descends the dreadful slide, *gathering* inward from the slopes on either hand, like the great British side of the Niagara,

where the waters of the lakes concentrate to their final fall. The resemblance of this slide to the great cataract at the curve of the Horse-shoe is very palpable, and struck us instantly at beholding it.

As we rode through the Notch after friends Beach and Rogers, we were alarmed at seeing *smoke* issue from their chaise top, and cried out to them that their chaise was a-fire! We were more than suspicious, however, that it was something worse than that, and that the *smoke* came out of friend Rogers' mouth. And it so turned out. This was before we reached the Notch tavern. Alighting there to water our beasts, we gave him, all round, a faithful admonition. For anti-slavery does not fail to spend its intervals of public service in mutual and searching correction of the faults of its friends. We gave it soundly to friend Rogers,—that he, *an abolitionist*, on his way to an *anti-slavery* convention, should desecrate his *anti-slavery* mouth and that glorious *Mountain Notch*, with a stupifying tobacco weed. We had halted at the Iron Works tavern to refresh our horses, and, while they were eating, walked to view the Furnace. As we crossed the little bridge, friend Rogers took out another cigar, as if to light it when we should reach the fire. "Is it any malady you have got, brother Rogers," said we to him, "that you smoke that thing, or is it habit and indulgence merely?" It is nothing but habit, said he, gravely, or I would say it *was* nothing else, and he significantly cast the little roll over the railing into the Ammonoosuck. "A revolution," exclaimed Garrison, "a glorious revolution without noise or *smoke*;" and he swung his hat cheerily about his head. It was a pretty incident, and we joyfully witnessed it, and as joyfully record it. It was a vice abandoned, a self-indulgence denied, and from principle. It was quietly and beautifully done. We call on any smoking abolitionist to take notice and to take pattern. Anti-slavery wants her mouths for other uses than to be flues for besotting tobacco smoke. They may as well almost be rum-ducts as tobacco-funnels. And we rejoice that so few mouths or noses in our ranks are thus profaned. Abolitionists are generally as *crazy* in regard to rum and tobacco, as in regard to slavery. Some of them refrain from eating flesh and drinking tea and cof-

tee. Some are so *bewildered* that they won't *fight* in the way of *christian retaliation*, to the great disturbance of the churches they belong to, and the annoyance of their pastors. They do not embrace these "new-fangled notions" as abolitionists--but then one fanaticism leads to another, and they are getting to be *monomaniacs*, as the *Reverend* brother Punchard called us, on *every* subject.

The Furnace was not in blast. Its fires were out, and we walked on the white incrustations at the bottom of its lofty chimney, and looked up its ample *tube* which we had once seen filled to the top with glowing red coal and ore, burning for months with a heat that *distilled* the liquid iron like rain down into a fiery sea that weltered below. It was cold and void now. Had any of us *faith* enough to walk *unharmed* in it, should "Public Sentiment" arouse again in our midst, and heat it seven times beyond its wont! Its enormous bellows, whose breathing when in action was like a hurricane in the Notch, was at rest, and we could lay our hand with impunity on its giant muzzle. We have seen the glowing ore blaze under its influence, with the intense brilliancy of a star. There is something depressing in a great *suspended* establishment like this. The *absence* of the busy men, and the *cessation* of the machinery and of the hum and bustle of their labor, *fill* the place with *vacuity* and *solitude*.

We rode on five miles to Littleton, and brother Garrison and ourself were welcomed most heartily and affectionately by Edmund Carleton and his interesting family. Other open hearts in the village welcomed our companions. Littleton is a very considerable village, a place of a good deal of enterprise, activity, intelligence and taste. It has a goodly number of sterling abolitionists. The commanding influences of the village are far enough from anti-slavery, but they are altogether above that petty pro-slavery that shuts up meeting-houses, or flings clubs or *unmerchantable* eggs at abolitionists. Whether it is pride, or good taste, or *sagacious* opposition, we do not say. The place is not parson-ridden, like our poor town of Plymouth. We held our meeting in the meeting-house. Not the Reverend Mr. *Worcester's*—though he preaches in it. He does not *own* it. He does not say, "my

pulpit," or "I dwell among *mine own people*," like the reverend master in Israel who insolently shut William Lloyd Garrison out of the Plymouth meeting-house the other day, and compelled the people who wanted to hear him, to go over the river into the woods. Reverend Mr. Worcester does not *own* the Littleton people or *their* public buildings. The Plymouth pastor does. He dwells among *his own people*. To be sure, they neither love him nor respect him, if they speak the truth—but they are afraid, and they dread and hate anti-slavery, and they worship their temple and their sect, and they are obliged to keep their superficial minister, and exhaust themselves to afford him a genteel maintenance. They have no respect for him, though they feel some vanity on the score of his genteel breeding. They selected him, we remember, with especial reference to his *gentility*. The ambitious young folks had got so *popular* that they felt ashamed of poor, old, unfashionable Parson Ward, and sent off to Andover to get a genteeler minister. They got one, and turned the old gentleman away. We did what we could to prevent it. Pa. Ward was an inveterate sectarian; but then he had *mind* and *humility*, and there was some heart and gospel in his preaching. He would have been an abolitionist but for his sectarianism. He meant to be a minister of Christ; and a minister of *Christ* would hardly, we should think, have consented to go into a place from which such an elder brother had been ejected, and for such a cause. But friend Punchard probably saw the *spiritual* wants of the people on the score of *manners*, and sacrificed his scruples at father Ward's treatment, out of *love to the cause*. He *hired* with them, at a genteel salary. They could not give father Ward $333·33. They readily raised $500 and over for his accomplished successor. It was done by the fashionable influences that had moved in from more *popular* regions. The old Plymouth folks had to stand round. The modern divine was settled, and he—"dwells among *his own people*." We are digressing—but it is all in the way of the cause. The Plymouth divine insults anti-slavery, when it comes to address the people on behalf of the bleeding slave, and the people can't have a chance to hear in *their own* meeting-house! And it behoves us to proclaim it.

The Reverend Mr. Worcester did not show his head at the convention. He was at home, and well enough to attend, for we saw him next morning at work about his door yard, in *his shirt sleeves*, as we passed his elegant dwelling. It would have been a compromise of his clerical dignity to meet with Garrison, and last of all would the son of "Cephas" be seen at a convention with the editor of the Herald of Freedom! We are ashamed for friend Worcester, for he has some *mind*, and ought to be above this clerical foppery.

A goodly attendance of the people was at the convention. The flower of the village intelligence and education was there, but we had rather met the laboring poor—the humble men and the humble women. Anti-slavery will make sudden work of it, when those classes dare venture to our meetings. They are now kept back by prejudice and influence.

Jonathan P. Miller from Montpelier was present—Mr. Marsh from Danville—and Dr. John Dewey from Guildhall, Vermont, and all took active and interesting part in the meeting. We had a fragment of the proceedings put into our hand, but have mislaid it. Edmund Carleton was President, and a brother from the other side the Connecticut, Secretary. Garrison, Beach, and Dewey, we believe, Business Committee. T. P. Beach prayed at opening of the meeting,—not by *appointment* of the President,—but of his own accord. We hope he prayed in fact, as well as form—a thing, we fear, not often done in public. The resolutions passed were, one declaring abolitionists had abundant reason to thank God and take courage in view of the past, and another that slavery was not a southern but a national institution, and one for which the North was eminently answerable—and that *here* was the place—*this* the very people, and *now* the time, when, among whom, and where, to agitate the anti-slavery question, and overthrow the slave system.

Garrison let out his giant moral strength in full swing on both these resolutions. It was exalting and soul-refreshing to hear him. We were rejoiced that some of our Woodstock friends were there to hear him. If we mistook not, they got a glorious feast. Two of the respectable citizens of Littleton were manly

enough and unacquainted enough with the anti-slavery question, to venture into the arena of discussion against Garrison. They were Major George Little and J. N. Bellows, Esq., an instructor in the village. They were of course quickly discomfited. It is no disparagement to them—nor do we mention it in any trifling feeling. They ought to be abolitionists, and we publicly tell them so. And if they appeared awkwardly in the hands of Garrison, it is only what the first pro-slavery talent in the country would do, were it honest enough and manly enough to venture the trial. The law champions and the divinity champions, and the doctors of all sorts would be mere fuel for the fire in the hands of the despised and abhorred Garrison. Able and interesting speeches were made by brothers Beach and Ezekiel Rogers. Brother Beach was calm, quiet and argumentative,—not so animated as we expected from a captive who had so recently "burst his cerements," and escaped his thraldom. Perhaps he remembered his clerical brethren yet in bondage, and their blind, stumbling, ditch-going followers. Ezekiel Rogers was original, humorous and forcible, as he is wont to be. He gave it to us in genuine *cordwainer* style. He is a kind of John Hawkins in our enterprise. Hawkins is a hatter. If he were a gentleman of liberal education, he would be shorn of chief his power. We are glad friend Rogers is a *shoe-maker*. Pro-slavery has learned that he wields *awl*, *knife* and *hammer*. He takes a strong anti-slavery *stitch*, and his work don't *rip*.

Garrison lectured to a full auditory in the evening, and we mistake if he did not make a deep, convicting impression on many minds. Why then don't they espouse our cause? Why don't they come forward, as the hearers of the ancient apostles *sometimes* did, with a "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Why, it would destroy their respectability, and they, therefore, "*do not like our measures.*"

Friday noon—the 27 August, having visited as many of our dear anti-slavery friends as we could—we parted with our kind entertainers, and took our way to the great mountains. The day was lowering and threatened us a rainy time; but we gave weather and all else cheerily into the Hands that alone can regulate them,

and wended our way in high spirits. We passed the pleasant village of Bethlehem. It is a name connected with memorable events in the history of the human family. Nothing occurred to attract our notice in this modern Bethlehem, but the tokens it afforded us of vicinity to the great elevations we were going to visit. We looked out for the summits. We had ourself once before been there, but the atmosphere was so surcharged with smoke and mist, that we could recognize but little that we remembered. We descried several summits on our way that might have challenged the high distinction we were looking to bestow, but we withheld all allegiance, till within a mile or two of the first Mountain tavern, when we descried through the thick atmosphere a gloomy range of mountain—its summit, or summits, hid in thick clouds, and its awful breast gashed and lacerated with the mighty slides. We at once recognized it as the high object of our journey. Nothing could exceed its awful majesty and vastness. Every thing around us had for some time betokened that we were in the suburbs of one of the capitals of nature. The majestic woods, the tremendous elevation of the mountain ranges, and the vastness of the forest—the stillness in the air, and its altered temperature; and the majestic roar of the Ammonoosuck along its bed of precipices spoke of its mountain *descent*, and that its fountains could not be far distant. It was a glorious hour. We rejoiced to introduce our beloved companion to these regal solitudes of our native State, and to find him full of appreciation, and ready to acknowledge the fulfilment of our pledge in the Scottish Highlands to show him an overmatch of Caledonia's mountains, on our own side of the Atlantic. It began to rain a little just as we entered the great level, and we hastened forward, and in good time to avoid the wet, reached Fabyan's "White Mountain House," formerly kept by the mountaineer Ethan Allen Crawford.

A storm appeared drifting up from the neighborhood of the Notch, which lay four miles to the south-east of us; but it blew by, and we had the prospect of fair weather the next day to ascend the mountain. We sallied out to view the objects of interest about the house. A pair of immense moose horns hung

suspended on the front of the inn. The wearer of them had once *trotted* among these mountains. He was taken, we believe, and despoiled of his branching honors by old Ethan Crawford. Near them hung the sign of the "White Mountain Post Office." A pleasant idea—as it was for the accommodation of visiters, while here away from their homes. A poor little raccoon was *semi-circling* the length of his *brief* chain by the fence in the yard. Garrison characteristically insisted that he should have *more range*. Over the fence a full-grown bear ranged round a tall post in the centre of his precinct. The bear corresponded with the general scene better than the post. That would have better become a zoological garden or menagerie—for it stood in sight of the bear's native woods. We would have been glad to see the noble savage break loose from his chain and off to the woods on the side of Mount Washington. We crossed the road, and went up on to the Giant's Grave—the appropriate name of a mound rising out of the level plain, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, some sixty broad, and thirty or forty feet high. The Ammonoosuck glides pleasantly past its head. Ethan Crawford used to fire his swivel on the top of it at nightfall, to thunder up the mountain echoes. We found the breech of the old gun, blown off about mid way from the mouth. At sunset a party came in from the mountain on horseback—of gentlemen and ladies. It was quite picturesque to "see them on their winding way" and hear their merry shouts. We were glad to find some civil old acquaintance among them—*civility* in old acquaintance not being so frequent a thing *now* with us, as it was once. A pleasanter thing still was to find an *anti-slavery* young lady in the party. We are sorry not to have learned her name.

We found a very neat and elegant table at Fabyan's, and every accommodation about the house of corresponding character, except that *drink* was to be had at his bar. It was drink that brought down the great strength of Ethan Crawford to the ground. Let friend Fabyan take timely warning, and banish that DEVIL from his premises.

We were surprised at the blast of a bugle from out before the house just at dusk, and more so, when we got out, to hear its

echoes. Across the great meadow out westward from the road lay a pretty high mountain, stretching parallel with the road, and covered with a heavy growth of evergreen forest. The echoes came from that mountain. A young man had a tin trumpet about six feet long, which he blew and was answered in the most extraordinary manner from the mountain. He was rather awkward at it; but presently Fabyan himself came out and wound that tin horn with a spirit and power that we never before witnessed—and the responses that came back from the mountain surpassed all music we ever heard from man. It was a simple, straight *tin* horn. Fabyan said that more than two thousand men had blown it; "but," said he, "there is not a man in the United States that can blow it with me." We could readily believe it. He had not the giant size of Crawford, but there was a good deal of the hero in him, and the gallant manner in which he winded that *tin tube* was most inspiring. He poised it against the dark, hemlock mountain side, and mustering his breath, sent it towards the woods, with an energy and spirit that made us start from our feet. A bold, abrupt bursting clarion blast *trumped* out from it, in three or four wild bugle notes. This of itself completely satisfied our inordinate love of wild music; but after a few moments the answer would come from the mountain—first in distinct but softened echo, tone for tone, and as if from the extreme right of the woods, shortly after it echoed again, less distinctly and from a little toward the left—shortly after again still farther on, and still less distinctly, and so moving along the face of the woods as if a band of the Spirits of the mountain were marching there, to their unearthly alchemy, till it terminated in a blast of all the echoes at once, mingled together and shed forth from the whole woods in one harmonious, trembling, ravishing strain, dying away over the ridge among the hollows of the mountains. Again the gallant trumpeter challenged the echoes on a different key, and the woods and mountains answered him accordingly, and he went through all the compass of the natural bugle. We cannot describe it. It was the more striking for the homely simplicity of the instrument—*made* by a *Littleton tinker*—and from its being totally unexpected. We have an ear for music, that we would not *swap*

with any body. We *know good sounds*. And we have heard music before. We have heard the bursts from the orchestra of the theatre, (a *good while ago*;) the Handel and Hayden concerts, and Zeuner's organ; we have heard the wild lament of the Boston Brass Band, as with their nodding, black ostrich feathers, they swept through Summer street. We have heard the chants in Westminster Abbey, and the breath of the mighty organ towering up from its chancel like a little church, as it reverberated away among its arches, and along its interminable aisles. But we never heard mortal sounds to be named with the *echoes of Fabyan's tin horn!* We summon brother Garrison to bear witness.

The sun rose fair next morning, and immediately after breakfast we prepared to set out for the mountains. We got a fair view this morning, for the first time, of the top of Mount Washington. We borrowed a fraction of a straw hat from friend Fabyan, and a coat that had seen White Mountain service. Our party consisted of eight, beside the guide. Three gentlemen, one of them a learned Professor, and three ladies, one the Professor's wife, the others, maiden ladies, we believe—a daughter of Dr. Payson, and a sister of the poet and literary trifler N. P. Willis. The guide was Oliver Fabyan, brother of our host. After riding perhaps a mile, we turned off to the left into the path to the mountain. Garrison's horse was "The Lady Wilder"—ours "The Fanny Ellsler," an Arabian and a fleet, beautiful traveller, but of a very mischievous disposition. She struck at us with her fore foot very spitefully, as we were passing, in the piazza of the tavern in the morning, where she stood tied. Thereupon we selected her to carry us up the mountain.

At entering the woods the guide directed us to ride single file, and to take distance, a precaution we soon found needful, for the gentleman who followed us coming up too near, Fanny Ellsler kicked up at him with great vivacity. We crossed the Ammonoosuck into a meadow, and had a capital view of the mountains. Our path lay through woods most of the way for six miles to the foot of Mount Washington. The growth was very large—some birches and pines the very largest we ever saw growing. Fires

were burning about, and had consumed the very soil, and the tree roots. Our company had ascertained our names, and consequently demeaned themselves towards brother Garrison and ourself as became persons of respectability towards persons of *notoriety*. There were no positive manifestations of annoyed reputability, that we noticed—but a very uncomfortable lack of freedom of remark and action. We did not humor it a great deal; but it would have been far pleasanter to us to have had the congenial company we enjoyed in the Franconia woods. We hope anti-slavery will, by and by, be reckoned less *ungenteel*.

We crossed the Ammonoosuck for the last time at the very foot of the mountain, and began our two mile ascent. The guide ordered us to mind our distance, to bear forward as hard on the mane as possible, give the horses the entire reins, and take courage. We commenced our clamber, and found it an awkward business to keep the saddle. About a hundred rods up, the guide ordered a halt at a spring. We had got thirsty, and the water was glorious. The Professor took out his thermometer and thrust it into it; but we were so *dry*, we did not learn what he declared was the temperature. He had said something about *barometers* on the way, and about his being able to make one out of cane. We resumed our climbing, which soon began to try the breath of our steeds very sorely. Miss Ellsler would have cut a sorry figure on the dancing boards before we got half way up—though she retained her *good* temper to the top. Garrison's *Lady* lost two shoes. We persevered—not talking much—for it was terrible steep, and we had to mind our ways, crawling up precipices, and between trees, and round sharp rocks and among roots. We passed a wigwam or two, covered with spruce bark. We were obliged to halt frequently to breathe the panting horses. The dignified reserve of our fellow-travellers abated a little before we got up out of the woods, and appeared considerably spent before we reached the verge of vegetation. The lessening trees at length announced that we were nearing the bare mountain side, which was an encouragement that we began to need—and our poor steeds more than we. They panted pitifully, and looked as if they would implore us not to go any farther, though they seemed to understand

what they were about, and as if they had been there before. The trees diminished till our heads were among their boughs, and kept lessening—preserving their entire form, till they were mere dwarfs—very ugly looking, with their stout trunks not more than a foot high, and their sturdy, scraggy boughs. At last they became mere roots, crooking about on the surface of the soil. Then followed some kind of berry bush, very stinted, and lastly moss, and the dismal, naked, weather-worn rocks.

After we got out on to the naked ridges, the climbing was appalling. We did not dare look at it. Occasionally, as we cast an eye to right and left, *across our hip*, we saw clear down the mountain a thousand feet or two, and so horribly precipitous that a false step would seem to have sent us to the very bottom. We should not have dared climb a step farther—scarcely on foot; but people had ridden up and down there in safety—they had the day before, and said there was no danger. We *inferred* therefore it was safe. But to get down that steep we did not see it could be possible—any more than riding down the dome of St. Paul's. Miss Payson's heart failed her, and she said she could go no farther. We told her there could be no danger, and that we did not *dare* be afraid, and there was nothing to do but to go on. Ladies had gone up and down yesterday, we told her, on these very horses. She thereupon ventured on again awhile; but it grew so frightful, she had to desist, and stopped. The Professor stopped with her, and we saw no more of them till we got half way back to Fabyan's from the foot of the mountain.

When we passed the most dizzy ridges, our guide would hasten his ascent, and sing his wild songs to divert our apprehensions. We see him now—on his red horse, with our commissariat saddle-bags flapping against his sides,—high above our head, turning the point of a cliff, and singing "Some love to roam," at the top of his cry. "A chosen band, in a *mountain* land." We could realize the "*land*"—but for his next line,

"And a life in the woods for me,"

we had little fancy,—though we wished we were down somewhere in the neighborhood of *woods* again. We felt a desperate

inclination, however, to go on up. We reached at length a more level region, and descried at some little distance in the thick mist the stone tavern. It is about a quarter of a mile from the summit of the mountain. It is built of stones laid in moss, and roofed with rafters and long shingle. We saw on the way up where they made them, as high up, of course, as they could find shingle timber. We dined at the stone tavern, and the guide had brought up some water from the spring—luckily, for the mountain springs in the neighborhood of the tavern were all dried up—a thing the guide said he had never known before. The walls of the inn were inscribed around with the names of *travellers* who had *stopped* there. We left the horses here, and proceeded to the summit on foot. We can hardly conceive a more desolate spot than that stone tavern, or idea than of being alone there in the night, in a storm, or in the winter. It would truly be "out of Humanity's reach." Near the tavern the road came in from Tom Crawford's, who keeps at the Notch four miles from Fabyan's. But we noticed there was *no guide board up.*

We reached the top of Mount Washington about one o'clock. We could see nothing but a few rods of bare rocks around us, so thick was the white mist. A pile of stones, surmounted by a limb of a tree stuck up for a flag staff perhaps,—a few feet high, marked the highest spot on the summit. There we were, but had no prospect at all. Found some disabled honey bees crawling about on the stone heap. The surface of the rocks was exceedingly ragged. Some cold cloud water lay in the hollows worn into them. The air was warmer than we expected to find it, and we felt no difference in breathing it on account of its *rarity.* The Professor could have told us why it was no colder up there. After staying about there something like an hour, waiting for a breath to clear away the mist and let us look off towards the ocean and *Old England,* &c., we were obliged to set out to go down. Somewhere near the stone tavern, however, the clouds went off and disclosed us a glorious prospect off to the westward. We could see the Franconia mountains, the entire White Mountain range as far as to the Notch, the successive peaks Jefferson Monroe and others, and the vast sweep from top

to bottom of their sides, immense ridges, covered with woods and torn with slides, extending from each summit down to the world below. Mount Adams was on our right—the others on the left. We are sorry they bear these *presidential* names. Mount Washington is well enough, though he was nothing but a statesman, a hero, and a slaveholder. Mount Adams is something—and connecting it with John Quincy, carries something of moral sublimity. But who can *sublimate* at the name of Monroe? We shall have a Mount Jackson, and a Mount Van Buren next, and a Mount Tyler! Brother Leavitt, of the Emancipator, would put in for Mount Birney, and friend Tracy of the People's Advocate, for a Mount Hoyt! We wish somebody had named the White Hills besides our president-worshippers. It belittles them mightily to associate them with that petty office. We like better the sound of MONT BLANC, or CHIMBORAZO, or our own MOOSEHILLOCK, or MONADNOCK. But every one to their taste.

We discovered on the ridge off down at our left two small, clear, beautiful ponds—as blue as the sky, and about as large as a pair of spectacles—the fountains of the Ammonoosuck. We could trace that stream from the foot of the mountain down below them, all the way through the seven mile woods to Fabyan's. All the vast valley lay revealed at our feet, or far, far down below us in a lower world, from which we seemed to be entirely removed and separated. To the north-east we had a prospect as far as the Green Mountains—and under an opening in the cloud, we saw the distinct summit of the great Mansfield Mountain, their highest peak—which showed very finely. But we must hasten down, after turning aside towards Mount Adams, which now lay clear before us, and taking the view to the north-east. A tremendous precipice falls off behind the neck between Mounts Washington and Adams, apparently down to the very base, and nearly perpendicular. We saw a brook in the valley below. It was the Androscoggin, and we could trace that stream from there all the way along an immense stretch of country, till it enlarged into a considerable river.

As to our descent, we were astonished to find it not only practicable, but comparatively easy and safe. We gave our sagacious

and careful horses the reins—leaned back as far as we could on the saddles, and let them pick their way down the awful steeps. The world below looked to us as it must to a ballooner looking over his car-railing,—only we were connected with it by something besides air. We descended some of the steepest parts on foot, and let the horses go loose. Before we got down half way, however, we felt entirely at ease, and brother Garrison and we sung psalms, in good time and harmony, a long way down through the woods. We reached the bottom in safety, and a little before sunset reached Fabyan's. We shall say no more of our entertainments there, than that our gallant landlord treated us to another serenade in the evening on his horn, with accompaniments from the *echo band* in the mountains. He added to it this evening a shot or two from the fragment of the old gun,—which he made speak to fine effect by ramming and hammering it full of powder brought that day from below the Notch. The echoes were very impressive and awful. The Professor remarked, in the midst of Fabyan's concert, that it was the opinion of President Edwards that every leaf of a forest helped add something to the power of an echo. There was a glorious moon over head. Some one of us noticed its splendor, when the Professor informed us that the mountains in it were about as high as the White Mountains.

The next morning we took leave of our tavern company, and rode to spend Sunday in the *broad aisle* of the Notch. It was a fair morning, and we enjoyed a most pleasant and instructive ride with our beloved companion along the valley road. How much more pleasant and profitable, and, we trust, more acceptable to God, than if spent in the temples of sect and superstition, proffering the sacrifices of Jerusalem and the mountains of Samaria to Him who is a Spirit, and who "seeketh such to worship Him, as worship in spirit and in *truth!*" Christianity feels itself at home every where and at all times,—none the more, however, among the mountains than on the plains. It does not have to go to the stupendous works of God to find evidence of His existence or His presence. It sees Him in the grass blade by the roadside, or the dust of the street, as well as in the mountain or the

cloud. It feels the kingdom of God within the heart that has embraced it,—and goes not to find God in temples made with hands.

We passed Thomas Crawford's "Notch House" four miles from Fabyan's. A little below his house we entered a chasm in the rocks—a precipice, almost perpendicular on the left hand, and sloping but little on the right. The pass is just wide enough to admit the narrow road and the narrower stream which flows beside it, and which is the river Saco. Passing a little on, the road turns suddenly to the left, and leaves you abruptly upon a frightful abyss. It opens directly before you, and you seem about to plunge into it. It is a gulf some hundred feet in depth. The little stream is lost in it and disappears,—while you avoid the same fate, by turning to the left under the very eaves of the precipice which seems to overhang your path. Overawed and humbled, you move timidly down the steep and narrow road,—precipice *above* you on the left and *below* you on the right, guarded only by a fragile railing. Adown the channel of the stream lay hideous rocks in the attitude of having fallen there from the high cliffs above on your left, while along their terrible walls other masses of the cliffs look as if they were loosening to their fall, and you can hardly help feeling that the time of their descent has come. The mountain wall rises on either side apparently two thousand feet, and the scene between them is beyond description. The sides of the mountains on either hand are torn all to pieces, and you see nothing but havoc and ruin and desolation on every side, and on the vastest scale. Every thing looks as if thunder and lightning had struck it, or volcano hove it up—or earthquake rent it, or deluge flooded and washed it away. Rocks and gravel and sand, that have come down in slides from the mountains all along the Notch for half a dozen miles, present you with a hideous picture, relieved by nothing but its *vastness*. The road crosses and recrosses the little stream, which seems to have been driven to shift its channel, from time to time, by the damming up of the slides. Soon after you enter the Notch, a cascade is seen descending eight hundred or a thousand feet from the mountain on the left. The long drought had nearly exhausted it, and its *perpendicular*

bed was bare. In ordinary seasons it is a gorgeous sight to see its high cascades leaping down the inaccessible ledges, and flashing in the sun. A few small trees and bushes grow along the bottom of the great gulf, to enliven the general desolation. The contrast in this respect with the verdant Franconia Pass is complete.

We descended along the gravelly road, whose materials had been furnished from regions far above, about two miles from the entrance of the Notch, when we descried a solitary house—standing a little elevated from the road on the right—uninhabited, and grown about with raspberry bushes, and an empty barn nearly opposite to it on the left. A tremendous slide, apparently of modern occurrence, had channeled down the mountain directly above it, to within a few rods of the dwelling, where a ledgy mound diverted it to the left until it reached the foot, when it curved about to the right, and in a flood of gravel, rocks and sand swept just past the corner of the barn, across the valley. It was "The Willey House." Its dreadful story is well known. We explored its desolate interior. We went into the bed rooms where the slumbers of the ill-fated inmates had been broken on that terrible night by the voice of the slide, and into the kitchen where they had lived, with the desolate hearth around which they had often gathered and heard the evening storms howling along the Notch. The old cupboards and the chambers—we explored all, where these our fellow-creatures had once occupied. The walls and plastering were scrawled over with names. We wrote brother Garrison's and our own *linked together* on the wall with a fragment of coal. It might interest some *abolitionist* who should explore there after we are at rest. We went up the Slide nearly to its centre. It was of tremendous depth, and had ploughed out the ledges of rock and swept them to the gulf below with a terrible power. The house stood directly in its path, and had it gone a few rods farther in its first direction, it would have passed right over it. The little mound of defence turned it aside, and the affrighted family rushed out of safety into its current, and perished.

The aspect of the region here is peculiarly desolate, and this

lonely house is in full keeping with the scenery around. As far up the Notch as you can see, all is torn and ravaged with the successive slides, as if Ruin had driven its mighty ploughshare over and over again from top to bottom of the lacerated mountains. The rains are said to fall here in floods, and the darkness and cold in winter to be of almost polar intensity. After lingering some hours in this valley of death, we resumed our way along a most beautiful and gently descending road—fringed with flowers and wild grass—about six miles to the elder Crawford's, at the south-eastern terminus of the Notch. The mountains retreated gradually as we went on, till the narrow pass expanded into the broad intervales along the Saco, and that stream, which had entered the Notch side by side with us, sharing equally the contracted passage with our scanty road, had grown a river, with its toll bridges and its canoes—when we reached the pretty town of Conway. We there passed the night, meeting a gang of slave owners from the South, mousing their heartless way up to see *our* White Mountains. We could hardly imagine what they wanted to go there for. We should think they would much rather go *alligatoring* in Oakafennoke or Dismal Swamp! They found out Garrison, and the way they glowered at him next morning from behind one another, would have "been a caution" to a painter. They told the tavern folks they wished they had him at the South. Poor nerveless murderers! They would not dare look him in the face.

But we must break off—our sheet is overflowed, our pen-arm tired out, and our readers' patience spent. We promise to write no more of these mountain jaunts, but short articles in future, on less "*extrancous* topics." We hope our beloved fellow-traveller will give his own continuance of our tour as he has begun it. If he will, we will furnish it to our readers, by way of compensation and atonement.

POETRY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Nov. 5, 1841.]

We are troubled to find it to fill our "Corner." We can find verses enough, but they are not equal to the station of "Poet's Corner" in an anti-slavery sheet, these days of fiery trial. Anti-slavery poetry should be a stream of living fire. We examine our little exchange list, and we find nothing beside the sentimentalism of pro-slavery brains, or rant about the ballot box, a theme as heartless to us as the billiard table. Anti-slavery poetry goes clad in "words that burn" like lava. It demands the nerve of Pierpont—his brief, palpitating, almost *suppressed* words. Poetry "rolls her eye" "with a fine frenzy" indeed, when she sees Humanity chained. She is indignant, hard on the borders of frenzy. She loses her self-command. She cannot retain it, and she need not, and ought not. Self-command were treason in the poet when he looks on Human Slavery.

Where is Whittier now, that we no more see his verses streaming up like a "meteor to the troubled air?" What has paisied his muse? Why does he no longer furnish anti-slavery with the poetry for her movement? New Organization has touched his glorious genius with her torporific wand—and he soars not above the dunghill of Third Party. He ought to be in the blue sky, or rather the stormy sky, for we have no blue over us. He ought to be abroad in the moral tempest—letting down sheets of fire—for anti-slavery to inflame her press with. We call on him to come to life again. We demand it of him. We summon him to sacrifice even his *poet pride*, and into the field again, although the display of his gorgeous crest would be an admission that he had faltered. No matter for admissions. He has the Promethean fire. The cause wants it. It don't *need* it. That is—it can live without it. It *has* lived without it. But it wants it. It has right to it. He cannot innocently withhold it. We claim it at his hands for the slave. The slave will want liberty a little the longer for his withholding it. Anti-slavery marches irregularly for lack of the music of his numbers. She can't keep step. She

listens for the strain of his trumpet—its old clarion blast—that made the land quake in the early years of our Revolution. But she listens in vain. He has hung his bugle on the dog-wood boughs of New Organization, or the limbs of the *swamp* "Cedar." He plays, to be sure, at times for 3d Party—but it is on *the fife*. Anti-slavery can't march after that. She has no ear for it. She cannot "time" her high "footsteps" to the fife and drum. She wants the moral trumpet. Cannot Whittier again give it breath?

And Pierpont—we have a demand on him. He sees the *irregular* footstep of our anti-slavery forlorn hope—for lack of moral, martial music. Our phalanx is on the steady advance—but it loses a step now and then. It is out of line. We want the music. Music is every thing in a battle. We will conquer without it, but then we *want* it.

O that we could blow the anti-slavery horn! We would find our own music then, and would not be asking these trumpeters to come and play. And if we have to ask them, before they blow, they can do us no service. Their trumpets would give an uncertain sound, and prepare no one for the battle. They must be volunteers. They must give anti-slavery breath to their alchemy, or it will only dispirit our ranks. We want no Swiss Guard music. We care nothing for it. No matter for its glittering brass instruments flashing in the sun. Anti-slavery, self-moved, breathing at the head of the host—though it blows through White Mountain Fabyan's long tube of tin, the rough Conch shell, or the ruder Ram's Horn—that is the inspiration we want. Pierpont can discourse, if he will, on his graceful instrument. We point him to the plantation, and then to the entire country backing up the scenes of the plantation. His own country—enslaved and enslaving—the very Religion of the land forging fetters and platting whips for the infernal service. Need we more than show him this, to set his fervid soul on fire? If he will not flame at this, his fire is false. "The light" he *strays* after, is not "from Heaven." We point him to the plantation and the *country*, and then to our vacant Corner—empty and silent for want of an anti-slavery muse in the land. A word to the *wise* is enough—see if it is to the *Genius*.

SECTARIAN WORSHIP.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Nov. 12, 1841.]

We can laugh at "Mahometan delusion," and popish superstition, as it prostrates itself before its gross and degrading idols, but we are blind as bats to the equally ridiculous and impious mockery of our own "worship." Anti-slavery must cry out against it—for it is made the Chinese wall in the way of the peaceful abolition of slavery. We sat last Sunday at our window, meditating an effort for our little engine of Humanity, when we were recalled from anxious thought, by the passage through the streets of the broken-up meetings. They went by in counter directions—the Orthodox, the Unitarian, and the Baptist, intermingled with Episcopacy and Methodism from their more distant *Rimmon* houses of worship. We were mightily struck with their demeanor. It was wholly different from that of free, intelligent, happy christians. It was the demeanor and aspect of *devotees*, of *implicit followers* of some blind guide. They looked no more as they commonly look, than they were dressed like their common dress. They had a Sunday aspect on as well as a Sunday dress. They had a Sunday gait too. They *looked* Sunday, and *walked* Sunday. Does *Christianity* walk and look thus? Do the followers of Christ have two gaits and two faces? Do they go naturally and eagerly through the week days, and as if they were in earnest,—and after the trash of this world, which perishes in the using—and then, when Sunday comes, elongate their faces, and turn solemn in their gait and aspect, and think thus to propitiate God, who looketh on the heart? Is this Christianity? No, no. The spirit of Christ works on the every-day life. It shapes the daily *transactions*. It is safe to meet, and do business with. It is safe to buy of, and sell to, and talk with. It cannot wrong you, for it *loves you as it loves itself*. It won't harm you to save its life. Is it safe to meet meeting-house religion, and do business with it—buy and sell with it—or leave your interests in its hands, or have you not got to *look with all your eyes*, and *take care of yourself*, when you deal with it?

Friends, beware how you circumvent yourselves with this meeting-house religion. It will fail you like the spider's web. Not when you die merely—it will fail before. It *fails you now.* You feel no support in it—no confidence—no consolation. It is not Christianity—under whatever denominational name you may follow it. Its teachers are "blind leaders" and "of the blind," if *you* follow them. We look upon you all, streaming in procession to and from your forbidden temples (forbidden of Christ) as we would on the deluded Hindoos trooping up and down, to and from the sacred Ganges—or going to Juggernaut; or on the poor ensnared Catholic. The American slave can never have his liberty among such a people.

RHODE ISLAND MEETING.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 3, 1841.]

We resume our account of the general anniversary of the State Society at Providence. Rhode Island, we should think, from our glance of observation, aside from any information we had obtained otherwise, rather a peculiar people. They are, we should say, a freer—more untrammeled, less *regulated* folk, than the other New Englanders we have known. They are more like David's men in the cave of Adullam, as to heterogeneousness of character. They have not formally bowed down their individuality before the Dagons of party and sect, as the masses have in the other States. There is therefore more hope of them. Nothing is so hopeless as *orderly subjection* to sect. There is sectarianism in the little State—especially in Providence. That Baptist College on the hill, and that steeple that runs up two hundred feet into the sky, at the hill's foot, the pride of Rhode Island's "sacred architecture," are not the only images sectarian idolatry has set up there. The Rev. Dr. Tucker, of the orthodox Congregational *order*, has got his mosque bedecked with a platoon of pillars in imitation of some heathen temple abroad—and topped out, in smart imitation of the Boston State House,

with a real commonwealth dome. The honorable Episcopalians have got an old theatre fitted up into a church. It is a terrible sombre-looking pile. It looks like tragedy, without any comic after-piece to relieve it. Universalism has got a pile as tall as any of them, where they go to persuade themselves out of their superstitions, which nevertheless doubtless continue to haunt them all the while. Their pile looks as sacred and solemn as any of the pagodas. The Unitarians have got an Athenian temple—one of the most beautiful-looking things ever reared to Minerva or Apollo in old Greece. Methodism has got a "where to lay its head" also, though we forget, this moment, whereabouts it thrusts up its steeple—pretty impudently, no doubt, for Methodism does not *fear the face of clay*, and is determined not to be behind the grandest; and there they all stand, ensnaring what *worshippers* they severally may. But in no one of them is a single *unqualified* principle of christianity ever preached, *unless by accident*. It would not be tolerated in any of them, unless they differ from all others of their clan. They are consecrated to religious partyism, christianity new organized, and adulterated, and *ruined*. Were Christ on earth, and to go into any one of them, as He did into the synagogues of old, they would take Him by His seamless coat collar (unless more unceremoniously) and drag him out, as Reverend brother Bouton's Swiss guards dragged Christ's disciple, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, out of the Old North steeple-house in Concord, a few Sundays ago.

While we are upon the architectural department of Providence, we will just tell our readers of a building or two more. The Arcade, an establishment for traders' and milliners' shops, is one of the nicest structures in the town. It extends from street to street, about two hundred feet in length—lighted overhead, from the sky. A wide, broad aisle through the centre, from end to end, with a row of shops for traders on each side in the lower story,—where vanity may *shop* it, and gentility lounge or promenade, in all weathers; the upper story retreats, and confains rows of milliners' shops, with a gallery-walk in front,—very pretty, and, we should think, convenient and useful. Splendid rows of granite pillars sustain the gables of the roof at each end, forming two

very handsome and imposing fronts. Real granite—not sham, like Doctor Wayland's *stone* University. We went, by the way, *close up* to that Baptist school of the prophets. At a distance, we were struck with its commanding, heavy, solid appearance. But we had had some experience of the character of certain institutions, and so went a little nigher. It still looked ponderous, and very like honest granite. But on persevering inspection, we discerned the dogs' hair and the lime, and it turned out to be genuine imitation—wood, daubed with untempered mortar, real counterfeit,—and behold, up on the sides of the *stone* edifice, the mask had peeled off, and disclosed the lathing. Pretty illustrative, thought we, of this whole concern. A specious outside—but hollow and sham within. An ostentatious show of learning, with shallowness and pretension to back it up. Right off in front of its airy common—(it has a *real* common, one that will remain there when the trumpery Institutes are all swept off into Providence river, at the foot of the hill,) stands the mansion of its Reverend and *limited* principal, Doctor Francis Wayland, who has set narrower "limits to human responsibilities," a good deal, than he has to his princely abode. We met a poor colored man on the Green, and asked him where Dr. Wayland lived. He disfigured his face, and set down his two baskets, and very reverently pointed it out, and said, as solemn as could be, "There's Doctor Wayland's." The poor fellow said it, as it were, within an inch of his life. It was a solemn sight—a real palace for a rabbi nabob. It was in that house, probably,—in his holy study—with his gown and green spectacles on, that the profound Doctor wrote that spider's web essay, to prove that the people of this country were under no obligation whatever to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. The way he did it was by *curtailing* man's "responsibilities" to do his duty. And just so soon as the Doctor got these responsibilities curtailed—docked, "limited"-like,—why, then he proved, as clear as a mud-hole *riled* by a sow, that the people had no more to do with abolishing their slave-holding than the man in the moon. He demonstrated, with *real, sham*, university logic, that they were under no obligation about it, and that the abolitionists were a pack of mad-caps.

There is a great Quaker college up back in the fields, where the broad-brimmed lads are scientifically instructed into the *learned mysteries* of George Fox and the New Testament. A Quaker now-a-days, we suppose, must be learned, or he will be behind the age. The honor of the denomination must be kept up, and nothing will maintain it but liberal learning. That is the stay and staff of all the denominations. The Free Will Baptists and Methodists are thus providing for the respectability of their respective brotherhoods. They must have *skill* to read the Testament in the original tongues, to be able to be "wise unto salvation!" If the "Cape Cod Come-outers," as they are called, get numerous, and degenerate into a popular, respectable sect, they will be building theological seminaries on some of the sand hills along the Cape. *Learning* is "the one thing needful" in religion.

Close by the Quaker college is a Refuge for orphans, or for poor children of some class, built by some horse-leech or other who sucked up the life-blood of their poor *dads*, and held it in his maw while he lived, and then—having no further occasion for it, and unable to carry it away with him, but obliged to leave it behind, in Rhode Island, vested it in an atoning Asylum for the children he had helped beggar. We would not disturb the ashes of this poor founder, if he were such a leech—but we would warn all absorbers of the means of human living, not to think of circumventing God, by heaping around them, as long as they live, the means of comfort for a thousand, who must be poor and destitute by the means,—and then, when they can live no longer, pile up some great, ostentatious show of charity for its dispersion, as from his own benevolent fountain. The better way is to let the people have their own as they go along. Their children won't be likely to need an Asylum then.

The Atheneum is a most tasteful, beautiful building, of *real* stone—planted finely in the side of the hill—overlooking the town. We saw within it Denon's famous work on Egypt, in twenty-five enormous folios—kept in a *depot* resembling an Egyptian temple covered over with hieroglyphics. It stood in the centre of the grand library and reading room. In another department

hung a wonderful picture in Mosaic—of the ruins of Pæstum. Temples, Country, Animals and Travelers visiting—all of minute, precious stones, planted *end ways* in the surface—ground smooth, and polished, with natural colors, surpassing in animation any thing we had ever seen of painting. The picture, some six feet long and two wide, was said to weigh five hundred pounds, and to cost some six thousand dollars, and to contain five millions of stones. It was a picture to the life.

One more edifice, and we hurry to the anti-slavery meeting. It was a "log cabin." Aboriginality—or rather old-settlerism—has had occasion to set up a wigwam in the thick of this populous town. Its patriotic, dignified uses having passed away, and its hard-cider cask converted into a cold-water keg, it is in possession of the reformed drunkards of Providence. Let the same fate speedily befall all other hard-cider cabins in the land. We heard a noble, ranting fellow—one of the lecturers—telling how a Reverend Divine had shut his mouth, off in some of the back towns, because he talked too *unsolemnly* somehow, for the holy building he was in. May these *holy buildings* all soon share the uses to which this *kindred* cabin is now devoted.

We hurry to Franklin Hall. There were Abby Kelley, and Parker Pillsbury, and Frederick Douglass, (the fugitive Othello,) and John A. Collins, and John B. Chandler, and John Pierpont, (a spectator,) and Thomas Davis, and George L. Clarke, and William Aplin, and William Lloyd Garrison, and William Adams, and Joseph Sisson, and we don't know how many more. We wish we had not begun to mention them, for we must leave out "five hundred as good as they," as King Harry said of Percy at Chevy Chase.

The meeting looked a good deal free. The President looked like any thing but a gag-master general; and more like a little child, than a tyrant.

The subject of Rhode Island's new constitution draft came up. It seems the little Commonwealth has gone on, ever since the Revolution, without a constitution. She wants one like "the nations round about." Her power of suffrage is in the hands, under her old royal charter, of the landholders. The Constitution

proposes to put it in the hands of all the people, with a small personal property qualification, we don't know how much,—small enough to extend the right, it was said, to some fourteen thousand voters. To make it go down with the people, the pitiful creatures inserted a *color* qualification. They must put in "*white*" —the color of the *gulls* you see winging their uncouth flight up and down the harbor,—to shut out three or four hundred colored people, who otherwise might,—when they get money enough, go to the *free* and *equal* polls, to choose their masters. The patrons of the new Constitution had assumed the name of the "*Free* Suffrage party." Their *freedom* showed itself in making a man's *hue* the test of his rights. They felt *free* to enslave a man if he was not as white as a *diaper*. One or two of their demagogues came into the meeting. One was a Dr. Brown, a steam doctor, whose political morality seemed about as high as that of a railroad engine with a Jim Crow car to it; or a church with a "nigger pew." A vote was early passed declaring the meeting open to all speakers and voters. The Doctor gave us an expose of his *white* ethics. It seemed he wanted to get suffrage for the white folks, in order, *by and by to extend it to the black*. It reminded us of the fable of the fox and goat in the well. They had fallen into one—that was dry, but too deep to jump out of. Reynard being a little selfish, and a trifle sly, proposed to the goat a mode of getting both out. You rear up on your hind legs, says he, and plant your horns firmly against the stoning of the well, and I will leap up on to your head and horns, and spring from thence on to the brink of the well, and being out myself, will contrive then to get you out also,—whereas here, you know, I can do nothing at all to help you. The goat thought it *stood to reason*, and having great confidence in Esquire Fox's honesty, complied with his proposal, and made her head his stepping stone. The fox leaped out and escaped; but losing all solicitude for his late companion in affliction, uttered some proverb to the goat about trusting Foxes—shook his brush at her from the well's brink, and scampered off, leaving her to her meditations. We think the "Free Suffrage" party want to make a stepping stone—a *goat's head* and *horns*—of the colored people and abolitionists; and after

they get enfranchised, they would shake a fox's tail in their faces.

But the illustration is wanting in one particular. This lack of suffrage is not like being down in the well; and getting it, would not have any tendency to help the colored people out. It would prove a worthless boon in their hands. The white folks would not acknowledge them as equals if they were nominally voters. They never would consent to their being candidates for any thing—they would treat them as "niggers" still.

The colored people and their friends should never consent to such a constitution, but scout it with utter contempt. Our counsel would be to them to pay it little attention, except as an occasion to push the livelier the grand warfare against the pro-slavery bulwarks of the country. The abolition of slavery by the power of free principles, is the only consummation that can avail to yield the colored man a single right or privilege.

The "free suffrage" Doctor fell into the merciless hands of Garrison, who tore him limb from limb. We never saw so tremendous a triumph of morals over political profligacy. We again lament the lack of reporters in our meetings. Some of the richest flowers of human speech, the rarest bursts of eloquence, and the noblest sentiments are lost to the world in our anti-slavery meetings. The world is not there to hear them, and abolitionists can't remember them. They are too common for them to remember. They multiply in every meeting. They abound in almost every anti-slavery speech—for it comes from the depths of the heart, and when the heart speaks, it is eloquent. It is the head that fails when it attempts it. Hearts talk at the anti-slavery meetings.

Friday evening was chiefly occupied by colored speakers. The fugitive Douglass was up when we entered. This is an extraordinary man. He was cut out for a hero. In a rising for Liberty, he would have been a Toussaint or a Hamilton. He has the "heart to conceive, the head to contrive, and the hand to execute." A commanding person—over six feet, we should say, in height, and of most manly proportions. His head would strike a phrenologist amid a sea of them in Exeter Hall, and his voice

would ring like a trumpet in the field. Let the South congratulate herself that he is a *fugitive*. It would not have been safe for her if he had remained about the plantations a year or two longer. Douglass is his *fugitive* name. He did not wear it in slavery. We don't know why he assumed it, or who bestowed it on him—but there seems *fitness* in it, to his commanding figure and heroic port. As a speaker he has few equals. It is not declamation—but oratory, power of debate. He watches the tide of discussion with the eye of the veteran, and dashes into it at once with all the tact of the forum or the bar. He has wit, argument, sarcasm, pathos—all that first-rate men show in their master efforts. His voice is highly melodious and rich, and his enunciation quite elegant, and yet he has been but two or three years out of the house of bondage. We noticed that he had strikingly improved, since we heard him at Dover in September. We say thus much of him, for he is esteemed by our multitude as of an inferior race. We should like to see him before any New England legislature or bar, and let him feel the freedom of the anti-slavery meeting, and see what would become of his inferiority. Yet he is a *thing*, in American estimate. He is the chattel of some pale-faced tyrant. How his owner would cower and shiver to hear him thunder in an anti-slavery hall! How he would shrink away, with his infernal whip, from his flaming eye when kindled with anti-slavery emotion! And the brotherhood of thieves, the *posse comitatus* of divines, we wish a hecatomb or two of the proudest and flintiest of them, were obliged to hear him thunder for human liberty, and lay the enslavement of his people at their doors. They would tremble like Belshazzar. Poor Wayland! we wish he could have been *pegged* to a seat in the Franklin Hall, the evening the colored friends spoke. His "limitations" would have abandoned him like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

Sanderson of New Bedford, Cole of Boston, and Stanley of North Carolina, followed Douglass. They all displayed excellent ability. Sanderson and Stanley's speaking of a high order. Stanley was a young man, apparently about two and twenty—exceedingly black—an elegant figure, rather daintily dressed. He will dress less, as he frequents free meetings, and experiences the

treatment of a man. He announced his name, when called for by the chair, and his place—"not Stanley of Congress," he added, with unaffected disdain and dignity—which drew him a storm of welcome from the meeting. We had had a "Douglass," from the names at Flodden Field, and now we were to have a "Stanley;" and as he was mounting the platform, we could hardly refrain from greeting him with an

"On, Stanley, on!'

"He was not the Congress Stanley," he repeated, "nor would he stoop to rank himself with the Wises or the Bynums of the South;" and if he did not surpass the Virginia debater in "excellency of speech or man's wisdom," he was truer far to humanity and to liberty, and he acquitted himself in a speech of some thirty or forty minutes to very great acceptance, and closed with periods that, in a young *debutant* at Washington, would have won the gratulations of the old hackneyed authorities in politics and debate.

These were the *inferior race.* These the young black men, who, ten years ago, would have been denied entrance into such an assembly of whites, except as waiters or fiddlers. Their attempts at speaking would have been met with jeers of astonishment. It would have amazed the superior race as the ass's speech did Balaam. Now they mingle with applause in the debates with Garrison and Foster and Phillips. Southern slavery—"hold thine own!"—when the kindred of your victims are thus kindling northern enthusiasm on the platform of liberty and free debate!

We are summoned away to a discussion meeting at Chichester, appointed by Reverend Rufus A. Putnam, new-organized Congregational clergyman of that place—and must break off here, and accompany Parker Pillsbury on a night jaunt thither, with prospect of a return under the midnight moon. But we go for humanity—so "cheerily O, cheerily O." Anti-slavery will keep us warm and wide awake amid the "nipping and eager" breath of winter and "witching time o'night."

LECTURE ON ELOCUTION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec 10, 1841.]

We attended Mr. Weston's lecture and recitations, of which we gave notice last week, and were not disappointed in our anticipations that he would lecture interestingly. He did, remarkably so, though he had but a handful audience, a circumstance not likely to enhance rhetorical power. It is a long time since we witnessed *human imitations* on the stage, and will be longer before we shall again, probably. But we do not remember any speaking from the Wallacks and Conways of that day, better than friend Weston gave us in his few recitations the other evening. He spoke the prayer of Hamlet's uncle, (prayers in public are too often *spoken*, we fear—though not in so good imitation of devotion) the fall of Babylon, Monk Lewis' Maniac, and the musings of a bloody villain of a painter, who had ordered a captive put on the rack, and was watching his dying agonies, that he might transfer them to a picture he was painting, of the fabled Prometheus with the vultures at his liver. The tones and articulation and attitudes of the lecturer were very excellent, and at times he rose to a high perception of the power and spirit of his author. But it was his voice and utterance of words—his speech, in which we took most interest. The excitement of the pieces we did not care to indulge in, and do not incline to commend to others. It is not a very profitable indulgence, though better perhaps than rum or politics. It is not friendly to the workings of humanity, or the promptings of duty and conscience. There is excitement enough of a nobler and safer kind. But there is a power and a skill in the mere human voice, and our lecturer seemed intimately and thoroughly acquainted with them. He had trained his own, which we understand was not originally the best, and which seemed to us to have had some serious impediment in it, to a high degree of excellence. It was clear—melodious and of great strength and compass, and it seemed to refresh rather than fatigue him, to exert it. It was refreshing to hear it, instead of exhausting—as voices of public speakers often are, especially pulpit voices. He

could articulate marvellously. He ran off several long strings of alliteration, with the accuracy and volubility of a bird. His "Peter Piper, picking his peck of pickled peppers," for instance, was articulated with an accuracy and distinctness that we can scarcely write it with, and as rapid as thought. This human voice is a marvellous instrument. Yet how few can tune it!—as it is almost universally out of tune, from going to school and college, or *other mishaps*. Few can tune it, and fewer still play upon it, in speech or music. We read of "the sweet music of speech"—but how little we hear of it! There seems to be as few good players on the speech organ as on the violin—as few, we mean, who can give to the voice its due, as justice is done sometimes to that king instrument. Indeed we don't know but there are as many Paganini's on the fiddle (though there has been but one) as on this human pipe of ours. There have been cunning players, so far as sound and stop were concerned, but they lacked the spirit—for it is not melody alone that belongs to this instrument—like that

> ....."hidden
> In Memnon's statue—which at sunrise played."

These are living *statues*. They play spontaneously, and have not to wait for the rising sun, or other outward influences to give them breath. How important that they play well! God has mighty uses for their music, especially in speech—to us far more musical than singing. And what an amount of it!—the whole, vast *talk* of the great human family—and they are a *sociable family*. But their speech has been marred with other jarrings than the old "confusion" at Babel. It is all out of tune. Perhaps nothing but tuning of the discordant heart can ever bring it right again.

We were saying that good speaking was rare. There is as much of it perhaps at the bar as any where in the *business professions*, but we hardly remember a good strain of it there. There occurs to us now one instance—but it was from that bar where the pleader speaks in his own behalf. It was from a prisoner. It was his plea of "not guilty." A short speech—only "*two*

words." But it made a deep impression on our ear and memory, and on the hearing of a crowded court-house, who seemed sensibly touched by its clear, deep, harmonious intonations. We never heard words better spoken. We well remember the admiration expressed by the leading orator of the state, who was present. It seemed to awaken all his emulation, and he had enough of it, and for a moment he seemed almost jealous of the prisoner. He did not envy his whole case, be sure—but he would freely have given all his fees for the power to utter *any two words*, as that prisoner did his thrilling "not guilty!" Mighty is the power of the *human voice*, and most rare its exercise in unabated majesty.

CLERICAL "JUGGLERY."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 10, 1841.]

We don't know but we are over "jealous" of our friends the priesthood, but a little instance came across us the other evening, which, if not a "trifle light as air," is a straw to show the way of the *clerical* wind. We were reading aloud to our fire-side circle at home (instigated by attending friend Weston's lecture doubtless) Campbell's beautiful "Address to the Mummy." We found it in the *Reverend* Doctor Porter's Rhetorical Analysis. It is not a production that needs much amendment, or could undergo much tinkering, without its being discovered. Something sounded wrong as we were reading in the concluding line of the fourth stanza. The measure seemed clumsy, and the sense clumsier still. The interrogator was conjecturing Mummy's vocation.

> "Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
> Are vain:—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles."

Why limit to *Egyptian* priests this disinclination to own jugglery—when it is universal with the Priesthood, to a proverb? We at once suspected *jugglery* had been practised on Campbell's verse, and it occurred to us that we had once before—some time ago—thought so, and found on examination that it was so—that

the phraseology had been changed from something offensive to one more welcome to the clerical ear. "But then Doctor Por ter would not have mutilated Campbell's poetry—especially as it would be so certain of detection!" Doctors of Divinity will do almost any thing when it will serve a clerical turn; and as for detection—it has no terrors for them. They are the judges. On recurring to Campbell, we found the lines run thus :—

> "Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
> Are vain ;—for ☞priestcraft never owns its juggles."

A little smoother measure this, and *considerably* more *general* in its opinion of the priesthood, than the Reverend Doctor's—jugglery. "Priestcraft," Doctor, not "*Egyptian* priests." Egyptian priests were as honest as Andover priests, and as little given to juggling. "Owns," not "owned." The *time* had to be forged, as well as the *place*. The present tense was the true one, and the Doctor put in the past. Campbell meant England's priesthood, as well as Egypt's—of Mummy's adopted, as well as his native country—the poet's own times, as well as those of the "primeval race" of the "posthumous man" he was addressing And he includes *New* England as well as old, and being cotemporary with the Reverend Doctor, he meant the Doctor's time, as well as place.

And why should priestcraft own its juggles? No juggler will own it. All craft will juggle, and the priesthood is a craft, and the craftiest of the whole necromantic catalogue. It is *craft* in its very existence, since Christ has abolished the order by the introduction of Christianity. Priesthood is an imposition on Christianity in all its *other* branches, as well as in the popedom, the grand conjuror of the brotherhood. Martin Luther denounced it as a heresy in Christianity—and equally so, under the names of clergy and of priest. And the denunciation includes all our modern array of clerical ministers, bishops, elders and other reverends. They are all an imposition and a craft. The New Testament is full of disownment of the whole of them. They find the *names* there, but not the *thing*. They assume the thing, or set it up, and assume the scripture name for it, and then quote

scripture as an authority. Christianity strips man of every prerogative which distinguishes the modern clergy, both Protestants and Catholics. They can find no nook or corner in the kingdom of heaven, or rest for the sole of their feet there.

We may have done injustice to Doctor Porter. He may not have invented the Egyptian amendment, and only have copied it. But the Doctor was a learned professor. He knew it was a fraud on the original. He had read Campbell, and it was as *crafty* to copy it, as to invent it. But it was for a school book. It was for the young mind. It would not do to have words, irreverent of the clergy, go out among the young, in the school books. It would not do to have the "young idea taught how to shoot" the clergy, especially in a clergyman's elements of archery, and so they rubbed out "priestcraft," and put in "Egyptian." Verily it was a "going down to Egypt for help."

But we are making too much of this. If it is a clerical "straw to show the way of the wind," we do not want straws, when the land and the times abound with broad and palpable weather-cocks in the pulpits, as well as on their steeples, to give us the way of the *air currents*. We will mention this, though, as a curiosity, and it may rescue a fine line of Campbell's from adulteration and forgery.

POETRY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 10, 1841.]

We are partially supplied, by the above tribute of a bereaved anti-slavery friend. It is not strictly anti-slavery—but we give it place, because an abolitionist is the writer, and the bereaved one, and because it is an anti-slavery loss, that is thus simply and tenderly recorded. The blessing of Him, who befriends the bereaved and heart-smitten, on the writer, and on the other heart more nearly touched than his, by this afflicting dispensation!

But our little "Corner" has to go again vacant of anti-slavery numbers,—notwithstanding our humble and earnest appeal a week

or two since. We thought to have touched the poet-pity of Pierpont,—but he has his hands full with Temperance, the Hollis Street distillery, and its Reverend allies, the Ecclesiastical Councils. Good speed to his labors. They are all in our line. They are all in the family, and all go to the worriment and catastrophe of Slavery. Every arrow sent at the Distillery hits the old "Peculiar Institution" under the fifth rib,—though we should be glad, now and then, of a gray goose shaft at the old Dragon direct, and shot from our Corner by the bow of Pierpont. We spoke of Whittier in our appeal,—but not with expectation. The last we heard of him, the *quondam* pride and beauty of the anti-slavery field, whose white plume danced amid the storm of our battle like the seamew—he was a candidate for Massachusetts General Court!!

We have explored our anti-slavery exchanges. In the Liberator we find a "Poet's Death Song," and a Farewell to the Mendians,—who, thank Heaven, have at last got away from us, with a whole skin. The Farewell boasts of "Columbia as a protector of the wronged of every race." We congratulate the Mendians on their escape from her protection. Columbia did her utmost to protect them as the wolf protects the lamb. They will be glad enough to get clear of all sorts of white men. These white men are a queer race, they must think,—have a grand Bible, but an odd religion. They will hardly trouble themselves to introduce it into Mendi. They will be slow to think it any a-*mend*-ment of their own simple *heathenism*, whatever that may be. They will be grateful to the Amistad Committee—but as for their "*education*," we think they will lay that aside, as fast as possible along with those stiff stocks about their free necks. And their "auld lang syne" will be sung in old-fashioned African, we guess, both in word and strain, when once they get foot again upon their native sands. *Merriky* man's justice, we think, will stick in their crops, but there won't much else stick to them of his habits or manners, when they get ashore upon the gold coast. Garrison did not let the farewell escape his *notice*.

Maria Child's Standard has an obituary of the frost-bitten posies,—alias "The Death of the Flowers"—for *her anti-slavery*

Poet's Corner. The Pennsylvania Freeman has "The Vanished Seasons," and "Autumn Woods"—very *pretty poetry doubtless*, —and we have gone on hunting, *down* to the People's Advocate; but we had as lief almost copy their list of candidates into our Corner as their poetry. Alas! the scarcity and dearth of abolition poetry—every where. Anti-slavery can hardly maintain a "Poet's Corner." O for an anti-slavery Burns, or an Ebenezer Elliot,—whose fiery volume lies before us, the "Corn Law Rhymer" of Old Sheffield. We have glanced along his pages for something to our purpose, but they are drawn for the meridian of "bread-taxed" Britain. We want something for the meridian of *New* England, and for our own time—not laments of the lacerated slave. The country has heard them this hundred years, in form more moving than poetry, and heard them unmoved. We want no whining wail about our *blotted 'scutcheon*, or our *stained flag*. Slavery does not dishonor either of them much. They were infamous enough without it. The *stripes* of the flag are well emblematic of a *flogging* people and a *bloody* church, for they are *red* stripes. It is *starred* too—betokening *night*, not *day*. It is night in our national firmament, and the more stars come out on it, the darker the cold, blue vault. And the houseless and shivering might as well gather shelter and a blanket from December's starry cope, as oppressed humanity find protection, or chance for its life, in that "star-spangled banner!" We want nothing of this sort of poetry. We want a battery of thunder against the slaveholding North, and the "peculiar institutions" here. We want a broad-side for the hulk of the gory old church. She is as bloody as a butcher. Some poetic Paul Jones we want should rake her as that sea-dragon did the British ship, which brought him along side in the fog one night, when he let a broad-side into her sleeping hull, which sent her instantly to the bottom with all her men. But we can't find him.

Anti-Slavery is young and rude, and as yet unfertile in bards who can stand fire as well as emit it. We must toil on in prose,—in New Hampshire, in home-made sort of prose. Farther southward, anti-slavery talks better grammar. But we have little schooling here. Sam. Flint strikes fire, to be sure—but not in

verses, and sparks are seen to play about the din of Ezekiel Rogers' shoe-hammer. But they don't write verses. We don't know as they ever tried. The cause will breed poets, though, by and by. Meantime we must be patient.

BRITISH ABOLITIONISM.

[From the Liberty Bell, December, 1841.]

We have something to do, this side the water, with the above-named type of philanthropy, now that modern ingenuity has brought the old world and the new into juxtaposition. The ocean is no longer a gulf of separation, as it used to be, before the daring genius of our times had bridged its illimitable expanse;—before steam had *laid down* her audacious rail-road track along the *hilly* highway of nations: and where Columbus adventured and wandered, a century or two ago, in disregard of coast and stars, and trusting to the quivering needle, to hunt amid the wilderness of waters after a *conjectured* world, Cunard has set him up a mail route, and now carries the world's mail every fortnight, and talks of carrying it every week, from hemisphere to hemisphere. Since all these *improvements*, Britain and America are morally at each other's doors. It is well that, among other things, we understand the character of British Abolitionism. It has been misunderstood among us, as I think, and greatly overrated. I will guess at some of the causes. Lord Mansfield had decided that *slavery was not law* in Old England. Granville Sharpe, who wrote his lordship into that opinion peradventure, was an Englishman or a Briton. Poet Cowper of England had said, in his famous line, that "slaves could not breathe" there. "They touch our country," said he, "and their shackles fall." Orator Curran, whose flaming eloquence had transmuted him from a down-trodden Irishman to a recognized Briton,—he had ranted gloriously of its "sacred soil," and of "the altar and the gods sinking together in the dust, the moment" captivity set foot upon that soil, from whatever quarter of the enthralled earth; and

how the young Yankee imagination has been fired by his flaming burst in the school-book, about "the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!"—We verily believed that genius lived and had her home "within the four seas of Britain." Wilberforce lived, spoke, and died in Britain—and there Clarkson labored against the slave-trade. Fox's humanity, and even Pitt's policy were anti-slavery, and both were British. A British parliament abolished the African slave-trade—all for love of liberty and mankind, of course!—England, too, had *compelled* the weaker despotisms around her into *treaties* for the suppression of the infernal trade, and her naval war dogs had hunted and taken the pirate slaver, while Columbia's stars and stripes had winked at the black flag, if not courtesied to it, as they passed each other, "doing the business" of *Christendom* "in the great waters." And last, though not least, Britain had freed her West Indies, and her philanthropy had summoned the "World to meet in anti-slavery convention" at her capital.—O, was not Britain the Land of Freedom, and London Liberty's chief town! and her very provinces too—her American provinces—they were a refuge to the fugitive slave of the republic. The north star had *gone* and *stood over* her Canadas, and led the *wise men* of the *South* there, to offer gifts to the infant Liberty.

We went over to Britain's capital, to attend the World's anti-slavery meeting. One glance from the gallery of Free Masons' Hall, however, awoke us to the realities of her abolitionism. It needed but a glance. Why, anti-slavery can't live in England!—not "slaves," as Cowper says, but *Anti-slavery* "cannot breathe in England!" There is not elasticity enough in her atmosphere to give the breast of Liberty a single respiration. Liberty dies there, as in an exhausted receiver, and the whole land is strewed with her whitened bones. Humanity lies prostrate and *subject* in Britain. I know they have law there, but it is stern as the despotism of the Lion's den. They tell of the "British Lion." There is a "Lion in the way," in England. He roars at every corner of the streets—and the people of England at times tremble at the shaking of his mane, as well as the threatened and disquieted nations of the earth abroad. Brute force is the Law and the Lib-

erty of England. The flashing of steel is the glance of her eye, and the exploding powder-burst the breath of her nostrils. Man does in England what power permits him to do. Thus far shalt thou go, it says to his footstep, and no farther, and here shall the proud waves of thy humanity be stayed. The Briton ramps in his liberty; but his vehemency is as the watch dog's of his own guarded home. He falls to the ground, when he gets the length of his subject chain. All are vassals in England. The colossal Brougham is but a vassal. He is but a giant *subject*. Wellington is a *subject*. He conquered Bonaparte, but he has to do homage at the foot of a British girl. He wears her collar on his ducal neck. And the mighty O'Connell, whose genius measures the earth, and whose voice "agitates" it,—he is a subject of that same British damsel. He owes her allegiance and fealty. Her will is his law, and he does public homage in the face of Britain and the world, to her Royal baby, as his fellow-subject, the nurse, dismounts the little Royal Highness from its poney-phaeton in St. James's Park. Victoria's brass collar glitters on the neck of O'Connell. And GEORGE THOMPSON, too, the philanthropist as well as the orator, the anti-slavery champion of the old world—the advocate of both the Indies—whose "cloud-cleaving" genius mounts to the sun, and gazes it in the face—even he has to come down again, and own allegiance to his *Queen*. The *cable of subjugation*, fixed about his imperial talon, *anchors* him to the monarchy of England, and he lights down from his career among the storms, a panting, breathless, baffled British *subject*. And the poor little Queen herself is a slave among the rest, and the most of a slave of them all. She wears a crown on her head, and a sceptre in her small hand, (if her hand be small,) a crown that dazzles and a sceptre that scares more people than any other, perhaps, of the earth's surface,—yet she is involved inextricably in the iron entanglement of subjection, with all her *subjects*. She is the key-stone of the *subject* arch, and as free to move, and no freer, than the key of one of the arches of her old London bridge. Nothing can disenthrall her but an earthquake revolution, that should shake the civilized world—and that earthquake is brewing. God speed the moral chartism of Britain to

avert it—or rather American abolitionism diffused beyond the waters, which may, or may not, reach them in time.

Britain can aid us but little in the overthrow of slavery—Ireland can more. But the waves of moral revolution must start from an agitation *here*. They cannot move it there. We have freedom here, or it is at least *possible* to individuals—when we get it, we can impart it. We are in moral insurrection, and, once at liberty, we dispense freedom to the slave—or rather, the bursting of our own voluntary shackles, here under New England's sky, will unrivet the fetters that gall the limbs and souls of the plantations, and slavery will disappear from the land. The disenthrallment would not probably stop in this country, or any where short of the deliverance of mankind.

British subjection is not to State only—she has to bear also the Church. Her monarchy "kills the body," but she has a hierarchy that "kills both soul and body in hell." That is to say, it claims power so to kill, and the mass of the *subject* people acknowledge the claim; a load on the backs of the wretched subjects enough to sink even the navy they have to carry, among their other burdens. Oh, the castles and palaces, the abbeys, cathedrals, minsters, and churches, reared by Royalty, Nobility, and Popery (Catholic and Protestant) over that beautiful Island, built by the half-requited labor of a starved and *houseless* people! Britain's Religion, instead of "not having where to lay its head," has turned the People out of house and home, and itself dwells in palaces. It is richer than Dives, and fares more sumptuously every day. The abolitionism of Britain is as fat as its Religion.

A word more of that "World's Convention," for "Liberty Bell" *rings*, and we have but a moment of time. We passed by its threshold, and beheld LUCRETIA MOTT repulsed from its doors. The credentials of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, its broad seal palpable as the sun in the firmament, that should have given the bearer credit and welcome, the anti-slavery world over, lay there soiled and dishonored in the sooty dust of London streets, its ample sheet torn and trampled under foot by the *thick-soaled* heel of "British Usage." At the opening meeting, preliminary to the sittings of Conference, presided that princely

incident to her Royal Majesty, His Royal Highness, Prince Albert. On the platform, if I mistake not, sat O'Connell, called for by the people, but unpermitted to speak by the *anti-slavery* Committee. At all events, at the winding-up meeting, GEORGE THOMPSON and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON both sat mute upon that platform, (a phenomenon in an anti-slavery meeting,) not allowed to speak by the committee of arrangements, while the advocacy of the World's anti-slavery cause was left to the Royal Sussex, and to Messrs. Lushington of London and Birney of Kentucky. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, presided at the meeting, and one of the London committee humbly "thanked His Royal Highness for his condescension!!"—Her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland supported His Royal Highness in the chair, though LUCRETIA MOTT was not allowed a seat in the anti-slavery conference, because she was a woman. Is Her Grace more than a woman! This is a sample of British abolitionism. Another sign of it—GEORGE THOMPSON sat almost a *mute* spectator during the whole Conference. Is it an *anti-slavery* atmosphere, where GEORGE THOMPSON droops and desponds!

A word of the vaunted Emancipation Act, and but a word, for "Liberty Bell" *tolls*. (It is Slavery's knell.) That boasted Emancipation Act, which gives Britannia the philanthropic mistress-ship of the world, as her navy claims it of the ocean,—what is it? Why, it was and is nothing but a base, *pro-slavery* act of Parliament! It was a legislative manœuvre to baffle the humanity of the subject people of Britain. George Thompson had exasperated them at the chattel slavery of the West Indies. They had no color-phobia in their imaginations, and it was easy to kindle their common humanity to a flame of indignation. Parliament saw the necessity of giving it vent somewhere else than on itself. It let it off through the channel of Apprenticeship, a cold-blooded device, which protracted slavery and deferred the hope of heart-sick philanthropy, for six long years—in wicked expectation, doubtless, that meantime the atrocities of the apprenticeship might reconcile the people and the slave to the re-establishment of slavery,—or that something might turn up to give the dragon system a chance of *restoration*. The mass of the

subject petitioners were deluded by the trick, and compromised with Parliament; and then to punish the people for their temerity in petitioning, Parliament imposed on them the most atrocious tax ever inflicted by greedy tyranny on the back of labor. Twenty million pounds sterling—a hundred millions of dollars, they imposed on emaciated, "bread-taxed," British Labor, wringing the last morsel from the insufficiency of a fainting people, to compensate the slaveholder for his disquietude under the agitation. This is the vaunted Emancipation Act. It is as humane an act as Parliament or Congress ever did, or could enact. They have "no soul," or heart, and can manifest none. But such was the enormity of this piece of "British abolitionism," that some of the slaveholding islands preferred immediate emancipation, and adopted it on the spot, and left the Emancipation Act standing alone in the gaze of the world, with nothing in their limits to operate upon; and in 1840, when the act was consummated, the slaves of Bermuda and Antigua had been free *six years in spite of it*. And the slaveholders of the other islands could not brook the "Emancipation Act" its whole time. They were sick of its atrocities, or embarrassed by its foolish impolicy, and they proclaimed Liberty, in the teeth of it, Aug. 1838, and left it for two years "alone in its glory." This is the whole of the parliamentary philanthropy of Britain. An attempt to defer Liberty for six dreary years, and a plundering of the people, who asked for it, of a hundred millions of dollars, as a present to the slaveholders. Hail, Britannia!

Of course, I need make no exceptions here in behalf of the glorious individuals in Britain and Ireland, whose spirits do not brook this subjection, and who will work themselves free of it. They are beginning to feel the chains they were born and bred to, though they press upon them with the unseen weight of the air they breathe. Anti-slavery chemistry is discovering that there is burden, (and not support, as in the air,) in the *subject* atmosphere of monarchy and hierarchy, and they will, by and by, refuse to inhale it. Truth will purify it, till they can respire freely in it, and Liberty Bell shall agitate it, with its wild music, and "proclaim throughout all the land—to *all* the Inhabitants there-

of," that inestimable boon, that "one thing needful" to universal humanity—that *sine qua non* of tolerable human existence—LIBERTY; with which life is a blessing, and without which it is a curse.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 8, 1842.]

ANTI-SLAVERY is a more serious matter than a great many took it to be, who nominally enlisted in it, at the outset. It does not consist in thinking slaveholding is a sin, or as the self-worshipping clergy say, with dismal look, and mouth distorted with sacerdotal pucker, a *wrong*. Nor in thinking it would be safe, or profitable, or expedient, to have it stopped at once. Nor in shuddering at thought of a cart whip and paddle. Nor in thinking the Right of Petition a constitutional one. Nor in the opinion that Madison Washington had as good a right to rise on the deck of the Creole, as George Washington had to rise against a three-penny encroachment of that old, fighting Monarchy, the other side the Atlantic. All these matters, which the slave-master holds to, in the abstract, as he calls it—(that is, as never to be practised on) do not constitute anti-slavery, and will never abolish slavery, to dooms-day. Anti-Slavery holds to the perfect equality of the human family, in the matter of rights—to the inalienability of that equality. And since this is denied, violated and trampled on,—anti-slavery will morally annoy all those who in any way have been guilty of the violation, until they not only repent and reform, but help, to their utmost, in completing the reformation of the country. Anti-Slavery *practises* all that is necessary to the speediest abolition of slavery. Any thing short of this, is not anti-slavery. Any thing that refuses or neglects to practise this, is pro-slavery. It helps keep up the slave system. Any thing short of this, will oppose genuine anti-slavery. And the higher its anti-slavery pretensions, the more impatient and strenuous will be its hostility.

Anti-Slavery demands the abolition of slavery on the ground that slaves are human, and therefore must not be enslaved;—that masters are human, (or would be if they did not banish all their humanity,) and so cannot be masters. It goes to work upon the pro-slavery community, to infuse these principles into it. It goes to work too in earnest. It strips to the work. It does not go to it with a cloak on—but disencumbered of coat even, and with arms bared to the elbow, and collar opened to the breeze. And as it strikes, you can hear its loud expirations, like the wood-chopper's at the trunk of the Royal Oak. The noise of its agency is heard early and late, disquieting the pro-slavery tranquility of the land. Nothing is anti-slavery, that does not thus earnestly and annoyingly work. True anti-slavery is disquieting. Nothing is disquieting but moral annoyance. Physical aggression is at once met by physical resistance, and overpowered and quelled. Political effort produces no permanent disquietude in community. Public disquietude is anti-slavery success. The more it disturbs and agitates a wicked pro-slavery quiet, the sooner the slave has his liberty. This is most promoted, we think, by touching the church, which is the apple of community's eye. The church is its favorite institution, and touching it is inflicting a mortal wound. It is like hitting the whale in his vital part. It is the lancing, that makes slavery spout blood. It breeds that commotion in society, which makes it surge and foam, as the sea does round the whale in his death-throes, when he makes it boil like a pot.

What is the moral effect of political effort? Is it agitation, or quiescence? The latter, surely. It has no tendency to stir the great moral deep. It tends to apathy and torpidity It generates a superficial and fictitious animation, like the stimulus of alcohol, but torpor and lethargy follow, and become the permanent condition of community. It is this that the clergy desire, and therefore if any anti-slavery agitation must be had, they decidedly prefer a political to a moral one. A moral agitation they will not countenance or permit. And they are shrewd in this, for they could not control it, or long survive it. They deprecate moral agitation beyond all other things. They rather have a civil war. They would prefer a dozen foreign wars, to one such agitation as

is now going on for the slave, at the movement of old-organized abolitionism. And they could well afford to. Foreign wars make work for the clergy, and are without danger to them. Their prayers are in demand in the army, or at least *for* the army, and they are copiously furnished, if they happen to like the war. A civil war would be personally hazardous. But war-pestilence, (among the laity) famine, (not extending to the parsonage) earthquakes, inundation—any thing, rather than the dreadful moral agitation now shaking the land, and putting in mortal jeopardy the very divinity of their hoary order. If you wish to annoy slavery out of the community, touch the pro-slavery church with the Ithuriel spear. Bore out her Polyphemian eye, with the red-hot iron of Truth. You may touch any of her institutions but the church, and she will take it insensibly.

And yet the professed abolition cries out—Beware how you disrespect the Church and the Ministers. Anti-Slavery must not lose its reverence for them—come of the slave what may. Abolish slavery if you can, but reverence the Clergy, and the Pulpit, and the Steeple, whether or no. Our conscience and judgment answer NO. "God speed the right."

CHURCH AND STATE.

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 15, 1842.]

It was the curse and ruin of the Church, when she consented to the friendship and protection of the armed State. Christianity left her at that moment, and has never since darkened her doors, except to bear testimony against her. Our modern Church is a mere creature of the State. She is as much a State institution, as Banks, Insurance companies, Turnpike Corporations, or Cotton Factories. And the State is her preserver, as well as creator. This is what we have been all along saying, while the impudent harlot has denied it, unblushingly, as harlots always deny, I suppose. She has claimed to be the bride of Christ—while all along she has been the mistress of the military State. She is, like all

other harlots, enamored of the cockade and the scarlet coat of the soldier; yet when put to the profession, she disfigures her face, and claims to be "the bride, the lamb's wife." Mark below, in the legislative act protecting her, the reliance she puts on God,—mark her *faith*. A few conscientious individuals have tried to speak for the slave, a few times, in her heathenish synagogues, and it has filled all her borders with mortal alarm. It scares her more than the Roman Eagles did the old High Priesthood at Jerusalem,—or rather than Christ's speaking, which they feared would bring the Romans upon them, to take away both their place and their nation. Frightened out of her heathenish wits, she runs for protection to the State House. She fled in this town to Justice Badger in the first place, and he tried to relieve her by imposing a fine, *without any law*. For when the church prosecutes, she must prevail, law or no law. The Church did not dare risk, however, a continuance of prosecutions without law, lest, by and by, she might get hold of a magistrate who would ask her for her law. She thought she would make sure, and have a law made that she could produce, if called for. Mr. Tuck, (not Friar Tuck, but *Squire* Tuck—the Tucks, by the way, have been famous as champions of the Church, ever since the days of the *self-denying* clerk of Copmanhurst, celebrated in Ivanhoe,)—Mr. Tuck of Exeter, a lawyer, introduced the protective bill, and another *evangelical* member of the bar, Squire Wells of Lancaster, advocated it. And General Court passed it. And now, if a prosecution should be commenced, they have got a statute to base it upon, whose only defect is, it is flagrantly unconstitutional. But that is no consequence. The constitutionality won't be looked up. Foster is a non-resistant.

Here follows the act. It will do to go, by and by, among the blue laws of *liberal* old Connecticut, and the *red* laws of *enlightened* old Massachusetts, under which they strung up women by the neck, on Gallows Hill, in the charitable and brotherly town of Salem—for the unscriptural vocation of witchcraft. They hung them under "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"—adopted into the law book.

Disturbing Religious Meetings.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-two.

An Act relating to the Disturbance of Religious Meetings and Assemblies.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court convened,* That if any individual shall disturb any religious meeting by speaking in the same so as to interrupt or prevent the stated and orderly proceedings and exercises of such meeting, and said person shall not desist from causing such disturbance and interruption of such proceedings and exercises when thereto requested, it shall and may be lawful for any magistrate or police officer or any other individual of such meeting to remove said person from the same; and such magistrate, police officer or other individual may also remove any individual or individuals causing disturbance in a similar manner while the people are assembling at, or leaving, their place of worship.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That any individual offending as aforesaid, or aiding and abetting therein, shall be liable to be prosecuted therefor before any Justice of the Peace for the County in which the offence shall have been committed, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not less than one, nor more than ten dollars, and may be required to recognize with sufficient sureties in a sum not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars, for his appearance at the Court of Common Pleas for the County in which such offence shall have been committed, at the term thereof next thereafter to be holden, to answer to such matters as may then and there be objected against him in behalf of the State, and for his being, in the mean time, of good behavior: and if at such term it shall be made to appear to such Court that such recogizance has been forfeited by a repetition of such offence, such Court may order that such offender further recognize in a sum not exceeding two hundred dollars for his appearance at said Court to answer as aforesaid at the next succeeding term thereof, and for his being in the mean time of good behavior;

and such recognizance may be required by such Court from term to term so often as such forfeiture shall be incurred.

Approved, June 23, 1842.

HENRY HUBBARD, *Governor.*

The Congregational Journal is out in ecstacies with a copy of this church law, and the speeches of the two lawyers, who spoke in favor of its passage. And it accompanies them with a long and most inflammatory and jesuitical comment, which the Baptist Register copies with stupid alacrity. They forgot even their *water* hostilities—their *aquatic* squabbles, in their common fear of Liberty of Speech. Friend Wood's article is full of mobocratic malignity and bloody instigation. There is not a particle in it of the fairness of a common, political-partisan appeal on the eve of an election. The Log-Cabin speeches in the time of the great political mania of 1840, were candor and charity compared to it—as a politician always is, compared to a priest. I am glad, however, that they are all out with their church statute, and their inflammatory comments. The more they say, the quicker they will be found out. Abolitionists can describe them, but they alone can show themselves, and prove the description true. I am glad the Church has fled to the State House for protection, and laid hold on the horns of the State altar. I am glad she has been driven to confess that her only guarantee is in the Constitution, and not in the Gospel, as she has hypocritically professed, and made the people believe. The people respect their Constitution, but they do not believe it is the Gospel. They have great respect and reliance on the State House; but it is in matters of this world. They look there for protection to the body and to property—but not for salvation. They don't regard it as the fountain of the Church of Christ, or the proper fortress for the Church to run to, for protection. They don't regard faith in the General Court as a *saving faith*, and will have little confidence in a worship or a religion, that has to acknowledge it for a protector and preserver.

I charge upon meeting-house worship that it is a creature of the State, and not of Christ—that it relies for protection and

support on the strong arm of the law, and not on God. They have denied it. Now they have proved and more than confessed it. A humble individual or two has attempted to speak in their meetings—not rudely—not indecently—not triflingly. Any thing like this they could have borne, but seriously, solemnly and truly, and this they could not bear. They have fled to the State for armed protection, and they have got it, and are madly proclaiming it. Those *religious* editors are clamoring about their "constitutional rights," and "rights of property," "rights guaranteed by their fathers," and all that— with all the pugnacity and martial ferocity of the parties to the Rhode Island war. I am most heartily rejoiced to see them at it, seeing it is in their religion I am glad they have procured their *penal statute*. It shows their christianity. It will be broken, of course. God will be obeyed rather than they. Men will be found to speak in their synagogues, besides Stephen Foster, who, but for this fifteen-gallon law, never might have thought of it. And women too—the worshippers will drag them out—some of them they will maim and cripple—others they will perhaps kill—others they will prosecute and imprison in the *spirit of Christ*, and for the protection of *His church*. *He* had founded *His* church on the Rock, he said. The Catholics say that Rock is St. Peter. Our New Hampshire Protestants say it is—St. General Court. Let the prosecutions be multiplied. The Church will show her cloven foot by it.

It is curious to see how New Organization nestles, on this question, by the side of the pro-slavery Church and State. Our little *aqueous* friend Worth, who used to be one of the board of managers of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society—and would have managed it to this day, if there had not been a spirit of liberty in the movement that threw off the clerical nightmares—is hand in hand with the old Observer. *He* is copying from the Congregational Journal. The eternal question of *dip* or *sprinkle* seems forgotten, and baptizo quotes infant baptism by the whole column. Herod and Pilate are cheek by jowl in hatred and fear of *free speech*. And well may they fear and hate it. It is a hand-writing on the walls of their synagogues.

I know the critical nature, apparently, of the controversy we

are in. The Journal and Register imagine we have at last taken a position on which they may venture out to meet us, and they are quitting their entrenchments. I know we join issue on one of the extreme points of our cause, and that for the moment the enemy will seem to have the argument against us. ***But I know we are right,*** and it will turn out so in the proof.

The Right of Speech is the anti-slavery Palladium. It is its spear and shield. It is the Herculean club of Liberty. Violate it, infringe it, curtail it, restrict it, ***regulate it,*** and it dies, and liberty and reform with it. I know it might be abused, and probably would be, if it were free. But its abuses are as the small dust of the balance, compared with the infinite evil of the denial of the right. The abuses are not worth naming, and freemen never would name them. They are magnified to mountains by the fears of tyrants. What would Daniel Noyes and Ebenezer Cummings care for a half-hour's interruption of their hireling performance by Stephen Foster, if they were not conscious of being guilty jugglers, engaged in a wicked profession that they could not carry on, if the people had their senses. They would be glad to have Foster, and such as he, speak, if they were in an honest business. He would help them, instead of interrupting them. Such a man as Daniel I. Robinson, the Methodist preacher, would not be interrupted. He is an honest man, and understands the true character (to great extent) of a christian minister, and understands christian liberty, and values it. Foster's speaking in *his* meetings can't endanger him. If he speaks error there, Robinson is free to meet it; and if it turns out not to be error, he wants to know it, and promulgate it himself. But a Priest is afraid of the truth, for he knows truth would unfrock him. He knows truth is fatal to a human priesthood.

It is a severe question—but I am glad it is up. It has got to be met for humanity, and the quicker the better. The right settlement of it will go mightily for the abolition of slavery.

COBBETT'S AMERICAN GARDENER.

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 15, 1842.]

This book, which is one among a thousand, and one of the few worth buying, or having, or that are not worse than nothing, among the inundation of books with which the press is flooding the world, I ought to have noticed before. Luther Hamilton of this place, bookseller, has recently published a stereotyped edition of it. He sent me in a copy, for which I sincerely thank him—as well as in behalf of the community for giving them an edition of this rare and valuable work.

John Randolph said William Cobbett was the first genius living. He told the truth, though he was a slaveholder—and his testimony is the more valuable because he hated Cobbett. He hated him because he was a friend of humanity and human liberty, and Randolph himself an aristocrat and a tyrant. Cobbett had a bad reputation, for the reason, I have no doubt, that he deserved a good one. The clergy hated him, for his independence, and his defiance of the aristocracy, of whom the clergy are always the hangers on and sycophants, where they have not the power of controlling them. When they can rule them, they do—as they do every body in their power; and when they cannot domineer over them, by force of their jugglery, they fawn on them, and help them trample down the people. Cobbett was a formidable antagonist to the tyrant classes, and hence they hated him, and have given him a bad name, which is an honor to any man in a priest-ridden world.

This work on gardening is a modest, unpretending book, like all sterling productions. It is written in a style as beautiful as the subject, and as natural as a garden ought to be. It is worth buying for the style of it, aside from the information it contains. Every body can understand it at a glance, without a dictionary. And the book that can't be, never ought to be read. These books that abound in dictionary words, are learned nonsense and imposition. Cobbett's Gardener is full of short, every day words, which the people can understand, as readily as they can tell an

onion stalk, or a cabbage plant. It is like Pierpont's poetry in that—abounding in monosyllabled words. You will find whole lines of them uninterrupted, every one as full of meaning, as it can hold—the beautiful, strong, old Saxon—the talk-words—words for use, and not for show. Every young man and woman, who has been injured in their talk and writing by going to school, ought to buy Cobbett's Gardener, or some other of his works. A young collegian should read it twice a day, till he gets well of his pedantry. Cobbett will cure him if any body can.

"Do you teach your sons Latin, Mr. Cobbett?" asked a gentleman. "No," said the common-sense sage—"but I learn them to shave with cold water!" A bit of learning worth more to a man with a beard, than all the Latin the Monkery ever preserved from the ruins of Rome.

You can understand the "Gardener" with once reading, just as readily as you could the talk of a sensible gardener himself—and those who have followed it, say it turns out to be true—contrary to the fact of most agricultural books, which are mere speculations and theorizing, which no body can afford to practise. The subject of this book is a beautiful one to read of and talk of, if you have not any ground to work it out on. Gardening—nothing is more interesting or profiting. We associate Paradise always with the idea of it. The great Lord Bacon (by the way not half the man that Cobbett was) said "Gardening was the purest of human pleasures." One of his famous "Essays" was "Of Gardening," if I remember the title. But he wrote of a garden for kings and princes,—Cobbett's gardens are for men—for families,—and that speaks the difference between the two authors. Bacon was a worshipper and slave of kings,—Cobbett a friend of man. The learned world call the one, "The great Sir Francis Bacon," and the other *Cobbett*, or *Bill Cobbett*.

A glorious garden, whether small or large, is a sort of Eden, and it is a fine idea, whether it was a literal fact, or an allegory merely, to show God's kindness to the man and woman He had made, that He put them, at their beginning, into a garden, "to dress it and to keep it." We fancy Eden was every thing a garden could be; but I dare say it would not have hurt Adam and

Eve to have put into their hands a *copy of Cobbett*, written in the primeval language of humanity, which, whatever it was, they spoke, no doubt, in the same style Cobbett writes. They had not been to College—Adam to a University, nor Eve to a Boarding School.

I cannot help saying here, what a pity it is that our cities and large towns are crowded together, so that they cannot have gardens. What a glorious sight a city would be, interspersed with them,—and how refreshing and healthful to live in it, compared with them now, crowded with stones and bricks, like an old, overstocked grave yard. A good, large garden, where every family could raise all their vegetables, and have them fresh and sweet, and have the exercise of carrying the garden on, as well as the recreation and health and enjoyment of straying among its alleys. What a luxury and a blessing! A garden and a lawn,—a city could enjoy them both, as well as the country, but for a miserable avarice, which holds the land so high nobody can buy it, except for the site of their hateful-looking piles of building. Thus selfishness always cheats itself.

Newburyport has a good many gardens; but if the town should *flourish*, as they call it—commerce would pile up a great brick store in every one of them, as Boston has. And our little city of Concord is trying to crowd out all the gardens, and fill up with edifices—because a garden is not *profitable!* They can afford a meeting-house in almost every street; but a garden, with its refreshing opening, and its indescribable beauty, can't be afforded! One good garden of a quarter of an acre, or a quarter of that, is in my opinion worth more to a village than a dozen meeting-houses! It furnishes *some food*, as well as gratification,—the meeting-house nothing but spiritual starvation—and it don't cost so much to maintain the gardener neither.

Buy "Cobbett's American Gardener," every body that has got the money.

AT HOME AGAIN.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 2, 1842.]

"HOME is home," &c., even returning from *anti-slavery* sojournings abroad. Anti-Slavery, which makes every where home to the abolitionist—for it affords all the love, and all the affectionate kindnesses and congeniality of feeling, which constitute the charm of literal home. Anti-Slavery makes every where *more than home*, for it is disinterested and free, while home, in the old English sense of it, is neither,—and nothing better than a den of selfishness and discontent. I mean the ordinary human homes, where animal relationship is the chief tie that binds the unhappy inmates together. Anti-Slavery delivers home from the curse of selfishness. Every home might be so delivered. Every body might have a home, and every body be at home, every where. And miserable, priest-ridden selfishness must not always keep mankind at enmity with each other, as it now does. They are brethren. They must trust each other, and love each other—and they may live happily and gloriously on the earth. It may be done—it will be—or there is no God, and ought to be no man. "It's coming yet—for a' that."

My last letter from abroad was dated at Lynn—glorious Lynn, with her High Rock and her sea;—her silvery Beaches and her Nahants;—her noble people—free, but for their priests—and freer from these, than any people of their number. I went a ride, Tuesday afternoon, to Swamscot, one of her villages, and the Ocean House. Our friend G. Estis—the subject of *Reverend* brother Sanborn's impudent treatment detailed in the Herald of to-day—carried three anti-slavery friends of us, in her father's carriage through Swamscot, the city of the fishermen, to the neighborhood of the Ocean House, a famous tavern retreat from the city, about two and a half miles out of town. G. Estis may be *churched*, for keeping company with wife, Hannah Buffum and me, "*in the manner she did*," as solemn parson Sanborn has it—in that ride. For it was just such a "*manner*" as she rode with Beach, and walked with colored Douglass.

Swamscot is all fishermen. Their business is all on the deep Their village is ranged along the ocean margin, where their brave little fleets lay drawn up, and which are out at day-break on the mighty blue—where you may see them brooding at anchor—still and intent at their *profound* trade, as so many flies on the back of a wincing horse, and for whose wincings they care as little as the Swamscot Fishers heed the restless heavings of the sea around their barks. Every thing about savors of fish. Nets hang out on every enclosure. "Flakes," for curing the fish are attached to almost every dwelling. Every body has a boat—and you'll see a huge pair of sea boots laying before almost every door. The air too savors strongly of the common finny vocation. Beautiful little Beaches slope out from the dwellings into the Bay, all along the village—where the fishing boats lay keeled up, at low water, with their useless anchors hooked deep into the sand. A stranded bark is a sad sight—especially if it is above high water mark, where the next tide can't relieve it and set it afloat again. The Swamscot boats though, all look cheery, and as if sure of the next sea-flow. The people are said to be the freest in the region—owing perhaps to their bold and adventurous life. The Priests can't ride them *out into the deep*, as they can the shore folks. I understood Foster went among them, and spoke several times, and that they received him with generous cordiality, and heard him like freemen. It an't the first time TRUTH has found a warm welcome among *fishermen.*

Wednesday we took a ride to Marblehead. It is worth going a hundred miles, to a New England countryman, to see Marblehead. It looks like foreign land. The rocky foundations, the steep, narrow, winding streets—the tall, old-fashioned houses, make it look like some of the small antique places I saw in England and Scotland. "Marblehead's a rocky place." There's no mistake about that. It seems all a ledge of rocks, and the houses and streets are where openings happen between. There is no road through the town. You have to come out as you go in. Marblehead is the end of the world in that direction—unless you take ship. And there are plenty of keels in their beautiful inland harbor. It looks like a pond among the New Hamp-

shire hills. A high ridge of rocky upland rises between it and the main ocean, and the fleet of large fishermen that lay in there at anchor, looked as snug and safe as if they were in a mill pond. Marblehead is Swamscot on a larger scale. Her fishers go off into the great ocean, and are gone weeks or months, on the Grand Banks. There was an alarm among them, the day I was there, about one bark, that had not been spoken for an unusual time. They are often lost at sea. The place is full of widows, I was told, from losses at sea, and in the last war, to which many brave but foolish men went from Marblehead. I was astonished to hear the people were peculiarly pro-slavery. They are mostly demo crats, and are afraid probably of 3d Partyism. They must be shown that that is not abolitionism. We found but one abolition family there, Thomas Wooldridge's, a "come-outer" Quaker. Garrison or Foster must go among them, and tell the bold "fishermen of Marblehead" what anti-slavery means, and they will embrace it. They will be abolitionists fast enough, when they learn that anti-slavery is humanity, and not politics or sectarianism.

The printer warns me there is no room to continue. I may ramble a little further another week.

BELL-RINGING.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 30, 1842.]

"*Sermons* in stones, and *books* in running brooks," &c., weather-cocks in straws—*every thing* shows how the *whole concern* is going on. Only notice *every thing*, and you will see it. I have been struck, within the last four and twenty hours, with this ding-dong-belling, going on in the village. It means and shows a good deal. The bell is the tongue of the times. It not only tells that *time* is gone, and how much of it—but it tells the *times*, and how *they* go. "One man in his time," says Shake', "plays many parts." I thought this morning it was true of some bells. There is a poor dinging slave hung up in the belfry of

parson Cummings' house of Rimmon in this village. (I speak as I do, because I want to bring *familiarity* and *irreverence* over the pretensions of such folks.) It has to play many parts. It plays one good part—when the hammer of the town clock strikes it. The tower, where it hangs, does one good service—showing the face of that clock to the villagers, and giving them the time o' day. All else, that I now think of, is mischievous. The solemn, doleful, monkish knells, wailed out on the people's ear, to tell them when parson Cummings is to commence his magnificent performances, to keep his Baptists from straying into the paths of truth and righteousness. Not but what the Baptists are as good as any of the solemn sects. They have been the best of any, in their humble day, when they were persecuted. That is the only time any of the sects are ever good for any thing, and it is then comparatively only. That dismal, go-to-meetin' summons too—that priestly, canting tone, ung out to call the bewildered multitude to hear Knapp play upon their *fears*. It sounds priestly and ghostly. Those who obey it follow a Jack-a-lantern. God bids them not follow such leads. They trifle with all the guidance He has kindly furnished them, who muster at such summonses. A dismal, funeral sound—as from the tombs. The human ear never ought to hear such sounds, any more than human eyes ought to be blasted with the sight of ghosts and apparitions. *It is not right*, and every body, in their right mind, knows it! If you want to use a bell for honest purposes—ring it out, honestly, as you do when there is a fire. (That is another good use for the Baptist bell, I had forgotten.) Don't let it *whine* out, like a canting divine. It only *dismalizes* the people. They ought not to be *dismalized*. They can't repent truly, when they are. They are only *scared*. There is no *saving repentance* in *fright*, or in *dismality*.

This Baptist bell,—I heard it ringing another of its *clerical* cries this morning, summoning the *solemn* converts of Sunday to the sister Court House. A more rapid and secular *ding-dong*, this call to court,—as well as more honest. There is no monkery in it. It is a *devilish* sound, to be sure,—full of quarrel and litigation, but it does not profess to be a sound from Heaven. How

full of *hurry* it is! It calls to ruin—headlong ruin. Not the deep and everlasting destruction of the cathedral-going call, but ruin of estate and of temper,—which they in vain seek to retrieve, by afterwards running to the meeting-house. The remedy is worse than the disease. When will mankind hearken to God, rather than to a human Priesthood and its allies! The same bell can call to meetin' and to court, as handily as the same parson can perform at a Revival, and at *opening* the squabble of a Court Session. The tongue of the Reverend Bell and of the Reverend Divine are alike versatile.

Another benefit I had forgotten in that belfry and steeple—a weather-cock on it tells the way of the wind. A *minister's* steeple is the very place for a *weather*-cock. There is one up in his pulpit, and the vane on the steeple rod is not truer to the current. You can tell the way of the popular current to a certainty, by the *heading* of the pulpit weather-cock.

I like the cow bell on the common, and the sheep bell on the hill—and the dinner bell—and the rail road bell. That is a capital sound telling the starting of the mighty cars—and the bell on the Steam Boat prow, ringing for a trip over the great Atlantic. I don't love the Factory Bell, or the State's Prison Bell, or the Court Bell, or the Sectarian meetin' bell. They all strike heavily and dismally on the heart of humanity.

GREAT MEETING-HOUSE ERUPTION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 14, 1842.]

THIS town has been for the last few weeks—particularly the last week and Sunday,—the scene of another volcano of fanaticism,—far more serious and more deleterious than the great Second Advent outbreak, that occurred here a month or two since. That "Midnight Cry" had reference to a single event, which a little *time* will set right,—unless other expositors shall, after April, set the land agog with a new reckoning for the conflagration that is to devour the earth. And it was not a movement in favor

of the Clergy—the *regular* Clergy—or of any of the established Sects. The present is a Baptist excitement. It is carried on in behalf of that ambitious and peculiarly gross sect, whose distinguishing ceremonial—immersion *under water*—can bring so much more *apparent* scripture warrant, than can the genteeler water ordinance of the politer sects, that it makes them quite rampant and forward, as well as more grossly external in their religion. All their water ceremonials, by the by, are mere Judaism—Christianity allowing of neither the *dip* nor the *sprinkle*, its *baptism* being wholly internal and of the Spirit. This generation, however, can't probably be made to believe it.

I did not intend taking any special notice of this effervescence—but to let it pass, and only do what I could, to prevent its heaping another burden on to the back of over-laden Anti-Slavery, already staggering under the hindrances of Church and Clergy. But I can hardly refrain from bearing my testimony against it. I am aware the testimony will scarcely be heard. The irreligious world will not hear it. They *dread* Anti-Slavery, as much as the anti-christian religionists *hate* it. A note of remonstrance will hardly be audible, amid the roar of fanaticism going on around us. It will avail as little, as Scott said of the music of the Welch pipers amid the noise of a battle—"as the whistle of the stout mariner amid the roar of the tempest." Yet I will bear it. The times may not be so desperate as their signs would indicate.

"Eben" Cummings' Baptist house of worship had been thronged for several weeks, like a play-house where tickets were to be had for nothing—to hear Jacob Knapp—a shrewd, and I should judge from what is said of him, a tonguey and somewhat eloquent priest. I have not been to hear him, save a few minutes after his first arrival. I do not deem it right to countenance these *consecrated* priests—or their *drag-out* worship, in which Truth has no hearing, and Liberty of Speech no place. From the crowds that *hurry* after him in "broad-road" "thousands," Knapp must have no small share of that coarse, harrowing, popular eloquence, so attractive in Religion that deals not in *principle* and *duty*, but in *hopes* and *fears* beyond the grave. I deprecate it altogether—it

has no tendency to make people Christians, or to reform them. Sunday, the people poured into the village in streams from every quarter. They looked like the devotees of Juggernaut, flocking to a great festival,—or Mussulmans, trooping to Mecca on pilgrimage. I went down to the river side with a neighbor who had got touched with the infection—to witness a grand immersion—the upshot of the week's agitation at the meeting-house. I had never witnessed any of these John the Baptist occasions, and thought it might be my duty to give some sketch of it in the Herald. I reached the river, and what a sight for New England eyes and for our boasted century! A perfect gathering at Ganges, or the Yellow River of China. I call it a John Baptist occasion. It differed from those in many particulars—some unimportant—some vitally important. John probably did not plunge his subjects under water. Or if he did, he went under with them. For it is written that the priest *went down into the* water, as well as the pupil, and that both *came up out* of the water. If the disciple was dipped, from the expression, "went into and came out of,"—so was the minister. But probably neither were. They both waded in—that is clear—and then, as the object was to typify a spiritual cleansing or purifying that was to come after, water was doubtless *poured on*. Dipping would not signify purifying—unless it was accompanied with a drenching and scrubbing, like sheep-washing, or a clothier's rinsing. But this is unimportant, only that this plunging is a barbarous and degrading business. I can't bear to see *humanity* handled in that way. It is not the way to handle the *Image of God*. But the material and important difference is this—John did not profess to baptize as a *Christian*, nor did his followers profess to be baptized as such. The Christian Baptism was afterwards at Pentecost—with *fire*—not with water. Christ was baptized—but it was as a Jew—as he was circumcised—and as he fulfilled *all* the Jewish ritual. He told John he wanted to be baptized in water, to conform to the Jewish ritual. And John admitted that his kind of baptism was to be superseded by Christ's. I baptize with water, said he,—but there cometh one after me, &c., He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. John hesitated

to baptize Christ, and said he needed rather to be baptized of him. And so he did. The *Reverend* Eben Cummings would not have been so diffident. John knew that Christ would not baptize with water, or allow water baptism in his system, and that he came to sweep all external ceremonials away—and we all know, *who read*, that he did not baptize with water—or teach his followers to, and that his apostles did what they could, to keep the ceremonial from lingering upon their Jewish converts, as it did with other Jewish rites. Philip went into the *water* with the Ethiopian prince,—and Paul baptized a few, but thanked God he did not any more,—for he was not sent to preach water or use it,—but to preach the *gospel*. There was *fire* in the gospel—no *water*. Our sectarians can understand water, and go into it. It is an outward ceremonial, and if it cleanses at all, cleans only the "outside of the cup and the platter." That is a cheap cleansing compared to cleansing the heart and life. They load down their religion with all the rites of Judaism, and with Pagan ceremonials, while they trample Christ's teachings under foot, in their lives, and call living them out and disregarding ceremonials, *Infidelity*. They believe the Bible—most furiously,—as a matter of *worship*—but they practically set at naught every important truth in it. They say it can't be practised—that it is not to be lived up to till Millennium. They must carry on *Religion* till then. Then they will be willing to *live*, and not till then, as they ought to. These times, they say, Christianity is not adapted to. True, it is not, and true also that *their* religion *is*, exactly adapted to the times. It demands no reformation—no godliness of *life*, nothing but a religious change of feeling, and a *religious* demeanor, which admits of wholesale participation in all that is going on in the profitable world.

But I am straying from the Baptism. I reached the river, and beheld the mortifying, humiliating spectacle. Both banks, below the bridge, lined with a gazing—spell-bound multitude of many hundreds, intent upon the barbarous ceremonial, about to be gone through with. The bridge itself was loaded with them from end to end—in their variegated Sunday dresses—a perfect rainbow of living beings, in color as well as in shape—spectators of the

priestly display going on in the water below. From the thick crowd on the farther side of the stream, where the converts and their managers were posted—flanked about with spectators in carriages and on foot—pressing to the very water's edge—arose, as I was crossing the bridge the Baal shout of "prayer," from the hoarse voice of Knapp, accompanied by the Amens of the brethren, and now and then by an out burst, in some of the popular revival tunes of the day. By the time I reached the river, they were ready for the final ceremony, the "burial in baptism," as they misquotingly call it. Knapp led out a convert into the stream, wading to his middle—bare-headed and murmuring a text—arrayed in his monkish robes—and stretching his right hand impressively toward heaven, he uttered the baptismal exclamation, and plunged the poor implicit convert backwards into the river—"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." It rung along the water like the tones of a Convent Bell to the ears of the listening multitudes. He then led the dripping subject, with *proud humility* to the shore. Then another and another succeeded—both men and women—to some fifty or sixty—friend Eben Cummings lending his hand and voice, though not with the rough grace and impressiveness of Knapp. He seemed to do it more by rote, and there was nothing of the meaning and hoarse music of voice in his performance, as in Knapp's. A Methodist minister also bore part, with some of his Wesleyan followers, whose sturdier "Amens" and shoutings, at once indicated their denomination. There they were in the same crowd with the *close-communion* Baptists, and dipping in the same water. After they come out though, and get into the fold—no more going together, till they get "to the land of Canaan." I did not learn why there was this apparent coalescing at the river. To show that the revival was not *Sectarian,* probably! How will it turn out when they come to file off into the rival churches?

A perfect scene for the Ganges—this pageant—rather than for one of our *free* and *enlightened* New England rivers—were it not that Idolatry, in spite of the gospel teachings, has made a Ganges of every stream in Christendom. Every where the unconscious

waters are prostituted to these God-dishonoring, man-debasing rites. I could not behold the spectacle but with grief and sorrow, and walked away home.

I found the streets deserted of all but the thronging carriages and their impatient stamping horses, which seemed to line the long street, where stands the Baptist Temple. They had brought in the people. They would carry them out again, as full of *principle* and *truth*, as they came in, only a degree or two hardened against the claims of God and humanity. They have witnessed an imposing display of *Religion*. They have seen the mighty multitude. They have heard the wild singing and the solemn prayer. They have seen the awful priest, walking majestically into the river, and there offering up his children to God. They have read the word *baptism* in the Scriptures. They are taught it is by water, and is a *Christian* ordinance. Dipping is its most impressive and imposing form. The river side—and the stream, and the o'er-arching heavens, and the voice of the Priest, and the shout of the converts, and the throng and gaze of the hushed multitude—all have conspired to strike them with overwhelming effect, and they go home dreading the day of their own death, and the day of judgment, that shall overtake them without this Religion.

And what is this Religion? It is a Religion, that sanctions war and hanging. It trains in the muster field. It enlists into the army and navy. It prays over a training and a court. It goes as chaplain into the service. It enslaves men, women and children. It works them to death on the gory plantation. It sells them at auction like cattle. It sells the brethren and disciples of Christ, whose religion it professes itself to be. It sells Christ himself there—if doing it to the least of these his brethren, as he says, is doing it to him.

This Religion is overrunning the land. It hates Anti-Slavery and Peace and Temperance. I trust it is flourishing to its own catastrophe. It is waxing proud. "Pride goeth before destruction." It is "haughty," I trust it is the haughtiness that "goeth before a fall."

The Sects here are in conflict. The Meeting-Houses are

rivalling each other, with hot emulation. I wish them all a Kilkenny-cat success. Our Unitarian and Universalist friends are defending against Knapp's furious assaults upon them. But it is with sectarian weapons. In a sectarian warfare I warn them they cannot cope with him. As plain men and women, as true reformers they might, but as meeting-house sectarians they can't. Knapp will prove an overmatch for them, for he has "Hell" and "Fire" among his war cries, and they have not. He can preach Hell and Damnation and *fear*, to his auditory, and they can preach nothing but their cold *rationalities*—if they are *rational.* Hell is the life of Sectarian Religion. Fire and Brimstone on one side, with "screaming Devils," as friend Knapp calls them, and Heaven on the other—to stir the fears and the hopes—Christ's *name* and *person*—His image on the cross, instead of *his truth*—as the Catholic uses his image and his picture —all these are a play upon the imagination, before which cold Universalism and Unitarianism, were they ever so reasonable, are utterly unavailing. And those other Evangelical Houses—Bouton's and Noyes'—Knapp will carry the multitude all away from them—and he ought to. For if their worship is right, any of it, Knapp's ought to take the lead. He goes ahead of them all, in activity and zeal. They have no life—no zeal—no feeling—no power in them. If Knapp should keep on a month longer, he would desolate every one of them, and friend Peter Tenbroeck's reading house to boot—and leave them "a beggarly account of empty boxes." And I really wish he might. They are all dead-a-head obstacles to the Anti-slavery Cause, and any *moral* change that should demolish them, would necessarily be for the better. Anti-slavery would stand a better chance with new converts, than with old, case-hardened church-members. New converts have some life in them, and generally some conscience. If their priest were out of the way, we would enlist them in the cause of humanity, and make men and Christians of them, if we could only get access to them, before they are tied up into the church—in the *stanchalls* of sect. After that is done to them, they are within the overseership of the priest and his majority, and they must undergo a revolution before they can get free.

We must have a series of *Christian* meetings here in behalf of Anti-slavery. Not to deliver the agitated community from the infection of the Baptist meeting-house—as they greatly desire—for they are extensively troubled. They are wrong, and therefore afraid. But to proclaim God's truth, for the benefit of humanity. If they will hear it, it will make them free, and save them from the agitations of Sect and the terrors of Damnation. If they will become thorough-going, disinterested abolitionists, these things won't move them. Anti-slavery is now a great test for God. Whoever embraces it *conscientiously* and from *right motive*, will find rest to his troubled soul. There is no better occasion or test extant than this.

NEWBURYPORT JAIL.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 28, 1842.]

This *christian* institution of ours is now, in my opinion, the focal point of Anti-slavery attention, as containing within its merciless precincts an advocate and fearless asserter of the Liberty of Speech. Speech is the main weapon of Anti-slavery. Speech is the battering Ram, or rather the Cannon, to crumble down and *pulverize* the ramparts of Slavery. Nothing can demolish those walls but free Speech. If Speech is free in the land, those walls and the citadel within them, are exposed to overthrow, and the dragon within the citadel may be hauled out, in all its uncouth and scaly monstrousness, and left to coil and twist in death under the *mortal* influence of *killing* daylight. If Speech is bound in the land, those walls, that citadel, and the monster within it are safe forever. The life of Anti-slavery then is freedom of speech. In behalf of that freedom, and for asserting it—Thomas Parnell Beach is shut up in Newburyport Jail. I call Anti-slavery's attention to that Jail. I want Thomas Beach to know that so long as he suffers there for Anti-slavery, Abolitionists will turn all eyes and all hearts to his position, and to him. Let him not find that he is deserted and

forgotten. Let him not be mortified and disheartened, at the thought that his great movement is unappreciated, and that he too, like other reformers, has got to wait till-after ages shall get light enough to do justice to his *memory*. Of what avail to him is the respect that will be paid to his memory? And let me tell abolitionists, that not much respect will be paid to theirs, unless they appreciate and sustain him *now*.

Slavery lives because the slave can't be heard. If he could tell his story, the world would rise en masse, and rush to the plantation. They would not have such an accursed scene going on upon the earth's surface. But the slave can't be heard. His tongue is out. He is dumb. His advocates have tried to speak for him. His hellish enslavers are so many of them church members and clergy, that the clergy of the *free* States say his advocates must not be heard. It will break up the church, and break us up, if slavery is disturbed. They shut up the people in their Sunday prison the meeting-house, and have so *holified* the *day*, the *house*—and *themselves*, in the people's eyes, that they dare neither hear the slave's advocate, nor think a thought on any moral subject whatever.

Beach has visited the people in this prison-house, and for it the clergy have imprisoned him. They have done it by their understrappers. Shall the abolitionists forget Beach? Not if they are abolitionists. The Anti-slavery press should thunder at his prison gates. And Beach himself thunder from his cell.—He is thundering.

If he is to be imprisoned with impunity for asserting the Right of Speech, then Anti-slavery is hopeless. I tell abolitionists, they cannot advance another inch in their enterprise, till the clergy are routed from their vantage ground on the breast of the people, which they hold by virtue of this tyrant meeting-house system. The people dare not hear the truth. They are afraid of the ministers. The ministers tell them it is *infidelity*, and if they listen to it, they will go to Hell when they die. And they are afraid it is so. And why should they hear us? Are we to expect the people will be willing to *go to Hell*, for the sake of the truth? They are not so desperately in love with it as that.

The clergy have got them. And their hold can't be broken, unless somebody can speak besides themselves, at worship. They should have equal right with others, but not the exclusive right. They have the whole now. And if it is disputed, they can get the daring intruder shut up in prison. Is it for abolitionists to turn their backs upon him when shut up there? Will they go further, and regret the *imprudence* and *impropriety*, that led him to incur imprisonment? Will they join the clergy, and deny his right or his duty to speak in the public worship?

I deny the right of worship where every body can't speak. The runaway slave has a right to come into any house of worship, and thunder the story of his enslavement in the ears of the congregation. I wish to Heaven the next one that passes a northern meeting-house would do it. I wish he would rush in, in prayer time, and charge his unutterable wrongs and the wrongs of his people, on the hypocritical wretches that are there mocking God and Humanity, with their abominable and vile oblations. I wish every Rimmon House in the non-slave states, could be simultaneously stormed and broken up, by the apparition of a runaway slave,—panting, bleeding—gory from the Hells of the South! See if they would carry on their mockery in his presence! See if they would drag him out! See if your sophomore Noyeses and your Secretary Stevenses would drag a runaway slave out of their comely-looking church out here—as they dragged out his eloquent advocate Stephen Foster a few *Sabbaths(?)* ago.

Beach *is in Jail* for the *Cause of the Slave* and for the RIGHT of SPEECH! I *hurl* the fact before the abolitionists and into the teeth of the pro-slavery community. "Liberty of Speech" in New England is the *liberty* of a stone cell!

THE HUTCHINSON SINGERS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 9, 1842.]

These Canary birds have been here again, charming the ear of our Northern Winter with their wood-note music. Four of them were here, out of a *nest* of fourteen. All of them, I understand, are to flock together to a warble, at Nashua, at our coming Thanksgiving—though one has to come from Illinois. The Concert will be worth the long flight—and well worth a journey from here there, to listen to. I had rather keep Thanksgiving (if at all) on the melody of these living birds, than on a whole poultry yard full of dead turkeys and goslins, which make up the usual Thanksgiving feast, as well as the usual gratitude.

These "New Hampshire Rainers" sung here two evenings, to rather small audiences. One night they were at an out-of-the-way hall, and the other night there was a sharp snow-storm. It would not have kept the people from a Baptist meeting, to hear the brimstone melody of Jacob Knapp, but it kept them from hearing the simple, heart-touching strains of the "Æolian Vocalists." Perhaps I am partial to the Hutchinsons—for they are abolitionists. It need not affright them to have it announced. It won't. If it would scare away their listeners, it would not scare themselves. But it won't. Human Nature will go and hearken, and be charmed at their lays—and the time is coming, if it has not come already, when the public conscience will feel quieted at the thought of having heard music from the friends of the Slave, and patronized it. How natural for Music, as well as Poetry to be on the side of Humanity and the Captive. And how gloriously employed it would be in Humanity's special service. I wish the Hutchinsons had a series of Anti-Slavery Melodies, to sing at their Concerts. A Marseilles Anti-Slavery Hymn, for instance, with a Swiss "Rans de Vasche." An English "Rule Britannia,"—a Scotch "Scots wha ha'e." An Irish "Battle of the Boyne," or a poor American Anti-Slavery "Yankee Doodle." Give me the ballad making, for a revolution, said some of the sages, and you may have all the law making. What an agitation

might the fourteen Hutchinsons sing up in the land, with all their voices and instruments strung to the deliverance of the bondman! Would the South send on to our General Court to have them beheaded? The General Court would not touch a *feather* of their crests, if they could only hear one of their strains.

A word of their music here, the other night. Among the songs sung, was "The Maniac." I had heard it recited with great talent, but I was not prepared to hear it sung. One of the younger of the brothers performed it with appalling power. It was made to be *sung*, I think, rather than recited or acted. Music alone, seems capable of giving it its wild and maniac expression. A poor maniac is imprisoned—and starts the song at the glance of the Jailor's Light entering his cell. The despairing lament and the hopeless imploration for release, accompanied with protestations that he is not mad, are enough to break the heart. It ought to have been heard by every Asylum Superintendent, though they have grown less of the Jailor than formerly.

The Airs were modern—most or all of them, and though very sweet, were less interesting to me, than if they had been songs I knew. If they had had some of the Old Songs intermingled, I think it would better please every body. Some of Burns'. The Bonnie Doon, or The Highland Mary, for instance. Few professed vocalists could touch either of these, without profanation. I think the Hutchinsons might, for they are simple and natural in their music. I should love to hear them warble

> "Ye Banks and Braes and Streams,
> Around the Castle of Montgomery!"

Their wood-land tone—their clear enunciation and their fine appreciation of the poetry—together with their perfect freedom from affectation and stage grimace, would enable them to do justice to the great Scottish Songster. And it would do the people good to hear them sing him. Will they take the suggestion, and when they sing next, at least as far North as here, will they sprinkle their catalogue, (in the singing, if not in the handbill,) with a strain or two from the Glens of the Scotch Highlands. And Rans de Vasche, too, I would venture to mention to them—

or The Cattle Chorus—the Lowing of the Cows among the Alps, that makes the Swiss Exile mad, when he hears it in a foreign land. Their spirited imitation would tell in that, with grand effect.

Oh! this Music is one of God's dearest gifts. I do wish men would make more of it. How humanizing it is—and how purifying—elevating and ennobling to the spirit! And how it has been prostituted and perverted! That accursed drum and fife,—how they have maddened mankind! And the deep bass boom of the cannon, chiming in, in the chorus of the battle—that trumpet, and wild, charging bugle,—how they set the military devil into a man, and make him into a soldier! Think of the Human Family, falling upon one another, at the inspiration of Music! How must God feel at it! To see those harp strings, He meant should be waked to a love bordering on divine, strung and swept to mortal hate and butchery. And the perversion is scarcely less, when music is profaned to the superstitious service of Sect,—its bloody-minded worship—its mercenary and bigot offerings. How horribly it echoes from the heartless and priest-led Meeting-House!

But it will all come right, by and bye. The world is out of tune now. But it will be tuned again, and all discord become harmony. When Slavery and War are abolished, and hanging and imprisoning, and all hatred and distrust—when the strife of humanity shall be, who will love most and help the readiest, when the tyrant steeple shall no longer tower, in sky-aspiring contempt of humanity's cowering dwellings about its base, when pulpits and priests and hangmen and generals—gibbets and jails, shall have vanished from the surface of the delivered earth, then shall be heard music here, where they used to stand. The hills shall then break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.

SPEECH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 30, 1842.]

We speak of the "freedom" of it, and of "Liberty of Speech," as though it were even to be claimed that the human voice should not be regulated at *all* times and under *all* circumstances, by the arbitrary caprice of tyrants. The human voice is free of course. It is as naturally and inalienably free of every power but the man's that utters it, as God is free, and language would hardly be marred more by the phrase freedom of God than by such expressions as Liberty of Speech. Who should think of regulating a man's speech but himself? What has he got it for, but to use at his discretion, and what has he discretion for, if not to govern himself with, in speech and thought. If a man has not discretion enough to govern his own utterance, how can he govern his neighbor's? How can any number of men, each and all incompetent to regulate themselves, regulate others? Those others meantime competent to regulate them, though incapable of bridling their own tongues—or rather of guiding them *without bridle*, as the Parthian manages his unreined steed. Human speech is sovereign. Nobody *can* govern it but the individual it belongs to. Nobody ought to think of it. Every body has his hands full with his own, which he *can* manage and ought to, and which he cannot innocently commit to the manage of another. It can be done. Speech is good for nothing unless it be done. Men better be without tongues and organs and powers, than not use them sovereignly. If it be not safe to entrust self-government of speech to mankind, there had better not be any mankind. Slavery is worse than non-existence. A society involving it is worse than none. The earth had better go unpeopled than inhabited by vassals. How it must look to spectator eyes—tenanted by hampered immortality, with clipped wings and hand-cuffed wrists and fettered spirits. What angel would ever light upon it but that dragon-pinioned one who as John Milton has poetized—lighted once from Hell on its "bare outside." Better have been kept *bare* to this day, than peopled by a tongue-tied race of men.

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY,

[From the Herald of Freedom of Feb. 10, 1843.]

A monthly, literary periodical, edited by H. T. Tuckerman, and for sale by John D. Norton, bookseller, of this town. It is an elegant pamphlet, embellished with engravings in the fine style to which they are carrying that *fine* art in this country. January and February numbers have been kindly handed in at our printing office, by the agent. If I could say any thing to advance *his* interest in disposing of the work, I would gladly do it. And I could, if I had the skill, say considerable in its favor as a spirited and able literary Journal.

I feel awkward at attempting to touch any thing literary. Not merely that I make clumsy work of it, but because I feel doubtful as to the utility of promoting the cultivation of mere letters. For what is literature, but the luxury of words and periods. What is the use of it! It has nothing of the power of unlettered talk, or illiterate writing—if such there may be. It engenders only an artificial language, that nobody talks, or can talk, except those fictitious creatures, the scholars—and they, only when they are not in earnest; when they are *learned.* Put them to their necessities, and they forget their book style—their compound words and their constructed periods, and have to talk off just like any body. Literature is a mere accomplishment, intended to be displayed only by the idle. It is like the parlor furniture, to be used (if it can be called *use*) only by *company.* It is but pedantry, in its best estate. True, strong, human thinking don't want it, and can't make use of it, if it happen to possess it. It has, in fact, to get rid of it, before it can make the natural and necessary use of speech. Human speech is of almighty power, almost, when unalloyed by learning. And yet the strong-minded, unlettered man bows reverently before the helpless scholar. It is a grand mistake. This literature produces nothing for humanity. It originates nothing, improves nothing, invents nothing, discovers nothing. It talks hard words, about the labors of others, and is reckoned higher and more meritorious for it, than genius and labor

are for achieving what learning can only descant upon. Learning trades on the capital of unlettered mind. It struts in stolen plumage, and it is mere plumage. A learned man resembles an owl, in more respects than the matter of *wisdom*. Like that *solemn* bird, he is, about, all feathers.

The February number of the Miscellany has, among other spirited articles, an essay on the genius and character of Macaulay, the celebrated critic and reviewer. It is written with uncommon activity of style, and power of language. I have seen but little of Macaulay's writing—but should think the writer of this essay, displayed a good deal of the peculiar talent that distinguishes him—and were not Macaulay the subject of the article, it might pass pretty well for one of his own. It is in his keen, brave, dashing style—maintaining the flowing period and the almost good sense of common talk, amid comprehensive words and scholar-like phraseology. But it is only about books and their writers, and of what consequence to humanity are either of these. They are but copies—and resemblances of copies—when we might be gazing on originals. Works, whole Alexandrian libraries of them—what are they good for? Common sense "esteems them as stubble." They are food for nobody but the moth, and his fellow-student the book worm. Some old invader burnt up ever so many of them, in a famous library, long ago, I believe in Egypt. They called him a Vandal, or some such rude name for it. But he might have been a very clever barbarian for all that. I wish he had burnt nothing more valuable—viz. human abodes and their cultivated fields. Our Second Advent friends contemplate a grand conflagration, about the *first* of April next. I should be willing there should be one—if it could be confined to the productions of the press, with which the earth is absolutely smothered. I would not care if there should be a bonfire of all the learned libraries—especially the divinity, and that would burn like tinder—most of it.

Humanity wants precious few books to read—but the great living, breathing, immortal and glorious volume of Providence. "The proper study of mankind,"—that this is "Man," and God's other works, is not mere poetry. There is truth in it.

Life, real life, how to live—how to treat one another, and how to trust God in matters beyond our ken and occasion; these are the lessons to learn, and you can find nothing about them in the libraries. I would add a word more of the Miscellany and its other spirited and able articles, but toil-worn Anti-slavery can have little leisure or fancy for literature, while a sixth of the country welters in brute slavery, and the mass of the other five sixths, in heartless indifferency, or religious rage, at the feeble attempts making for its disenthralment. Literature shows, on such a country, like the marble gleams on a whited sepulchre, or like finery on a harlot, and the gaudier it is, the more painfully unbecoming. I wish we might get free of slavery, before we multiply our literature much further—or our literary (or *religious*) institutions.

RICHARD D. WEBB.

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 24, 1843.]

I HAVE long intended to introduce this dear Irish friend, more fully and particularly to the readers of the Herald of Freedom, whose columns have been graced, by some of their finest verses, from his pen, and into which, I am copying some letters from the Freeman's Journal, a Dublin paper, to the editor of which they were addressed by Webb, on occasion of the plunder of his household furniture, by a parish priest. The letters are most pertinent to our Anti-Slavery occasions,—for they illustrate the Priestly office. Not the Catholic priest,—but the Protestant,—and priesthood the world over, and in all times, since it first began to *play upon* mankind. Had the Priest, who robbed Richard Webb of his chairs and his tables, been a Catholic, our clergy would have been ready enough to cry out at his Roman cupidity and audacity. But it was a Protestant priest—an evangelical divine,—an orthodox minister,—which "alters the case." Our whole bevy of Divinity here, in all its sectarian variety, are in solemn fellowship with the Reverend plunderer.

I received the papers from Ireland, containing these letters

last December, and should have published them immediately, but one of them got mislaid or destroyed, and I have had to send clear to Dublin to supply it;—for I determined, if I could, that these elegant and two-edged epistles should be recorded in the Herald's columns. I wrote in the time of it, a rough sketch of the writer, to go in before them, and am sorry I have lost that also, for it was penned when I felt in the mood of it, and I can now neither recal it, nor hit on any thing to answer its place.—I must try, however, to tell the reader who Richard D. Webb is.

I shall never forget my first introduction to him. It was in the gallery of Free Masons' Hall, London, whither Garrison, Remond, Adams and myself, had *ascended*, to be spectators of the fettered Anti-Slavery Convention going on in the gorgeous Hall below. It was the morning of 18th of June, 1840. It was as magnificent and brilliant a Convention as subject Philanthropy had ever assembled. Old Organized Anti-Slavery, however, fresh from one of its Bunker Hill conflicts with tyranny this side the water, could not enter in at its narrow portals—at a gate so strait, that it would not admit the tiny form of Lucretia Mott. We could not condescend, as representatives of the American Abolitionists, to go where their credentials were not a passport. So we betook ourselves to the spectators' gallery. It was at once rumored in the Hall, that Garrison was in the Gallery, and our position soon became the centre of observation and resort. Among the earliest who came *up* from the Convention, to give us the right hand of fellowship, was Richard D. Webb. I have not time to mention the other distinguished names, that shortly after graced the gallery with their presence.—The Allens, the Haughtons, of Ireland—the Peases, the Opies, the Fryes and the Lady Byrons of England.

It was not long before I became deeply interested in Richard Webb. It was not his personal appearance—for that is not striking to a stranger. It was not what he said—for he said but little. It was what he didn't say, and how he didn't say it, his most "expressive silence," that made me feel myself in the presence of a man of genius. And then his kind and tasteful attentions—his significant and original manners, his modesty and his

keen good sense. I felt strongly interested to be with him, and was highly gratified, not to say flattered at his kindnesses to me. I remember the jaunts we had together, in famous old London, and the spots we visited. Old Charing Cross, with its equestrian statue of King Charles I, and the interesting facts he told me about it of the times of Cromwell.—The Palace at White Hall, built by Inigo Jones, and the door the unhappy Charles was led out at, to the platform, for execution.—The Queen's Horse Guards, a dreadful troop—we paused to look at, there at the head quarters of England's Military Power,—every monster of them, in perfect uniform; accoutred all over, like so many porcupines —their appalling *whiskery* scarce blacker than their weather-darkened faces—all mounted on horses exactly alike, black as a raven, not a white hair about them all, and as heavy as the charger rode by King Richard in the Lists.—We saw their movements at their royal quarters, at White Hall, and went in among them. They were the creatures that rode right over Marshal Grouchy's veteran cavalry, at Waterloo. We passed under the eaves of Westminster Hall,—and by the little guide board to "Poet's Corner," mounted at the entrance of a lane in the rear of Old Westminster Abbey. (We had not time to go in.) It was fine to see these things with the interesting Irishman, and I there, from far New Hampshire. Webb seemed at home with the history of every thing we saw. We went to the Cloisters of the Abbey. I wish I could describe them. Low, lancet-arched, gloomy, ancient passages, where the Monkhood of the twilight ages used to pace their penitential rounds,—paved all over with dilapidated grave stones, with their worn-out Latin inscriptions—chiselled there in *memory* of this and that Abbot, of the ninth or tenth century! It was rare to roam them with Richard Webb, and hear his *brief*, impressive remark. He knew every thing about the whole, that reading could impart—and told it, as we Yankees cannot tell things.

But I cannot *begin* to give account of where we went, and what we saw. Then again a visit with him to the London Zoological gardens—a congregation of the whole animal creation, a rare place to be at, with *him*. And many a *time* besides, I had

with him in London, before going to Dublin, where he so lovingly met dear Garrison and me, on the wharfed bank of the Liffey, as we stepped ashore from the Glasgow Steamer, and took us, post haste, through the crowded streets of the Irish capital, to 160 Great Brunswick, his own more than welcome home. There we had a great-souled time with the Webbs, the Allens, and the Haughtons, the Cochrans, the Downeses, and the Drummonds. But only for three days. I marvel we came away so soon, but Garrison wanted to go *home*. We ought to have staid three months. I never met such a circle as that Dublin one, and never expect to again. I have seen the Boston Abolitionists, the Chapmans, the Sargents, the Southwicks, the Quincys, the Pierponts, the Philipses and the Jacksons, and the others of that constellation, too many to name,—but they were not *Irish*. It takes Old Ireland to top out *darling* human character. Genius, refinement, heart, (a bosom-full of it) simplicity, hospitality warmer than brotherly love, high-souled philanthropy—Reform of the most daring cast —I never felt so much at home any where before. Under the roof of my own mother's son, I never experienced such a *liberty* as I *could not help feeling*, in a single day, among those Irish hearts. And when we sailed for America, who should be there, on the deck of the Acadia, as she weighed anchor in the harbor of Liverpool, over two hundred miles from Dublin, but dear, generous Richard Webb,—to bid us the loving, parting good bye. God bless him forever and ever!

But I was going to say a word of his character and person,—though something of the former may be guessed at already. And the letters will give some taste of the quality of his genius as a writer. He is a short, stout, bald-headed Quaker, his hat not quite in full fellowship,—the brim approximating a little towards the narrowness of the world's people's. A half-collared coat, with, I think, checked pantaloons, and shoes, with the thick soles of Old England. He looks in the face like the portraits of Dean Swift,—only there is heart in his countenance, which the Dean's lacks. There is that grave, unlaughing humor, which Swift must have felt, whether he showed it or not. There is a print of him in the Penny Magazine, which always makes me think of Webb

In company Webb takes little part in conversation. He hears every word—but says little except by way of stirring up talk. He is meditating your character, which he studies with a staunch curiosity. He acts, in a circle, like an amateur amid a gallery of portraits, only he does not seem to be examining any body He seems to have a perfect passion for character, and will get into your very inner man, and find you all out,—at least all the good of you,—for he does not dream you have any thing else. He literally "judges other folks by himself," in this behalf. He rummages after character, not to expose it—or to use it for his purposes—but from the mere love of it. He does not stare at you. He only considers you, and weighs you in the nice scales of taste. He must have amassed a great amount of the article of character. His mind must be a *depot* of it, and he might write a rare book of sketches,—for he has seen the best company of his time in Ireland and Britain. He went to Scotland on purpose to see Walter Scott, and could give a portrait of him, fuller and more graphic, I doubt not, than the world will be likely to get of the great Magician. I wish he would.

Webb's standing in Dublin may be estimated from the fact, that he is highly respected, and familiarly associated with, by such folks as O'Connell, though, as a philanthropist, the great Orator does not, in my apprehension, come up to Webb and his Dublin associates. He is by profession a printer. These letters I said, give some idea of his temper and talent as a writer. I wish I could print some of his private letters. In these he excels all writers I have ever seen. He writes, as well as any body else could *talk*—if they were ever so earnest, and ever so *honest*. But his hand writing cannot be printed. It is "past finding out." It looks like hieroglyphics taken in short-hand.

Webb's father is living—a hale, ruddy, fine specimen of the old Irish citizen. He was over at London at the "World's Convention," with his three sons and their wives—with more character among them, I venture to say, than was carried into the Ark by the like household, who embarked, of old, for Mount Ararat. The other two sons are James H. and Thomas—of whom suffice to say here—they are worthy their brotherhood. I hope Steam

will undergo such augmentation of improvements, as soon to bring them all over here, to some of our New-England (and New-Hampshire) Conventions.

But I am hurried—the printer wants copy—I can say nothing as I wished to—and regret I have lost my December manuscript, which, heavy as it was, had some life in it compared to this This is most "lame and impotent" for a sketch of such a man as RICHARD WEBB. He is a Poet—a Genius, an Abolitionist, and an Irishman. What more could be said of a man. Read his letters, and see how a *protestant priest* can treat such a man. I give his plundering Reverence joy of his tables and his chairs, seeing he has to digest them along with Webb's letters.

LABOR.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 5, 1843.]

IT is enslaved outright, in one portion of this *democratic* Republic,—and despised heartily in every portion of it. Wealth, and *Edjucation* and Indolence, and empty-headed Vanity in all its departments, are worshipped. Labor worships them, among the rest, and despises itself. The laboring man, generally, despises his vocation, and himself on account of it,—about as our Negro brother despises himself, on account of his complexion, &c.

And Labor is generally poor, as well as degraded. It earns all that is earned, by any body in the world, and might naturally be expected to share some of its own earnings. The Slave gets none of his, and the *free* Laborer as little of his as Usage and the Religion of the times can't help his having. These get away from him all they can, and generally leave him *ragged poor*. And he thinks it all right,—or if his nature is restless under the horrible perversion, he does not dream that there is any fault in his tyrants and plunderers. He adores and worships them, and despises his brother in poverty and toil. Half the time—nine tenths of the time, he would be a tyrant himself, as they are, if

he had the power. It is the vice of the general morality, that he is so, and that springs from the Religion of the People. A people's religion is generally, perhaps always, their own viciousness, exalted and *sanctified*, and made sublime enough to be worshipped. The People create their Gods in their own image,—put thunder and lightning, &c., into their hands, and thus worship their own wickedness. Our Religion, whatever name you may call it by—as it is preached and practised, and *carried on*—makes us what we are, and, among other deplorable effects, places Labor where it is,—and sets up Idleness over it, as its Lord and Master.

I deny that Labor ought to be degraded, or ought to starve. I am *bold* to *deny* it. I *hazard* the *startling* assertion, that Work ought not to go hungry, or naked, but have something to eat, and to wear. It may cost some of our remaining subscribers, to say it, but I will risk it. I say nobody, that earns a living by labor, ought to go without it, and I might venture further—that nobody, able to labor, but who does not labor, ought to have a living. I would give them one for the honor of the race, or as God sends rain on the unjust, but they do not deserve it. No laborer should want, and no idler should enjoy,—and no man has a right to be idle. He may be for all *me*, but not for all himself. He owes it to himself, to earn his bread at the least,—and to earn it by *useful* labor, and not useless—much less mischievous labor,—as too many earn, or get it by now. Further, as no man has a right to be idle, and live on the earnings of others, so no man ought to be obliged to support the idle, or to labor much (if any) beyond support of himself. There ought, of course, to be labor enough done on the earth, to support all its inhabitants, richly—and if it were properly shared, no one would need do more, and none would do less. Men have no right to overwork themselves, if they can help it. They owe it to their nature and to God, who is dishonored (if that is possible) in its degradation. It is in derogation of glorious human nature, to overwork it, and more grossly so, to have it slothful and idle, and basely live on the unrequited toil of others.

Every one owes it to himself, as well as to his otherwise over-

burdened and injured neighbor, to do *manual labor* enough, to earn the bread he consumes, and all his support. He must earn it for himself, or somebody else must earn it for him, which is clearly wrong. He may say he pays for his support, but he ought to consider that he pays money that is not his own,—for he did not earn it—and social combinations that cast it upon him, are vicious,—and in violation of human welfare and right. I would not disturb them violently—but I think they are wrong, and will say so.

If every body worked as much as they ought to, nobody would be obliged to work more than they ought to, which would be a mighty amelioration of human condition and character. A people broken down with labor, whether free labor (so called) or slave, must be morally degraded. It is easy for a Priesthood to ride such a people. They have not the leisure, nor the elasticity of soul, to appreciate or assert their own freedom. Their backs are bowed down, like a kneeling camel's, and the Priest mounts them easily, and rides, all their miserable lives long.

Every body ought to earn his own living by manual labor, and if practicable, had better earn thus much, by cultivating the face of the ground. To say nothing of the healthfulness of such labor and the enjoyment of it,—which every body needs—there is an independence about it, a certainty of renumeration, that human injustice or folly cannot defeat. And then it is due the face of our mother earth. The glorious old mother, her children, (for they all repose in her motherly lap) owe it to her, to keep her whole face, her entire surface, where there is *terra firma* for the noble plough, dressed to her taste and their own. They ought to deck her "universal face in pleasant green." And labor enough done by all, to earn their living, would do it. There need not a man overtoil himself, to turn all earth into a paradise,—a fit abode for gods—and godlike creatures would then inhabit it. Mechanical labor is useful, necessary, honorable. But prosecuted constantly and uninterruptedly, it is not so healthful or pleasant as when mingled with the cultivation and adornment of the earth, nor so sure of requital. He who vests his labor in the faithful ground is dealing directly with God, and human fraud or

weakness does not intervene between him and his requital. He is very apt to get his reward. The mechanic is quite apt to fail of his. No mechanic has a set of customers equally trustworthy as God and the elements,—or so unfailingly able, as well as willing to pay. No *savings* Bank even is so sure as the old earth, to restore all its deposites and with overflowing and gushing usury. Every mechanic knows his own condition best, perhaps. But am I extravagant in saying it would be well for every one to cultivate the earth enough to raise his own support? There is enough earth for all—provided humanity could be allowed to come on to it and dig.

The earth is as fine a one as God could furnish us. I don't believe the Clergy or the Legislature could better it—or our honester friends who are looking for the *Prince of Peace* to come with the torch of the incendiary and set it afire. I tell our conflagration friends, by the way, if Christ touches match to this glorious earth of ours, (which if He be God, He made to the best of His Almighty skill,) and burns it up—or burns a single human creature that sins and suffers on its surface, he is not the "Son of man" revealed in the New Testament. There is not a trait of character of him, delineated in the gospel, that such an act would not violate and outrage. No, let no such *inflammatory* scenes be anticipated. Would *we* burn the earth, and our miserable neighbors,—if we felt right towards them? No—nor if *we felt right*, should we ever expect God would do any such thing. It is only when we are wrong and wicked, ourselves, that we clothe our God with such an incendiary and revengeful disposition. Nero set Rome afire and played on the fiddle at sight of the conflagration—Nero would most naturally attribute to God the disposition he was then manifesting.

But the earth is as beautiful as God could make it. They complain of its being cursed. The only curse now resting on it, it seems to me, is the curse of an indolent, idle tyranny, and the curse of down-trodden, back-broken labor. No wonder the earth is cursed and blasted. See war let loose upon it, under the sanction of religion, to devastate what poor, desponding Labor has done towards its adornment. See how it drives its harnessed

horses through the harvest field, and ruts it with its accursed cannon wheels, and tears the sweet green sward with its murderous shot. And how it mows down the laborers, manuring the earth with their bones. That is all war ever does for agriculture. It manures the ground with the blood and the bones of the cultivator. Waterloo, they say, was made fat in this way, by that darling system of Kings and Clergy. They rained blood on that field, and the plaster of *Paris* they spread on for manure, was the bleached and powdered bones of the soldiery. But I am digressing, as friend Palmer of the Courier *almost* wittily said of the Herald, the other day.

SPRING.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 19, 1843.]

At last it is here in full flush. Winter held on tenaciously and mercilessly, but it has let go. The great sun is high on his northern journey, and the vegetation, and the bird-singing, and the loud frog-chorus, the tree budding and blowing are all upon us—and the glorious grass—superbest of earth's garniture—with its ever-satisfying green. The king birds have come, and the corn planter—the scolding Bob-a-link. "Plant your corn, plant your corn," says he, as he *scurreys* athwart the ploughed ground, hardly lifting his crank wings to a level with his back, so self-important is he in his admonitions. The earlier birds have gone to house-keeping, and have disappeared from the spray. There has been brief period for them, this spring, for scarcely has the deep snow gone, but the dark green grass has come, and first we shall know, the ground will be yellow with dandelions.

I incline to thank Heaven, this glorious morning of May 16th, for the pleasant home from which we can greet the spring. Hitherto we have had to await it amid a thicket of village houses—low down, close together, and awfully white. For a prospect we had the hinder part of an ugly meeting-house—which an enterprising neighbor relieved us of, by planting a dwelling-house right before our eyes—(on his own land, and he had a right to,) which

relieved us also of all prospect whatever. And the revival spirit of habitation which has come over Concord, is clapping up a house between every two in the already crowded town; and the prospect is, it will be soon all buildings. They are constructing in quite good taste though—small, trim, cottage like. But I rather be where I can breathe air, and see beyond my own features, than be smothered among the prettiest houses ever built. We are on the slope of a hill—it is all sand, be sure, on all four sides of us, but the air is free (and the sand too, at times) and our water is a caution to tee-totallers. There is danger of hard drinking to live by it. Air and water, the two necessaries of life, and high, free play ground for the small ones. There is a sand precipice hard by, high enough, were it only rock and overlooked the ocean, to be as sublime as any of the Nahant cliffs. As it is, it is altogether a safer haunt for daring childhood, which could hardly break its neck by a descent of some hundreds of feet.

A low flat lies between us and the town, with its State house, and body guard of well-proportioned steeples standing round. It was marshy and wet, but is almost all redeemed by the translation into it of the high hills of sand. It must have been a terrible place for frogs, judging from what remains of it. Bits of water from the springs hard by, lay here and there about the low ground, which are peopled as full of singers as ever the gallery of the old North Meeting-house was, and quite as melodious ones. Such performers I never heard, in marsh or pool. They are not the great, stagnant, bull paddocks—fat and coarse-noted like Archibald Burgess, but clear water frogs, green, lively and sweet voiced. I passed their orchestra going home the other evening, with a small lad, and they were at it—all parts—ten thousand peeps, shrill, ear-piercing and incessant, coming up from every quarter. accompanied by a *second,* from some larger swimmer with his trombone—and broken in upon, every now and then, but not discordantly, with the loud, quick *holler*, that resembles the cry of the tree toad. "There are the Hutchinsons," cried the lad. "The Rainers," responded I,—glad to remember enough of my ancient Latin to know that *Rana* or some such sounding word, stood for frog. But it was a "band of music," as the Miller friends say.

Like other singers (all but the Hutchinsons) these are apt to sing too much—all the time they are awake—constituting really too much of a good thing. I have wondered if the little reptiles were singing in concert, or whether every one peeped on his own hook, their neighborhood only making it a chorus. I incline to the opinion that they are performing together—that they know the tune and each carries his part—self-selected, in free meeting, and therefore never discordant. The *hour* rule of Congress might be useful—though far less needed among the frogs, than among the profane croakers of the fens at Washington.

They will soon disappear—the people are a building, they will soon turn every frog-stand into a human habitation, and hide every square yard of surface with a tenement, *built to let.* I wish the owners would build to live in, and that every poor tenant might turn owner. I hate to see a whole village rented out, with nobody *at home.* But success to the little town—they are as busy as bees, and the noise of the carpenter's hammer, and the clink of the stone cutter are as universal as the frog-peeps. I can't imagine where so many people are coming from, or what they are *coming to.* I am entirely unacquainted with the condition of the business world. But I hope they will all have something to eat, and something honest and useful to earn it at. If they should not, there will be a sorry congregation of the poor people here, by and by. They will be in as bad a box as a pond of frogs with the water drained off, or dried up, or *superseded* by the sand of the house builders. Temperance and industry will get a living almost any where, though I would rather get it in country, than in thick-settled town.

THE STULTIFYING POWER OF SUPERSTITION.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 15, 1843.]

It robs humanity of the light of intellect, as well as of all moral principle—and all moral sensibility and scrupulousness. I was much struck with an incidental developement of this in Dan-

iel O'Connell. I am reminded of it now by seeing him called a "bigoted Roman Catholic," in Amasa Walker's letter. It was at a dinner table in London. I was dining with Joseph and Elizabeth Pease. Late during dinner, O'Connell was announced. He came in wide awake, with all his splendid nature in full animation and play. It was parliament time—and anniversary time at the World's Capital, and O'Connell had a prominent part to perform at every philanthropic meeting held in the old city—as well as being not an entirely idle spectator in the House of Commons. He sat down to the table directly opposite to me, across it. It was the first opportunity I had had of seeing the Great Agitator in private, and I did not abate all the observation I could decently take of his masterly countenance. It was all of a light flame of intellect and genius, when he took his seat, and cast his regard about on all at the small table. He was scarcely seated, when I observed his fine face part with its entire expression, and become an idiotic blank—as unmeaning as the visage of a great calf. It was so sudden and so extreme and so hideous, that it amazed me. He was at his holy Catholic devotions before meat. The corners of his beautiful and eloquent mouth were wofully and idiotically drawn down—that eye, whose flash animates Ireland, and "whose bend doth awe the" Wellingtons and the Broughams of England—had not only "lost its lustre," but put on an expression of *positive* insignificancy, as much surpassing the competency of common eyes to "signify nothing," as its ordinary brilliancy exceeds that of every-day men. He crossed his broad and *desolate* forehead, with a most unmeaning finger, and then letting it down, of its own unwitting weight, he made another ✠ on his great breast. There was not a man in the United Kingdom, I don't believe, who could have looked like such an infinite fool. It was but an instant, and the idiotic fog went off, and all that was O'Connell emerged again at once. It amazed and confounded me. It was *Catholic* monkery, and I could therefore look upon it with *Protestant* intrepidity. I could behold it as it was—and I never shall forget it. I never before had a consciousness of the blasting power of Superstition over

Human Nature. I here beheld it in the extremity of its potency. It had transformed DANIEL O'CONNELL, in a single instant, into something vastly *more* than a natural fool.

POLITICS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 15, 1843.]

OUR people seem to think it is the chief end of man. If our gods could be sculptured out, or depicted in any way, and given name and form—some queer-looking one would have to be drawn representing the Divinity of Politics. They would have to picture an *armed rogue*—and yet he is one of our crack deities. He would rank almost as our Jupiter. Mammon would be a rival with him for the precedency of worship,—but along about elections, the money god would have to stand round for a day or two.

Every thing runs into politics.—It gives such a chance to fight, and show power. They have dragged the poor old Temperance enterprise and the Anti-slavery cause to the ballot box—and tried to make them enlist in the squabble of elections.

The Temperance movement they may swamp there, if they will, but not the Anti-slavery, so far as I can hinder it. And there is a band of moral abolitionists, who will keep up the anti-slavery front in the field of truth, and not suffer it to be identified or confounded with this physico-moral, this pacifico-military demonstration, into which new-organization attempted to betray the cause in New England, and into which it has casually fallen, to some extent, in other parts of the country. Politics would be Anti-slavery's death. Third Party would figure under its banner, till it might become numerous enough to attract the cupidity and the purchase of one of the other two great gambler parties, who alone can maintain a perpetual play in the country. There it would be absorbed, and there's an end of your anti-slavery. It would compromise on very low terms with any party that would reward its leaders with official power. Politics is gaming, and whoever will dabble in it attains the morality of a gambler. All

gamblers play for the winning—and Third Party will go the way of First Party and Second. The only object of Party is Power. To get it or to preserve it, is its only *possible* motive. Any thing that would bring power, or perpetuate it, is always unhesitatingly and unscrupulously resorted to,—and any thing that would hazard it, shunned, with instinctive dread and avoidance. Third Party can be *indifferent* honest, only while it remains too feeble to be contemptible—when it shall have attained numbers to make it an object of continued scorn with the two rivals—or a little onward, when it rises to the dignity of being odious—it will be sucked up at once. Three Political Parties can't live. It is impossible. So soon as Third Party gets big enough to *begin* to pass muster, or to attract *inspection*, it will be devoured by the great political Anaconda, quicker than ever a famished Boa swallowed a rabbit. Then where is Anti-slavery—swallowed—with Third Party.

Let, then, all abolitionists redouble their anti-slavery, moral energy. We must keep the country in a state of alarm for its pro-slavery institutions, until slavery is abolished. Instead of vainly endeavoring to avail ourselves of these blood-stained, soul-fettering institutions as instrumentalities, which would absorb our movement instead of aiding it—we must lay the moral battle-axe at the root of every one of them that is hostile to human rights, or that is interested to oppose our free movement. Instead of defending ourselves when they abuse us, let us throw away the shield, and rush upon their citadels. Let them do the defending. We have nothing to defend—our sole business is attack, and consequently we have no use for defensive weapons or armor.

A "Liberty Party" Convention is called in this State, I see by the People's Advocate. I would have abolitionists beware of involving themselves in it. As politicians they can choose between Third and the other parties,—but not safely, as abolitionists, as it seems to me. I don't ask of any politicians to quit one party for another. I ask all abolitionists, and especially Third Party men (nominally) to quit their parties entirely, and quit politics entirely. I would quit it, as I would *drinking*, or *smoking*, or *chewing*, or any other immoral practices. I would quit the

ballot box, as I would the militia. It is as immoral to vote or be voted for, for political office, as to train or enlist in the army. Why not? What is the difference? There is a physical difference between training on muster day, on parade—and marching to storm a town, or attack a troop in battle. But what difference in the character of the two movements? One is a training for the other. The spirit of them is the same. So political action is of one spirit and intent with military. The weapons of both are violence, and the instrumentalities of both, bloodshed and murder.

What is the government, after which all political action is aiming, but an armed battery? What is its voice, but the report of cannon—its sanctions, but the bayonet and the halter? Let them have their governments, and their armies, and navies,—out of the anti-slavery field—but not in it. I have nothing to say here against government and politics generally, as immoralities,—or with special intent to have them done away as institutions aside from our movement. They are immoralities, and therefore not to *our* anti-slavery purpose. It is immoral to strike a man, or threaten him, or to ask the sheriff to do it for you—or the militia officer, or the governor as such—or the penal law-maker—or the voter. Moral action is addressed to the moral qualities of a moral being—and does not act physically on the body and animal senses. There is nothing reformatory in animal action. The very beasts are injured by this political sort of corrective and reform.

Good farmers are learning that there is a better way to treat their cattle than by blows. The hostler of intelligence and kindness, is ceasing to maul his noble horse. They are leaving off the practice of *breaking* steers and colts—for the reason that it is cruel—undeserved by the brute, and unworthy the *employer*, and because a *whole* horse or ox, is better than a *broken* one. *Political* action is unfit even for brute animals. Is it fitter for man? Is humanity less susceptible of moral influences than what we call brutality? A politician is but a man driver, a human teamster. His business is to control *men* by the whip and the goad. His occupation would be unlawful and inexpedient

toward even the cattle. I saw a book in Ireland entitled "The Rights of Animals." The title alone was worth more than most books. It suggested a grand idea—that animals had rights, and were not to be the victims of arbitrary caprice. Have mankind any rights? Will those ballot-box haunters respect those rights, or will they *vote* them down? They can't get the power, these Third Party people—they can't rationally expect it. They may amuse themselves in organizing, and fussing and struggling for it—esteeming themselves of little consequence as men, they may strive to make themselves of some, as voters. There they can *count*, as the constituents of an office-holder—or rather of a candidate—for they can't get office. The political Evil Genius would cheat them out of their party, by a compromise, long before he would allow them to approach within reach of power. But while they are amusing themselves with this fictitious effort after it,—this mimic politics,—this boy's training—for it all amounts to this, and no more—while they are at this, they lose all relish for high moral enterprise. They will run all to sham politics, and when that evaporates, they will disappear. Whereas moral anti-slavery is immortal—and immortalizing to the spirit. It cannot be cheated by compromise—or wearied out or baffled. It rises the fresher from every conflict—invigorated by its own exertion. It continually rises and broadens in aim and instrumentality, and life's evils and mischiefs must give way before it.

"SHAKESPEARE GALLERY."

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 10, 1844.]

I MUST try to keep open a little department for the accommodation of the weekly-coming Nos. of our Bard. It is contemplated there will be a hundred of them,—if so, it would warrant quite a permanent establishment. I once had a bit of scholar craft, that I might have laid out here to some advantage,—and a moderate eye to notice, and hand to note down the beauties both of text and illustration, as they are here displayed. And once, had

I attempted it, in some pitiful sectarian, or party, or *literary* sheet, I should have stood a chance to get quoted into the periodicals round, and credit given, openly, and my sheet subscribed for. But now, why, if I could paint here with Shakespeare's own pencil, not a vassal press of them all would dare borrow it, and own where they got it,—or scarcely steal it, for fear of detection. Not detection by the owner, but the party or sect—*their owners*. Who dares quote from the Herald of Freedom? Who dares insert the gallant name over an extract in their cowering sheets, and let their owners or overseers discover it—even though the article were vital enough to rescue the whole periodical from oblivion? But I cannot blame them. They are dependents. They "must live," as Burns said by the mouse. And to quote the Herald of Freedom, or Liberator, would no more allow them to have bread, than editing one of them, affords it to me. It is getting to be safe and tolerably common to copy from the National Standard. "Mrs. Child" has been quoted, a considerable while, and was while she edited the Standard,—not as the "Anti-Slavery Standard," but as "Mrs. Child." It was theft, thus to borrow without liberty. They wouldn't have dared treat any other press than the anti-slavery, so. They trifle with us, as they do with the poor colored people. But they won't always. The wheel is turning.

The 3d No. of Shakespeare has arrived. It goes on with Hamlet, beginning with last of Act III. Its first cut, the "Palace of Rosenberg," with its steepled towers threatening the sky. Oh how inhospitable, how pitiless, how unlike welcome, or shelter, or home, these palace towers, and all turrets look. Minarets, they are sometimes called. Is there a Latin word that means *threaten*, that it can have sprung from? They threaten humanity, as well as heaven—these *minarets* and steeples. Woods gloom around this "Rosenberg,"—a Kingly fountain plays in its front,—couchant monsters lay on pedestals each side its entrance, to bid *welcome* the way-farer. Haughty ones, but not happy, are seen lounging in its parks.

Page following, a tragedy-looking arm is depicted, thrusting a rapier at some unseen "rat" "behind the arras,"—the hand of the left arm visible, as if clutching somewhere to give *purchase*

to the thrust. A designing this, poor Polonius had an interest in. Or, closer looking, is it some dragon hand squeezing out poison on to the point of Laertes' rapier?

On farther, a pile of the old Danish panoply, with the ravened ensign, that used to frighten Britain in the days of her Seven Kings, or thereabouts. The Raven not very strikingly pictured. They made handsomer battle-axes in them days, than standards.

On farther—"a plain in Denmark"—covered with advancing forces—a proud-looking old host—Norwegians, it seems, going with an army of mighty "mass and charge" to take a "patch" of Poland, that would neither rent nor sell for "five ducats," as the poor captain confesses, who leads the march. Hamlet says, "Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats will not" pay the cost of it. A sample of the cost and the occasion of general wars. A fleet in the cloudy distance, on the Baltic.

A little way on,—and "poor Ophelia,"—her pomp and ladyship all abjured and gone, along with her wits,—and she in peasant garb and attitude, asking maniac questions at some stranger, I take it to be, gaping, curiously, out at a window. She, poor gal, is singing love-songs, along. A sad transform. Though I hardly know which is the most undesirable pickle to be in, this, or the peacock one she was born and bred to.

The next pictorial—the sailors handing Hamlet's letter to Horatio. The poor fellow, who delivers it, is hoisting one foot, and scratching his pate, in deprecation of the impatience of the gentleman he is *interrupting* by handing him a letter. Poor vassal tar, he thinks he is highly favored by being allowed to deliver it, and live. Horatio looks with all the hateful self-importance of a second-hand aristocrat,—a dependent gentleman, in presence of his inferiors. Nobody looks down with so ineffable an eye, as they that have to look up part of the time. Your king can afford to look on the serf with quite mitigated scorn. Indeed, he would hardly frown on him, more than on a dog. Horatio, I suppose, was a kind of toad-eater to Lord Hamlet, and therefore he would scowl at the intrusion of a sailor. The poor, dog tars look as their profession makes them feel,—but not quite so degraded and stupid as the servant that introduces them.

The next a dark picture—the inky ocean and Denmark's ships hovering upon it, with out-spread, stormy-looking wings. The clouds look threatening and black, and the keels turning up at the prows like the ancient galley, make a picturesque and gallant show. These are the old Rovers, I suppose, that used to light down upon Saxon England, from the North sea.

And next is Ophelia, drowning—where the willows let down their "hoar leaves in the glassy stream." "Her clothes spread wide—bearing her up"—her crazy wild flowers, all "her weedy trophies," scattered on the brook, and she, in maniac indifferency to her danger, garlanding her poor head, and chanting bits of old psalm tunes—a touching sight.

The next one is the cut of cuts—as it is the scene of scenes, the grave diggers! An old tree top over head—like the main arm of one of the old Connecticut river Elms, a century and a half old—tree-limbs to the very wooden life. Under it stands an ancient cross, that the old Northern superstition had posted there in the church yard, in behalf of the "dead and turned to clay." At its foot, the Two Clowns, one with "a pick axe," and the other with "a spade." They are discussing "Crowner's 'quest-Law." One is the old Sexton, by his look. He settles the legality of Ophelia's burial. His younger fellow-digger looks for all the world as if he was asking if "that was Law!" Stupid as his pick-axe, his cod's eye within an inch of smiling, at the delightful legal intelligence he is getting. While old Coke sits, hands clasped on his shovel handle, and looking with all the sage satisfaction of an old counsellor, who cares as little as he knows what his opinion is good for, so long as it goes for law with his poor hearer. They are looking one another most intelligently in the face. The inquiring clown—the law-pupil, is lifting one hand almost into a gesture. Clowns! See to what, Society can reduce that "piece of work," this same Shakespeare elsewhere calls "man." It doesn't look much "like a god, in action"—or "an angel, in apprehension," here. On the opposite page an imposing old church. These old cathedrals!—it is they, have made "man" into "clowns."

On the next page, a left hand emerges from a partly dug grave,

a clown's hand palpably, wielding a spade which is turning out a skull. A wonderfully expressive little cut. It is the skull of Yorick—"three and twenty years i' the earth," and now again visiting the air and light, but not to jest for the entertainment of kings. The king he used to entertain, had himself gone to *entertain* other jesters and digesters—even "my lady worms."

On another page a picture of Yorick, capering like a *fool*, as he was, with young Hamlet on his back, who looks like an already spoiled child. Another picture—and a kingly apartment, and humanity around a table, in all degrees of debasement—its two debasing extremes, the jester and the king—the jester performing, and the miserable king laughing most royally and majestically,—both most apparent "fools." Obsequious courtiery is sitting by, tickled to death, *of course*, in obedience to his tasteful Majesty, and his Majesty's wit, as displayed by his Majesty's jester.

This ends the pictorial of the No. A long notice of it—but not long in the scratching.

GORGEOUS SKETCH OF O'CONNELL, AND THE TARA MEETING.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 17, 1844.]

THE friends of humanity—readers of the Herald of Freedom—will take interest in movements any where in the world, in behalf of poor, down-trampled, subjected human kind. The agitations of O'Connell are for a comparatively low object. It is not much for poor Ireland, to be transferred from an Imperial to a Provincial Parliament. To be ruled on the banks of the *subject* Liffey, instead of on the banks of haughty, *riley* old Thames. To be devoured by a domestic Locustry, instead of one that lights down upon the other side of the St. George's channel, and there sucks her *thin* blood through a tube, a little protracted. Her veins will be exhausted in either event, and *Government* will drain them dry. O'Connell doesn't demand *self*-government for the Irish people. He doesn't deem them capable of it, or himself capable of it. He does not aspire to freedom, himself. He is a contented

subject. He acknowledges allegiance to his Queen, and doesn't feel dishonored by the *subjection* and *vassalage* it implies. But he is struggling upward. He is making advances. He is learning there is something of more potency than powder and steel. He has armed his millions with weapons that are an overmatch for Wellington's Bayonets, which could disperse the whirlwind onset of Napoleon's Guards—even with their unarmed and defenceless hands. The hard hands of Irish Labor—with nothing in them—they ring them like slabs of marble together, in response to the wild appeals of O'Connell, on the hills of their country—and the British troops stand conquered before them, with shouldered arms. Ireland is on her feet *with nothing in her hands*, impregnable and unassailable in her utter defencelessness. The first time a nation ever sprung to its feet, unarmed. They have no defensive weapons, and they are secure from attack. The veterans of England behold them, and forbear to fire. They see no mark. It won't do to fire upon *men.* It will do to fire only on soldiers. They are the proper mark for the murderous gun. *Men* cannot be fired at. O'Connell, by circumstances, has found it out, and is taking advantage of it. He will learn, by and by, that if there wasn't a musket in Ireland, no Red-coat would dare cross her channel. It would be a grander purgation for the Emerald Isle, than St. Patrick's, which rid it of the serpents. If all Ireland would make proclamation, banishing from their green borders forever, all instruments of death, and avowing eternal peace and good will to man, England would cry, conquered and beat! to all the world; and would withdraw and disband her legions. They would disband, of themselves, on the spot, and turn Irishmen, and throw their hateful-looking war trappings into the ocean, and learn the direful trade no more. It is coming to that, the world over, and when it does come to it, oh what *a long breath* of relief and of rest will the tired world draw, as it stretches itself, for the first time, out upon earth's green-sward, and learns the meaning of repose and peaceful sleep.

But this is not the mere introduction I sat down, at this interval of manual labor, to give to the French Viscount's *ac*count of the Tara meeting, on the Hill of Kings, and by the Stone of Destiny. It is from a paper fresh from Ireland.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 14, 1844.]

* * * One word more. The Hutchinsons. No one will any longer tax me with hyperbole or exaggeration—when I exult at these matchless Anti-Slavery songsters. They surpassed themselves at the Convention. They came out with some new strains, and sung some that were not entirely new with prodigious and indescribable effect. Ames says it takes an orator to describe an orator,—or write his life. I say it would take musicians and music to describe these singers. Their outburst at the Convention, in Jesse's celebrated "Get off the track," is absolutely indescribable in any words that can be penned. It represented the moral Rail Road in characters of living light and song, with all its terrible enginery and speed and danger. And when they came to that chorus-cry, that gives name to the song,—when they cried to the heedless pro-slavery multitude that were stupidly lingering on the track, and the Engine "Liberator" coming hard upon them, under full steam and all speed,—the Liberty Bell loud ringing, and they standing like deaf men right in its whirlwind path,—the way they cried "Get off the track," in defiance of all time and rule, was magnificent and sublime. They forgot their harmony, and shouted one after another, or all in confused outcry, like an alarmed multitude of spectators, about to witness a terrible rail road catastrophe. But I am trying to *describe* it. I should only say it was indescribable. It was life—it was nature, transcending the musical staff—and the gamut, the minim and the semi-breve, and ledger lines. It was the cry of the people, into which their over-wrought and illimitable music had *degenerated*,—and it was glorious to witness them alighting down again from their wild flight into the current of song,—like so many swans upon the river from which they had soared, a moment, wildly into the air The multitude who heard them will bear me witness, that they transcended the very province of mere music,—which is, after all, like eloquence, or like poetry,—but one of the subordinate departments of humanity. It was exaggerated, sub-

limated—transcendent song. God be thanked the Hutchinsons are in the Anti-Slavery movement—for their sakes as well as for ours. Their music would ruin them, but for the chastening influences of our glorious enterprise. It will now inspire all their genius and give it full play,—and will guard them from the seductions of the flattering world, which, but for its protections, would make them a prey. I note them, not to praise them. I am above that,—as they are. I do it in exultation for the Cause, and for their *admonition*, though while they are abolitionists, they do not need it. Anti-Slavery is a safe regulator of the strongest genius. I here take occasion to say, in defiance of all rule, that Jesse Hutchinson, Junior, is the most gifted song writer of the times—so far as I know. None of our most approved poetry comes up to his—written in the hurly of the anti-slavery debate. It is perhaps owing to this and to the fact that he writes to sing rather than to read—writes under the influence of song—that the music precedes the poetry in his mind—that the words come at the call of the music, and are drafted into its service—or rather volunteer at its summons,—that his poetry *sings* so much better than Pierpont's, or Burleigh's, or Lowell's, or Whittier's—or any of the bards. Burns wrote his immortal songs to match the tunes sent him by George Thompson. He couldn't sing, like Jesse Hutchinson. I don't know as he could at all. His soul could, if his voice couldn't,—and under its inspiration he poured forth his lays, in songster verse. What songs he would have left us, if he could have written under such a spell of music as possesses the Hutchinsons! Jesse's songs remind me of him. "The Slave Mother" is hardly surpassed in simplicity and pathos by any thing of Burns. I only mention it to call the attention of the people to what is going on in the Anti-Slavery field. They'll all *miss it*, if they don't come there.

"THE TIGERS."

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 26, 1844.]

THIS is the picturesque and appropriate name of a corps of young aristocrats of Boston, who have embodied themselves in behalf of our Religion and Law. "The Tigers!" They are a military company, a portion of the "sure defence of the State." And to be sure they are its "sure defence," and only defence. It is a tiger institution—this State—and must have tigerish defence. And its ally and sister, the Church, is a tigress. I called the Church the State's sister. She is nearer akin than that. She is the bride—the State's wife. Or, rather, the State's mistress, it being forbidden by "our institutions," that Church and State intermarry. She is the State's paramour. It differs from the alliance carried on over the water, in that it is illicit here, and not confessed. Well, the defence of these intimates is the militia—or the armed and accoutred tigerism of the land.

The "Boston Tigers" have recently sallied out from their jungle, on a scout to the cities of New York and Baltimore. The papers are quite animated in announcing it. The great Boston presses advertise, with immense eagerness and emulation, this sally of their city "Tigers"—and speak very eloquently and graphically of their tooth and claw equipment, and their striped *Bengal* uniform. One would think from their tone, that Boston was one great menagerie—or an African or Indian desert, with hyenas and pards for editors. Their editors are, some of them, half hyena, and it is with quite a *fellow* feeling, that they announce these sallies of "The Tigers." I am sorry to see friend Buckingham, of the Courier, so Hyrcanean as to advertise "The Tigers." I understand "The Boston Tigers" had a chaplain go out with them. Of course, they would have a chaplain. I am told the Reverend Mr. Lothrop, of the Unitarian Church, served on this expedition. A chaplain to tigers! And why not tigers have chaplains, as well as 74's? Parker Pillsbury, sometimes, in his speeches, guesses the Cuba Blood Hound Regiment had them. And why shouldn't a regiment of tigers? There is noth-

ing incompatible in it. A chaplain is carniverous—and is naturally armed like such a regiment. Indeed, I know no troops so adapted to a chaplaincy,—or so congenial, or so in need of one, as a troop of Bengal Tigers, or a brigade of slavery-trained Blood Hounds, from christian Cuba.

These "Boston Tigers"—by the way, are a pretty bevy to let loose upon the southern cities and the intermediate villages and hamlets. They will want *prey* on the road, and after they get there. They will not be content with the *pray* of their chaplain. Query, what is the uniform of chaplain to a troop of tigers? The livery of the Prince of Peace, trimmed with leopard-skin? There is excellent military meaning in this name of "Tigers." By the bye, again I wonder if the Royal Bengal Tiger has his private chaplain—his "chaplain in ordinary." But this is all *infidel* speculation—and invidious attacking of our civil and religious institutions.

"The Tigers" is only a spirited and gallant name for a band of patriotic young Bostonians, who have armed for the defence of the country, and are out for seasoning and discipline. They are not quadruped tigers,—but christian young "gentlemen of property and *standing*," (that is, not going on all-fours,) and only called "Tigers" by way of distinction and illustration

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"MUSTER."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 27, 1844.]

This relic of feudal barbarism is still kept up among us, although it is getting along toward the very middle of the 19th century—much talked of as a period of light and learning, and what not. Our people still continue the annual, or oftener custom of tricking themselves out in a kind of savage finery, and marching about in the dirt, brandishing mischievous instruments in their hands, or carrying them on their shoulders. They have the idea it is somehow necessary to their liberty and safety.

They have had an instance of this barbarism this week, in this

place. They call it "General Muster"—and it is pretty *general*, quite too general, for the credit of a really pretty sensible and civilized people. The people of Concord—to say nothing of towns about, who were, I suppose, engaged in it—do know better. I know they are under the benighting influence of State House and Pulpit,—both of which inculcate the divinity of general muster, but then they know better,—for there is a light of the age dawning, and they must see and know the folly and the evil of such things as this rummy and ridiculous "muster." I am sorry they have not felt themselves ready to protest suitably against it. If they would—the people of this capital town alone,—the General Court would, I doubt not, repeal, at least, the law obliging the people to play the antics of "muster." But it is one of those things that people, generally, dislike to move in first,—and first moving in it (as in every other reform,) is left to the *fanaticism*. The *judicious* go on in the foolery till the fanatics make it generally ridiculous or infamous, and then it becomes *judicious* to leave it off. So it will be with this prank of "muster."

I was approaching the Main Street of the village—from my suburb residence—the morning of the solemn occasion, and I could perceive something ailed the people I met on the way. There was a sort of "great training" eagerness in their look, and hurry in their step. I don't know but I walked a little quicker than common, myself, as I drew nigh and beheld the current of the day setting up street towards "the ground." I knew it was training day, for I had heard a cannon or two fired off about sunrise,—and now and then a drum tap or the squeal of a fife in the course of the morning. It was ludicrous,—as well as melancholy, to stand and see the poor human multitude trudge by in the dust. Concord Main Street is never lacking for dust—but now there had been a long drought, so severe as almost to amount to an omen for our Advent friends, who are looking again for conflagration,—and the dust they kicked up as they drove and poured along,—man and beast, (if the distinction continues training day,) was "a caution," as well as a cloud. Poor codgers, on foot, old and young, evidently from some distance, as their poor 'tother clothes bore dusty witness,—pulling on, like pilgrims to Holy

Land, as if it would be death to miss of getting there in season. Lots of pedlers—getting in late from neighboring musters the day before—hastening to get on to the ground to mingle in the auction chorus that swells up there so harmoniously with word of command and the voice of the chaplain! By the way, I descried the chaplain of the day—friend Ryder, of the Universalist pulpit, hastening with animated step, towards "the place where prayer is wont to be made." I had just been told friend R. was to perform—and was rather sorry, because his pulpit had lately been taking liberal ground toward the anti-slavery movement,—and Anti-Slavery has "no dealings" with the muster field. I rather friend R. had left the chaplaincy to *Reverend* Mr. Dow, of last year—or some other of the orthodoxy, to whose ranks friend Dow has recently been converted from Universalism. I think the penal faith of orthodoxy is in better keeping than friend Ryder's, with sulphurous gunpowder and the other instrumentalities of muster field.

But I saw him hastening to the field at real military rate. It occurred to me, I would like to go and witness his prayer,—and take one glance at the accompaniments. It might afford matter for a wholesome word in the "Herald of Freedom," and I hadn't for a long time witnessed such a thing as muster Devotions. I had learned moreover,—which I would mention for friend Ryder's credit, that on application from the commander of the Regiment to go and open the muster with prayer,—he declined, or hesitated, on the ground that he was not friendly to fighting, and that the Commander gave him to understand—if he would go, he should be at liberty to pray in his own way. It occurred to me, friend R. might make it in his way to pray a real christian prayer, (in sentiment,—for christianity doesn't hold to praying at musters of any kind, ecclesiastical or military,) one that would blow muster and all other kind of fighting, up *sky high*. I was in hopes he would. Accordingly I resorted to the "tented field." The troopers were there, stretched out in line,—not very long, compared with the people,—and not the crowd of people that used to throng at a muster. I was thankful too, to see no women among them, the brief space I was in sight. There was movement and

evolution among the troops—a gathering inwards, into a sort of conference shape, which I soon perceived was a manœuvering for prayer. I followed the multitude of people across the guarded lines, where paced the sentinels with trailed musket, to watch the borders of the field! The people were permitted to overpass it—for it was to prayer! We all huddled up close to the armed men. I was almost afraid the people would run on to them,—for they seemed to have no fear of trainers before their eyes. And the idea of prayer on such an occasion and under such circumstances, seemed to strike all minds as more of a joke than any thing of sober earnest. I was very glad it did,—for if there is any thing of christianity ever in these prayers, the incongruity of throwing them up from a muster field, is most monstrous. The Commanding officer looked rather serious—but it seemed more from anxiety to get through the manœuvre right, than any care for the prayer. When he had got them all posted about, according to regimental gunter, and so they wouldn't be likely to run over friend Ryder, who was on foot—and who, I understood, absolutely refused to perform horse-back,—the Commander took off his cocked-up hat, and ordered "all heads uncovered for prayer." The troopers took off their caps, but the people didn't,—a soul of them, that I saw,—so it was wholly a military affair. The Colonel intimated, in some way,—I believe it wasn't "word o' command"—to friend Ryder, that he might—or must—or could—or should—or would—I didn't catch the term—proceed. I didn't hear whether he said "lead in prayer" or not. But it amounted to a call for prayer, and friend R. took his position and began. I was really interested to hear what a man could say in such a predicament. I didn't see how he could say any thing. But friend R. did. He began by invoking the "God of our fathers," meaning, I suppose, the revolutionary—continental "fathers"—which was in military style enough,—but he went on to call Him "*father*"—and the *armed* and *accoutred* array around him, His "*children*"—and to treat the muster as a sort of *brotherly, family* affair. He didn't pray for a bit of the spirit of '76—nor for any thing that goes to make up or stir up the soldier. Said not a word to the "God of Battles," any more than if there hadn't

been any such Deity presiding over mankind, to set them by the ears,—not a word for "grace" to nerve the arms of our troops and steel their hearts to look on blood and carnage without flinching or winking, as stern old parson Burnham would have done, had he been there,—not a word, not even enough in the prayer for a 4th of July—so far as I remember. It treated mankind as *brethren*, and God as the *father* of us all—and wound up by asking that in the end all should be received into *peace* and *heaven* together. He had hardly said "amen"—when the Colonel cried out, "shoulder arms!" and up went the guns and baganets—in quite a *fraternal—brotherly*, *family* way. I saw one officer on a horse trying to run his sword into its case—while friend R. was in the midst of his prayer. The sword looked like any thing but a family utensil. He didn't put it up with any reference to the prayer—or to there being a prayer going on. He seemed to put it up because he was tired of carrying it in his hand. A drum struck up, rub-a-dub-bing, a little way back among the trainers. The Colonel seemed to think the drum and prayer didn't keep time, and rode off and had it stopped. But the noise outside the lines kept on through all the prayer, and the cry of the pedlers rose there high above it towards heaven, mingled with the snapping of crackers and all manner of training-day uproar.

After all, it was as fitting an occasion of prayer—was it not—as friend Daniel Noyes' worship, fresh from a drag-out of Foster! I saw no man look half so much like "actual service," on the muster field, as friend Stevens, the Secretary of State, when he laid hold of Foster,—or so much like giving the word "fire," or "push baganet!" as friend Daniel Noyes did, when he gave the signal for the drag-out. They went to prayer in friend Noyes' worship, right after it—and why not on the muster field amid guns and bayonets, canteens and cartridge boxes, which are all provided expressly to defend this very worship.

After prayers, I understand (I didn't stay to attend it) they had a *sham fight*, among other *exercises*. One officer, I was told, made a speech to the men—in which he told them "war was according to the circumstances of the age—if it wasn't according to the spirit of the age"—which he seemed to regret—and dwelt

much on the duty of soldiers to be brave and *obedient*, and on the value of *discipline*.

Well—this is one of our religious institutions—this General Muster—as much so as the Gallows—the Pulpit—the Priesthood—Slavery, or any other of them. And really, it is becoming, now the people are seeing it in its true light, one of the least harmful of them all.

AUTHORITY.

From the Herald of Freedom of Dec. 4, 1844.]

It is high time this old Incubus were in the sepulchre. It has long enough been the great bug-bear to frighten the spirit of Reform—the giant scare-crow, looming by the road-side of human advancement. And it has long enough flapped its bat-looking wings in the eyes of the anti-slavery movement. It has stood across our path-way in every Protean variety of alarming shape. It has towered before us in the form of "Glorious Constitutions," and "Happy and inviolable Unions;" of "Compromises," and "Guarantees," and "Revolutionary Fathers." The creatures of slavery, all of them, in all that makes them important to the question. The people are getting accustomed to these *sights*, and can almost look these forms of authority steadily in the face. But Authority has showed itself in the more awful apparition of THE CHURCH, with her dreadful array of Sabbaths and Sanctuaries and Sacraments and Priesthood. With these she has reared herself up across our anti-slavery path, and with hollow admonitions warned us to go back. Her Priesthood have had a Book, now getting into the hands of the people under the requirements of the age—out of which they read the warrant of man to enslave his brother, and God's express command as well as permission for the damnable deed. The Book was handed down from God out of a cloud, on some mountain top half hid in thunder—to some one of "the world's gray fathers"—and so far back in time, that the age itself when it occurred, has become clothed with a

kind of prescriptive divinity. Religion pictures the awful tradition—even at this period of the world—respecting the half-seen hand of the Almighty, as the hand of a man, reaching down the terrible trust out of a black cloud, to the implicit and awe-struck receiver, who is honored as the messenger of God to the trembling race. With such pictures as this, does doctorated and learned divinity play upon the apprehensions of the people, and mould their worship. The Book is at length in the hands of the People—but not to be read. They may open it and perform out of it their religious services—but it can be read by the priests alone. For an ordained and learned Priesthood are held necessary to the interpretation of the Book to the people, and to their being instructed in its doctrines. The people can read—and the Bible is amply in their hands. Yet it abates not at all the necessity of an interpreting Priesthood. Two-and-twenty thousand Clergy at least, are ordained over this land, to open the Book, and declare to the staring people the interpretation thereof. Set apart by——one another, they are, for the expounding of the Scriptures, and the unveiling of so much of their mysteries, as the eye of the age can bear and live. True, the mass of these interpreters are at mortal odds with each other, and the Church, under their infallible guidance, is wandering in hostile sects. But the Book is the standard, and the infallible authority of God, and his *revealed* will to man.

The Priest reads out of it that man may enslave and butcher his brother—and the Church receives and inculcates his teachings—and the abolitionist or friend of peace who gainsays the frightful inculcation, is silenced by being branded as an infidel and fanatic.

I do not stop here to vindicate the Bible from these imputations cast upon it by its worshippers. Nor to vindicate myself from the charge of infidelity, for demanding the immediate abolition of slavery, independently of authority, and in the face of authority, it *may* be. I deny the competency of Scripture, or of any other authority, to sanction slavery. Without disputing with the worshippers of the Book, whether or not it sustains these abominations, I demand their abolition in the name of suffering and

outraged humanity. If they meet me with a text, and say they got it from the word of God—I reply, I cannot inquire where you got it. I, of course, might say it *could* not be the word of God, from its very nature—and that whatever Book contained it, was not God's word. But I have a shorter, and I think, safer answer. It is, that my demand is right, and your defence is false—self-evidently and palpably. I cannot examine your text—for meanwhile humanity suffers in chains. My eye is on its deliverance, and I cannot suffer it to be averted for a moment. It is more important that humanity be disenthralled, than that the Book should be vindicated—or its contents correctly ascertained. Abolish Slavery first, and examine your Book afterwards. If your Book, or its defenders, demur to this, I fear it is the enemy of human welfare. If it is friendly to liberty, it will not make its own claims paramount. Its friends would say, save humanity first—"how much more is a man, better than a"—book. I might quote abundance of anti-slavery passages from every page of the sacred authority—but I will not do it now. I deny now that it is an *authority*, however Anti-Slavery and however true and glorious its contents may be. To be useful, it must address itself to human understanding—not as an authority to control the will, or move upon the feelings—but to undergo inquiry and satisfy the understanding.

Is this right? May Anti-Slavery take this absolute ground? Has the human mind the power of discerning the right—and is there any such thing in human economy as right and wrong? If there be, then it must be discernible by us—and not only so, but plainly and palpably discernible. The impartial eye cannot fail to discern it. And to be impartial is our absolute duty. We must be so, of our own, self-regulated motion. We must not wait to be moved to it. It must be our voluntary movement—made upon adequate reason. We are not at liberty to ask God to do our work, or to work transmutation in us, in order that we may become *involuntarily willing* to do it ourselves. The duty is ours—therefore the performance of it must be. We are competent to do it—or it is not duty. And to know it also. And when *we* have done it, it is done, and not till then. So long

as *we* do not do it, it remains undone—and perhaps we *undone* also.

But if you deny the *authority* of scripture, you are an infidel. Perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not—but what then? What if I am? Is it an answer to my truth, to make me out an infidel? I claim to be an abolitionist. I demand the abolition of slavery—Bible or no Bible. I demand it, even if the Bible sanctions it. Am I right in demanding its abolition? That is the question for you to answer. Meet it upon its merits. I demand it of those who may never have seen the Bible, or heard of it. Let those who attach authority to the text, use it for the overthrow of slavery, as an argument. They may use it as an authority, if they can go no higher—if they cannot comprehend the power of truth, or the rights of the soul. But I demand for the slaveholder the right to ask a reason, when you call on him to let his brother go free. He is under no obligation to regard your authority. He is entitled to a reason. He has a reason, I grant—always in his own bosom, and is never without one—why he should instantly cease slaveholding. It is for that reason I ask him to do it—and denounce his refusal.

Anti-Slavery has been attacked with the Bible—and it has endeavored to defend itself with the same weapon. The attempt may have been successful, or it may not—but the attack has still been renewed. The pro-slavery text is still quoted, and all the counter quotation—and all the interpretation, and argument based upon it, have failed to oust the biblical slaveholder of his refuge. Grant him that his Bible is God's word—that all within its lids is inspiration and infallibility—that its writers, compilers and translators were all infallible, so that you have now a revelation of the will and doctrines of God—and so long as he can find one out of the hundred texts he will quote you, he will take refuge under it,—and you cannot reach him. You do not touch his heart—for you have not appealed to it. You have appealed to his fears—and he can answer you by authority, which settles every thing in the eye of fear. You have not reached his convictions—for you have not allowed him any. Or if when you appealed to his heart—he replied by a text—you admitted the validity of his reply, by join-

ing issue with him upon the text. Should you not have declined all consideration of his text, and held on upon his convictions of the intrinsic iniquity and wrong of slavery?

I denounce slaveholding, because it is hurtful and degrading to man. Not because it is written that God hath made of one blood, &c. I do not care if there are twenty kinds of blood in the veins of mankind. It isn't a question of blood. It injures the negro to enslave him, and the white man to be his master. This can easily be shown and enforced, and cannot be gainsaid. But "Abraham held slaves." I care not if he did. "What Abraham did, was approved of God." I care not for that. Is it right for you now, to enslave a man? Give me a single reason for it. Is it not inhuman and barbarous? No man can deny it. "But did not Paul send Onesimus back?" If he did, I must send Paul back. That is all I can say to that. I will not go into that matter. "But you are an infidel." I will not go into that neither. "But I will call you so, and destroy your character with the people, and frighten them away from your enterprise." No doubt. But I will appeal to the people on the self-evident nature of slaveholding—and will tell the people that this is what the man defends who calls me infidel—that this is what he says his Book defends, and that he calls me infidel, for denying the competency of the Book to sustain a system like that. I will ask the people to abolish slavery and then to examine that Book and see what is its real character and claims to the consideration of mankind. And I need not say to them, after they have abolished slavery, that if they find the Book countenances it—or any other iniquity, they ought to spurn not its authority only—but its teachings and its spirit. Meanwhile, I let the Book stand on the shelf, and address myself to the overthrow of Slavery—on every principle that has power in the human breast.

PROPERTY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 15, 1844.]

I HAZARD the opinion here, that mankind have got to abandon it, in practice and in idea, or they never can live peaceably or honestly. And what is more, they cannot *have a living*. There cannot be enough raised on the earth, under any conceivable degree of cultivation, to feed the race, and keep off starvation, on the property system. If the whole earth's surface were a garden, there couldn't be. Vast multitudes would have to starve to death, and nearly all the rest would live in fear of it—and the few who didn't feel apprehensive enough, of coming to want, to lead them to occupy their minds and cares almost constantly, through life, in *getting a living*, would run for relief from their lonely, rare, and strange condition, to suicide, in some of its forms. PROPERTY can't give mankind a living, "any way you can fix it." I throw out the idea.

ANOTHER IDEA.

Every human creature is entitled to the means of living—*ex officio*—from the fact that he is here on the earth. It won't do to starve an infant—or an idiot—or an old man past his labor—or any body else, who from deficiency or incapacity of any kind, can't *get* a living. If he is put here, or found here—if he *is* here, he is, *ipso facto*, (*therefore*) entitled to comfortable means. He is entitled to it—consequently—whether he earns it or not—for he is so when he cannot *possibly* earn it. It is not charity (unless of that kind they call good will—the kind friend Paul speaks of, where he puts it ahead of "hope and faith.") It isn't supplies furnished to a pauper. He is *entitled to* it—no thanks to any body. He is as much entitled to it—free and above-board—as a trout is to a brook, or a lark to the blue sky. He can eat and drink, as independently, as he can inhale the air, or see the light. Why not? If he *can't*, he better not be introduced here. Is it well to put a human "young one" here, to die of hunger, or thirst, or even of nakedness, or else be preserved as a *pauper*? Is this fair earth but a poor house, by creation and intent? Was

it made for that—and were those other round things, we see dancing in the firmament to the "music of the spheres"—are they all great *shiny* Poor Houses, with chance of escape to the few upon their respective surfaces, who can manage to monopolize the wherewithal, and become the overseers of the poor, for their spheres? I don't believe pauperism is the natural condition of humanity. It is its inevitable, as well as actual condition, wherever the means of living are transmuted into "property," and held as such. The very fact of *propertyizing* the means of living—will turn mankind—or whatever kind—into paupers, and overseers of the poor. It cannot be avoided. One fair glance at human affairs, shows it has done it for the race, now. One retrospect, through the tube of history, discovers it so in all the past. And no expedient—no varied effort, no shifting of machinery can make it result otherwise. Make air the subject of ownership—of exclusive property—and there isn't enough of it, in our forty-five mile stratum round the earth, for the lungs of ever so scanty a population—much less for the hundreds of millions now panting upon it. Make "property" of the sunshine, and nine tenths of the human race would have to grope in unintermitted darkness—and the other tenth have their eye-sight dazzled out by excess of light. Nobody could see by it. And there isn't water enough on the earth, fresh or salt, to give the population drink, if it were made "property." And they would have made it so, if they could have guarded it from *common* use. And so of the air and sunshine. This hateful, wolfish principle of appropriation wouldn't have left a breath of air, or a ray of light—free to the use of any soul on God's earth, if it could have possibly prevented it. But air and sunshine "won't stay" owned. They can't be appropriated. Ownership has laid hold of humanity itself—and appropriated it, directly and confessedly—body and soul—but it can't grasp the subtle sunshine and the "nimble air," and *hold* them to self, "heirs, executors and administrators." If it could, it would, and we should see air sold out by the breath, and sunshine by the ray—for what they could be made to bring. And the mass of mankind wouldn't have a comfortable supply of either, and myriads would die for want of both. There would

be as abundant a supply of all the other means of living—necessaries, comforts, elegancies—luxuries if you will—as there is now of air and sunshine and water, were they not made "property." That is, if there were good nature enough and good sense enough in exercise to leave them free. To appropriate them, is to appropriate *human life*. To make them "property" is to make life property. To make them subject of ownership, of accumulation, of loss, of theft, &c., is to make human life subject of all these. He takes my life, said Shakespeare, who takes the means whereby I live. I mention the authority, for people think something of him. To appropriate the land and its products—spontaneous or produced, is to inevitably debar mankind a living. I say, *inevitably*. Make these things "property," and there isn't, and can't be, enough of them on earth, to keep the people alive, be they many or few. Henry Clay says "that is property, which the Law makes property." The brilliant creature was driven to say it, to maintain slavery Law *is* the author of "property," and it can as legitimately make one *common* thing, or creature, so, as another. A creature, as legitimately as a thing, and one creature, legitimately as another. A biped, as a quadruped—a man, as an ox. Accordingly Custom Law has made man "property." It has chosen the Negro. He is docile, and pliant, and will bear being *appropriated—alias* enslaved. It would enslave, *alias appropriate* any other class of mankind, that could be kept and used in that state. The Law is no respecter of person or thing, in this behalf. May-be I am impracticably *fine* here. May-be not. I am sick as death at heart, at this mortal—miserable struggle among mankind for a living. "Poor Devils"—they better never have been born, a million fold—than to run this gauntlet of life—*after a living*—or the *bare means of running* it! Look about you, and see your squirming neighbors, writhing and twisting like so many angle worms in a fisher's bait-box—or the wriggling animalculæ, seen through a magnifying glass, in a vinegar drop held up to the burning sun. How they look, and how they feel. How base it makes them all—all but a few, rare, eccentric spirits, who, while others have monopolized all the goods, have monopolized all the soul, that ought to belong to the human race.

I know some it *couldn't* spoil. But coming from house to printing office this morning—even in our small *city*—I felt dismayed at the aspect of the struggling and panting people—pushed to *death* for a *living!* Nobody is safe on the earth amid such a system. Laws as severe as fate can't protect any body. Let it be abandoned—or let this be the winding up of the generations—I say.

MACBETH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 2, 1844.]

READERS of Shakespeare doubtless unite pretty much in horror of his murder of Duncan, and of his usurpation of the throne of Scotland, and denounce his "Lady" as an ambitious fiend. (Not "friend," as our type said, Herald before last, speaking of her husband. "This *friend* of Scotland." We all agree with Macduff, in calling Macbeth "fiend of Scotland." And why? Because he murdered Duncan and others to get the crown. Well, what crown was ever obtained, or maintained, in any other way? How came Duncan by the crown? Perhaps, by inheritance. And how, his ancestor? How came the crown on any of their heads, but by subjugating, and *subject*-ing the people, by means of murder and violence? Bonaparte killed ever so many Duncans and Bourbons, to get the Imperial Diadem on to his head. He goes—or went—till he conquered every body—by the name of usurper and tyrant. The Bourbons were called Kings and "most Christian Majesty." And after Napoleon overrun Europe, and "trampled her vineyards" all down, with the red hoofs of his war-horses, he was called, The Emperor. His usurpation was forgotten. And had he died a conqueror, his son would have succeeded him, and the throne of France would have gone down a long line of legitimate monarchs, by the grace of God and divine right—to kill, or rebel against, any of whom, would have been treason and usurpation. And had Macbeth succeeded, and had sons,—had his terrible auguries turned out to the "hope," as well as to the "ear"—his "none of woman born,"

and his march of "Birnam Wood," then had the Scottish crown descended legitimately in his royal line—as that of England did in the line of Conqueror William. After-insurgents against them, would have been murderers and tyrants—the Macbeths of after-times.

I know Macbeth was treacherous and murderous—but then he was after a crown, and how was he to get it? He had as good right to it as Duncan. What right had Duncan to be King of Macbeth—any more than Macbeth to be King of Duncan! If Macbeth had reached out *civilly* after the diadem, next morning, at breakfast—instead of murdering Duncan overnight, to make way to it—Duncan would have had his head smitten off, and hung out to the kites from the turrets of Inverness. It was a terrible murder. Macbeth was a dreadful assassin. He "murdered *sleep*,"—the sleep of his tired *guest*—and his kinsman. Sleep, that was "knitting up the ravelled sleeve of" poor Duncan's "care,"—"the balm of" his "hurt mind." And that "Lady Macbeth,"—she was a woman-monster. She put her backward Soldier up to it. But then, kingship, and queenship, was at the bottom of it all. Those terrible incentives, and prices of murder. Let mankind beware of them. Duncan wasn't wise, that he trusted his life in the way of an ambitious—crown-wanting subject. He might have known his life wouldn't have been secure, out from behind his own battlements. Kings can't travel securely. Victoria gets shot at, every now and then, in her own parks. She can't take a secure breath any where in her Island. She dares not go over to Ireland. She has ventured to France—but I guess old Duke Wellington made her go—for some reason of State. She can't travel any where, "to see the world." She don't dare come to America, for instance—as her subjects can. She can't "go abroad," any where—for comfort and recreation. She has got *a thing on her head*, that makes her a mark every where, for the archery of exasperated and down-trodden humanity. It fills her with the apprehension of Cain, lest every one finding her should slay her. She isn't safe any where—not even in the walled court of Windsor Castle. She is a Usurper, and if not a murderer direct, like "Lady Macbeth," she sprung from

murder—inherits it and perpetuates it. And by and by, some Macbeth will murder her poor queenly sleep, or shoot her down, like a pigeon on the wing—as she flits across the glades of Windsor Forest—by the side of that cipher at the left hand of a royal digit—the incidental Albert. Nobody need kill him. He ceases at the death of his wife and sovereign.

Duncan was a murderer and Usurper, as well as Macbeth.

LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH—EXTRACT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of August 16, 1844.]

As we were halting in the Concord street for passengers, a discharge of cannon announced the arrival of a company of Butchers, from Woburn, Mass. They were not the butchers that kill the calves—and wear the long white frocks—but human butchers, with parti-colored dresses on. They had come to visit the Concord Homicides. They marched into the streets as we sat in the stage. They had some hateful-looking things in their hands, hollow at the ends—with knife-blades fastened to them—and the foremost of them carried long naked knives. They were moving after a savage kind of music, made by blowing in trumpets, and beating on hollow drums. A hard man rode a noble-looking horse, side-ways, before them, as they went by. This was military, I suppose, but it seemed to distress the horse greatly. Close by the Homicide leaders, I discovered a great, fat priest, lolling along—one of those, that go by the name, in these days, of ministers of the gospel of *Peace*. There he was, keeping a sort of half-time to the savage music, and counting one among the band of the Homicides. He had no gun, or knife in his hands, nor trumpet, nor drum-stick. I couldn't see any thing for the great, solemn-looking fellow to do—unless he prays for them. They say the Homicides have one, to every band, to do their praying. They fight, and he prays for luck. It was a horrible sight, and made me heart-sick for my kind. I was relieved when the stage drove out of the village. out of sight and hearing of the evangelical racket.

Reached here at 7, P. M. The Pemigewassett Valley all of a deep green—the trees flush with leaves, and the meadows dark with verdure, although it is but just past hay-time. The late rains have made it look like Spring. There isn't a lovelier little valley, after all, any side the sea I have been, or in any land, than this same Valley of the Pemigewassett. No clearer stream strays from side to side of any wide meadow, and no bluer hills sentinel any low lands, than pile to the skies, to the northward of this sequestered hollow. I never saw it show finer than now. The sun was taking its last look, as we came in sight of it. A tide of remembrances once more flowed over me, as I passed by scene after scene, of earliest boyhood. Large trees, that were saplings almost, when I used to climb them. An old fishing-brook, that had only changed by growing smaller, from the clearing of the woods up near its sources. In other respects, the same as when I couldn't jump across its scanty channel. Next day, at noon, I had the pleasure of seeing The Hutchinsons and their companions for the mountains, entering the village. To have them enter my native village was, to me, an event. They came in singing Felicia Hemans' "Voice of Spring,"—and that season never came down upon a valley, after a long absence, with a sweeter melody.

> "I come, I come, ye have called me long,
> I come o'er the mountains, with light and song."

And so they did. I haven't been so excited before here, since George Thompson came to pour *his* anti-slavery music, in 1834. Kindred advents,—George, to pour his matchless music of Speech, and they, their matchless speech of Music. I rejoiced at both, for my dear native spot. I had a little anxiety, lest the odium entertained here for my heresies, and for me, on account of them, should be extended to them, as my companions and admired friends, and prevent their having an audience, at their Concert. I did not care so much on their account, for they can get audiences enough, any where and every where,—but on account of the people of the Valley here, who I wished might enjoy the rare treat, I had taken some pains to procure for them. For

really, I desire to make them no-unkinder return, for any lack of love they may entertain towards me—and I am truly glad they have enjoyed it, and that I had some agency in procuring it for them. And I trust the day will come, and in my own day too, when they will all find they had as much cause to be hostile to me for this, as for any act, towards them, of my life.

The Concert was in the Court House—a fine room for music, but too small for the audience, in a dog-day night. It was crowded. Many people came in from the surrounding towns. The Hutchinsons have never sung to a more intelligent and tasteful audience, of any size, in any place. And they never sung more freely, or in freer spirit and strain. The air was somewhat oppressive and non-elastic, but they were in capital spirits. Some of their songs were absolutely wonderful. I wish I had time to particularize. I want to say a good many things about that little Concert—to me, the most interesting they can ever give. But I have no time. I was glad to see my old and venerated friend Judge Livermore present, at the age of near fourscore—though it was several miles from his residence—and a dark evening. And when they sung Longfellow's "Excelsior,"—and Judson sent down that chorus word, from the height of the high Alps young genius was scaling,—"It is your own motto-word, young men," remarked the Judge, enthusiastically, and in his own peculiar, "excelsior" style; a style, as rare as the music he was lauding. But I am interrupted, and must close.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY PLATFORM.

[From the Liberty Bell, December, 1844.]

ANTI-SLAVERY has no Platform. Its wide and illimitable *plat* is without *form*, and without *formation*. It never was *constructed*. Men did not *put it up*. It was not made with hands. Act or Corporation never lifted tool upon it, or put into it any of their joiner-work. Its measureless arena lays, as it lay originally, and when Humanity first set down her foot upon it.

These "Platforms" have *limits*, and they are set up in limitation of human rights and liberty. There is not room for mankind on them, not counting woman, who, of course, never sets her foot upon them. The Anti-Slavery ground was spread for the race to tread it. It is dead level—or rather living level. All feet upon it stand even, and if you witness inequality of heads, it is because some who stand upon it are taller than those about them; and it is because the ground *is level*, that there is this inequality, that those who are intrinsically tall are seen overtopping the rest. These "Platforms" are not level. They are not only elevated—set up above the pit, to which they consign mankind—but they are unlevel of themselves. They slope. There is distinction and inequality on their own fictitious and baseless scaffoldings; and the unevenness of tops that appears amid those who mount them is no indication of the stature of those who wear them. A short Honorable, or a dwarfish Reverend, would overpeer among them the moral Cedars of Lebanon. The "Platform" *admits* men upon it. It *admits*, too, topics of discussion. It has its "extraneous matters," and its "foreign subjects." Freedom is always *foreign* to it, and Humanity *extraneous*. But with Anti-Slavery there is no admission or exclusion of men or mankind. No matter is extraneous or foreign to it, that Humanity, in any of its forms, feels cause to introduce. Its great business is to assert for mankind, and secure to them, the right of free and sovereign introduction of any and every matter, within the boundless scope of human concern. And should Obscurity, or Weakness, or Eccentricity, driven into its assemblies from the "*Platforms*," off which Humanity is every where hunted, lift up their "irrelevant" voices, it is never matter for drag-out, or silencing, or calls to order. Anti-Slavery's "rules of order" are the order of human nature. The "Manual" they are writ down in, is every body's own bosom. The "Chair" free-speech addresses, at its gatherings, is the gathered multitude; and it speaks, amenable to no "call to order," without its own sovereign breast. Anti-Slavery fears no disturbance or confusion. It bravely takes its chance on the waves of Freedom—preferring liability to hurricane and tempests, to the constrained and subject calms. It discerns, always amid

the volcano that may heave the hills towards heaven, and the ocean to the stars, that centre-of-gravity principle, beautifully described by Charles Burleigh, at a meeting in the New Hampshire woods, as sure to bring every thing safe down to its place again, and secure the world forever from deluge and conflagration.

Anti-Slavery "new organizes," when she builds her "Platforms;" rather, she never builds them, for she never "new organizes." She has spoken, heretofore, of her "Platform," but it was with borrowed speech—borrowed from Slavery and its manifold "Institutions." She is leaving off its use, and trimming her vocabulary of its outlandish phraseology. And it is her staunchest friend, that shall be faithful and frank to remind her of any adherence to speech and usages she comes to reform.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR—EXTRACT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 25, 1845.]

Plymouth, April 21, 1845.

DEAR J.—Yet another letter—though I hope to be the bearer of it, myself—for I am almost literally "mad for" home—as poor Byron's shipwrecked sailors were "mad for land." You speak of Spring, at Concord, and your spring-like correspondent, "K.," speaks of such a season at New York city. I cannot comprehend either of you, here among the mountains. "Winter is lingering" here, not "in the lap of May,"—but on the breast of poor, dismal April—on which the grim Season is brooding and incubating like the nightmare. It looks more like what I imagine a Southern winter, than like any thing that can be called Spring. The gloom and cheerlessness of the northern winter, without any of its bracing elasticity. The birds are about—some of them—but they act as if they had been deceived by some spring-token or other, and were abroad before the time. They try to sing—poor things, but it goes heavily—betraying depression of spirits. Or, it may be, I am imparting the hue of

my own, to their music. It is true, or else I fancy it, that some of them have lost their wonted melody. The Ground Bird, my own favorite melodist, (among *birds* I mean) has lost that lay that used to make my child-heart sick, with its too sweet and plaintive strain. The little gray Ground Bird, with the black speck under the throat. It is a sort of snow-bird, and is about in the Spring, on the first spots of bare ground, picking up the earliest seeds or insects disclosed by the earth—and at certain times of day, perching on the top of some lowly tree, or bush, it lifts its little head towards heaven, and pours a lay, I have never heard equalled. I have heard Canary bird, and Linnet, and piping-Bullfinch, and every bird, that heedless vanity has caged up, to civilize the "native wood note wild;" and there is not a note of them all to match the lay of the Ground Bird. But I have heard one sing this morning, from a tree top by my native garden fence, and it did not sound as it used to. The tune might read the same, writ down, but it was of a different tone, and on another key, to my ear.

I am glad to see by your paper, that remonstrances are being issued from various quarters, against the barbarous practice of shooting these dear birds. I would sign such a remonstrance, and stretch moral suasion to its utmost tension, in backing it up. The heart that is not moved by the chorus of the sweet birds, is not human. It is fit for treason, stratagems, &c. I am ashamed that any of us have ever killed a little bird. I bitterly regret the many I stoned in my boyhood. It was not cruelty with me, but a wild heedlessness, and the pride of marksmanship. They did not allow me a gun, and so I was driven to the aboriginality of stone-throwing, in which, I lament to say, I had a fatal dexterity. It ought to be regarded as a heinous fault, to kill or *scare*, an innocent bird. Friend McFarland, of the Statesman, grants an indulgence, I see, to the partridge-shooter and the duck-killer. I would not join him in it. A partridge has as good right to life, as the robin, and the wild duck, as the little sparrow. To be sure, there is rather more of the heroic (or less of the cowardly) in hunting "the partridge in the mountain," and the wild duck by the margin of the lake, than in murdering a robin red-breast

singing in the top of an apple-tree. But life is life, and rights are rights. I see no right any one has to kill a partridge. If any body feels carniverous, after devouring what cattle and swine come in their way—let them deny themselves a little, and let the beautiful wood-hen live. A tramp in the dark woods is worth a hundred fold, if you can every now and then come across a partridge, or hear one whirr through the bushes, or drum on the distant log. And how fine to see the wild duck "circling the lake," or a fleet of them rippling its surface! Oh no, let the partridge live, and the duck, and every thing else that is alive, and let us eat things no more sensitive than the fruits of the earth.

FUNERAL AT SEA.

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 25, 1845.]

It was my fortune to witness one, on my return from "The World's Convention," in 1840. It was on board the Acadia, then making her first great trip across the Atlantic. I went aboard on the 4th of August, as she lay in the river Mersey, at Liverpool. I shall never forget how she looked from the quay—as, from amid a crowd of utter strangers, with a few dear friends about me, from whom I was about to part probably forever, I gazed upon her dark form laying out in the stream. I was in old Europe, and about to commit myself for the New World, to that small bark—and she to make experiment of her power to stem the ocean tide. A dirty little steamer, the Tug, took us aboard her. The Tug went back to the pier, and we were committed for the terrible voyage. Imagination could not compass it, or fathom its pathless centre, where no way-marks can ever be set up, to show where it was travelled. Always new and untried, is the ocean voyage, and the old mariner, though he may grow familiar with the sky and stars above him, can never grow familiar with the ocean. He can know its shores and channels, but the great deep, out at sea, is always a mystery to him, as when it first is traversed. I could not see across, in my fancy, to imagine the existence of the dear,

dear objects, I had left beyond it. They were to me, as if in another world. The Acadia took up her anchor, and made herself ready for her journey. I hear now the wild, melancholy sea-cry of her Glasgow tars as they hoisted the anchor, and the clanking of her windlass. She walked down the river, out into the Irish Channel. It was in the afternoon, and on Tuesday. All that night, and the next day, the sea was as smooth as a pond, and the motion of the Steamer as steady as a canoe on its surface. Night closed upon us just as we left the channel for the open ocean. I remember the great Rock—the out-post that guards the sea-most point of old Ireland, and how it looked, as we passed it at twilight, looming through the dusk. I bade farewell to it, in token of final and complete parting from my dear friends in Ireland.

It was awful to enter, in the night, upon that terrible ocean. I was awakened at midnight by the tossing of the Steamer as she got out where the great waves began to take hold of her. They struck her in the breast like peals of thunder. And in the morning, when I got upon deck, to witness the conflict between the Steamer and the Sea! The great waves rolling in sheer from the whole Atlantic, and before a strong wind, and the Steamer encountering them right ahead, with her (I don't know how many) hundred horse power—and at the rate of ten miles an hour. Not gliding over the surges like a sail packet, but dashing right through them, by main strength. It was appalling to witness the conflict. The angry ocean, as if in rebuke of her presumption, throwing its mountain waves against the rash vessel, and the stubborn ship answering it with her Steam. The waves would lift her on their ridges, till it would look to be sixty or seventy feet down her sides, and then she would plunge up to her very throat in the thundering brine, with all her paddles under, and still going, with a noise like heavy thunder. It seemed a long time dubious which would get the mastery—but steam and seamanship proved the overmatch, and the Acadia made her triumphant way.

I had seen among the under-officers of the ship a man they called Pike. He belonged to the Royal Navy, and had been in the East India service, and had come on board the Acadia to fa-

miliarize himself, I understood, with Steam navigation. The poor fellow had caught some kind of disorder incident to the climate of the East, and I remember well the deadly, saffron-colored look of his eyes and complexion. He was about on deck, a day or two, and then disappeared—and I learned, after some days, he was confined, and mortally sick, they thought, in our end of the ship. My berth was on the windward, and his on the leeward breast of the Steamer. I among the servants of the nobility and gentry who had passage in the first cabin, and he among the under-officers. I had taken passage, as a matter of anti-slavery economy, and as best comporting with the outlawry of an abolitionist, in the steerage. I remember among my mess-mates—(or rather mates in the *want* of *mess*, for we had, as a general thing, nothing to eat) a young Irishman, servant to the comedian, Thomas Power, who was then on his way to America, and who was lost, poor fellow, on his return, in the ill-fated President. I made quite an acquaintance with the servant, and caught now and then a glance at the master, as he promenaded to our end of the ship. For he could visit our end, though we could not visit his. The *distinction was lost, on his return in the President.*

Poor Lieut. Pike was on the leeward side of the ship, where he could not have the air. They let a sort of funnel, or air-duct, down through the gangway into his berth, made of sail cloth, and open at the top like a tunnel, which was turned to catch the fresh north-west wind. I could not go in to see the poor fellow, for he was an officer, and I but a *steerage* passenger. I saw a little dandy Doctor about; ship's surgeon, or surgeon's mate, or some such official, who had the dosing of him, and the killing him according to rule. I asked him one day, how the poor man did. "Quite near his end, sir," said he, as feelingly as if I had asked him the time of day. The Doctor was leaning against the ship's railing, and had a volume of Dickens in his hand If I could have thrown his calomel overboard, and him—not overboard—but out of the notion of doctoring, and got the poor man into the fresh air, and put him into the wet sheet, and bathed him in blessed cold water, and rubbed him with the friendly crash towel, and spoke brotherly words to him; no doubt he might have been

saved—not to enter again, but quit forever—the hateful service of that Royal Navy, the grand pirate armada that infests earth's outraged waters. I have no doubt he might have been cured and saved, with cold water, and fresh air, and deliverance from the Doctor. But he could have neither. He could taste the blessed breeze only through that canvass-respirator. That was *scientific*. He was *under* the ship's Doctor. That was orderly and corporation-like.

Poor Pike died. I saw some little preparation going on among the sailors and under-officers, and they told me the man was dead. Pretty soon, they brought up from below, upon deck, something sewed up in a sail-cloth sack, about the size of a man. There was a slight hush, I observed, in the demeanor of the sailors. They feel as much as any body, poor fellows, but are not allowed to show it. Poor Pike,—it was his body. His occasion for acquaintance with naval steaming was all over, and they were about to commit his lifeless clay to the bosom of the old Deep, *on* which he had been so long a roamer. We were within about two days of Halifax, but all were strangers to him there, and there seemed no occasion to keep the body till the Steamer should arrive. She kept on her way while the brief and unceremonious preparations were made for his burial. The sack had sewed up, in its foot, some heavy bars of lead—to ballast the poor clay on the voyage it was about to take.

All came forward—captain, passengers and all—to unite in the funeral *procession*. Four sailors took up the bier upon their shoulders. The little procession—which was all the world that could join it, or could witness that funeral—all the world that dead man had left behind him, on the deck of that little bark, which, however bulky in harbor or at the wharf, looked like a chip or an egg-shell out on the desert ocean—the little funeral procession formed, and took up its march for the grave. They could not march far—so they coursed round about, doubling some points on deck, until they came to a pause a little back of the Steamer's wheel-house, when the foremost carriers rested their ends of the bier on the ship's railing. The Acadia meanwhile kept on her way, and I believe with unslackened speed. I was painfully struck, I re-

member, with the perfect absence of every thing funereal, and with the abrupt, seaman-like air of the movement. There were no mourners—no tears—no relatives. The poor man's mother—his sisters—brothers—if he had any,—where were they! I thought of it, but I could not weep. One of our little world had become clay among us, and was to be disembarked on another voyage than ours. It was a thing had got to be done, and the less ceremony or delay about it, the better. The ship must be looked after. The dead man was no longer a passenger. There was no leisure for ceremonial, and what could ceremonial have availed, if there had been. As singular, however, the funeral seemed to me, as the strange grave where they were to lay him. I had not known the poor man. I had seen him but a few times, soon after coming aboard, as he glided about, a minute or two in sight, with his handsome blue jacket and trowsers on, and with his saffron-colored look. But it seemed to me, he should have had a coffin, and a pall, and some circumstance about his burial. The sailors knew better. And that wild Ocean too, careering so awfully by us—it seemed to me no place to commit a poor human body to, the remains of a fellow-man. These were but momentary emotions. The man was dead, and recked not of the ocean burial. I thought of my own dear brothers, I had left in my native land,—how if it were one of them, and thought I could hardly feel about it, if it were, as I should on shore. There we were, at mercy of sea and sky, life a precarious thing, and to die and be cast into the deep, nothing so very strange. The Captain stepped forward to perform the burial service. There were divines on board, but none, I believe, of the Church of England, and these alone, I suppose, could officiate, at a burial of one belonging to the Church of England's Royal Navy! The Captain read out of Old England's prayer-book, her impressive and beautiful "funeral service at sea." He read it with that sort of superstitious reverence, which England bids all her soldier subjects feel, for the prayer-book and the dead, though she cares nothing for the living. We all stood with uncovered heads to hear it. It was finished, and the burial board on which the dead man lay, was launched from the railing into the Deep. The plunge was faintly heard, the corse sunk instantly

and disappeared. The board was seen a moment, as it drifted into the Steamer's wake. The brief funeral was over, the ship's crew went about their business, the passengers dispersed, and every thing resumed at once its ordinary appearance. There was no house of mourning, for the procession to return to from the grave. The Sea had got all that remained of her mariner, and the Ship was on her pathless way. Will that Sea ever give up that body, again, as Old England's service says it will? Or had it mingled with that dread mass of rolling matter, in eternal undistinguishment, to be part and parcel of its "wild waves' play?"

Oh! that mankind loved humanity while *living*—while it needs and can appreciate human affection. We should not then, I think, "puzzle our will" about the destination of the dead. There would be so much of the living left to love and care for, that the dead, when at length men should go late to their dissolution, would cease entirely to be objects of human solicitude. Now, so little is cared for the unhappy living, that infinite and bitter and unavailing regrets, are left to accumulate upon the dead.

THE JEWS AND HOLY LAND.

[From the Herald of Freedom of April 25, 1845.]

I SEE, in a number of the Boston Courier that strays into my hand, that there is expectation of the return of these scattered people to the region of Jerusalem. Major Noah, of New York, is appealing to the christian nations, to facilitate their return. The Editor of the Courier sympathizes in the appeal, and I presume that it is a general religious notion, that in fulfilment of prophecy, they are to return, and light down on "Holy Land," from all regions of the earth where they are scattered. And a religious wish, also. The people of Christendom think it kind-of-Christian, to desire the return of the Jews to Palestine; to expect it, and to do something towards bringing it about. The Govern-

ments, also, will probably participate in it, and be superstitious to employ their political power, and their armies to aid the "coming in of the Jews."

Now, I desire most truly, that an end may be put to the religious persecutions of the Jews. Christendom has persecuted them as barbarously as ever Jews did Christians. And it ought to stop. But then the rescue of the Jews, is of no more consequence than the rescue of any other people—of Turks, Greeks, Polanders, or American slaves. The intolerance and persecution inflicted on them, ought to cease, not because they are Jews,—nor because they are Old Testament people, but because they are men, women and children. It is not because they were a "chosen people," and had Abraham, Isaac and Jacob among them, and Moses and David. Nor because it was prophesied they would return. But, because they are sufferers under persecution, and it is base and bigoted and barbarous to inflict it upon them. Because persecution is grievous to be borne, and wrong to inflict.

As to the Jews flocking to Palestine, I would say of it, as I do of the slaves running to Canada,—and colored people "returning" to Africa. So long as Jews can't have quarter, any where out of Palestine, I should advise them to run there, and the slave to Canada, that is, if they could have quarter when they get there. But were I Major Noah, I would put in for a better destiny for my countrymen. I would go for their rights where they are. I will join him in an agitation for their liberation here, on the spot, as many of them as are in the country. It is their country, as much as it is any body's. They need not run to "Holy Land." They have a right to this country. Not as Jews, against Americans, but as men. As all other people have a right here. And I would not go to Jerusalem, or Jordan. New England or New York is as good as Palestine, and a great deal better. And Connecticut River, or the Merrimack, or the Old Hudson, are either of them as good rivers as any Jordan that ever run into a dead, or a live sea. And as "Holy," for that matter. The Jews had better stay where they are, every where, for all going to Jerusalem. If they can better their condition, by migrating, I would migrate. I would go East—West—South—any point of compass,—to *bet-*

ter my real condition. But they better leave off being Jews, and turn *mankind.* They will make as good folks as any body. And if these Americans won't tolerate them, or allow them human rights here, I tell Major Noah, the Herald of Freedom shall be at *their service,* for an agitation that shall shake Christendom—till its bigotry is shaken out of it! Not that the Herald can *alone* shake Christendom, unless Major Noah will help us *write for it.* But, then if Jews can't have a home, where they happen to be, the Major, and every body else, ought to go in for a shaking of the Earth about it. And the Major would be better employed in carrying on such an agitation for Jewish Rights, than in summoning Israelites from the four quarters of the globe, to Palestine, *Goat Island,* or any other island in the Niagara River.

As to the "return of the Jews," I regard it as a delusion. The Jews had better not think of returning. They would perish on the way, half of them, if they should attempt it. And the rest die of home-sickness, after they got there. Holy Land looks pretty, to the fancy and on the maps the children draw of it Sundays, but come to get there, sand is sand, and rocks, rocks. Let the Turks keep it, if they have got wonted there, and can stand it. The Turk shouldn't be routed. And the idea of keeping up this Jewish distinction, is inhuman and unwise. It is time it was merged, and annihilated. In Humanity, as in "Christ Jesus," as Paul says, "there is neither Jew nor Greek." And there ought to be none. It is high time all these hostile distinctions were annihilated; these obstacles to the harmony and fellowship of mankind, done away. Down with all of them. And away with your notion of "*Holy* Land." Why Texas is as Holy as Judea, isn't it, and San Jacinto as good a stream to baptize in, or any thing else, as Jordan. If San Jacinto is a stream. Is it not so? The rocks and sands of Palestine have been worshipped long enough. While they continue to be worshipped, there is no regard left in the breast of the bigot worshipper, for his lean and bowed-down kind. Let Humanity be reverenced with the tenderest and loftiest devotion. Suffering, discouraged, down-trodden—hard-handed—haggard-eyed,—care-worn mankind. Let

these be regarded a little. Would to God I could alleviate their every sorrow, and leave them a chance to laugh! They are miserable now. They might be as happy as the black-bird on the spray, and as full of melody. The time may come it will be so. But it can't be brought about by these "Second Advents," or "Comings in of the Jews,"—as I think. I only speak my opinion.

"PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 9, 1845.]

A DOOR neighbor has loaned me "The Boston Atlas," a great pursy sheet, as broad as a bed quilt. I, of course, have to borrow such sheets, when I would look into them,—which is not often. They would not exchange with the Herald of Freedom, if it should be proposed to them, unless, perhaps, for more boot than they are worth. I would not exchange even, with the Atlas, or any other of their great political winding-sheets, unless for the purpose of affording some haunter of their reading rooms, opportunity of glancing at a sincere and earnest paper. *Some* of them *might* be benefited by it. Political reading rooms are not the ground into which to cast Anti-Slavery seed. They are less ungenial, to be sure, than ecclesiastical reading rooms—for the genius that presides over them, in hostility to freedom, is only *human*. In the Ecclesiastical Reading Room the tyrant Genius is *divine*. *Human* despotism is capable of being reformed. I would *swap even* with the Atlas, if they would,—rather than read a *borrowed* paper. But they wouldn't, I guess. Any how, I have in my hand a borrowed Atlas,—and have read an article in it, under the heading at top of this one, which stirs up my old fancy for the poets. I have almost forgotten them, in the hurly of anti-slavery labors and trials. Yet the Poets ought not to be forgotten. They are anti-slavery, themselves, almost all of them. Folks are obliged to be, when they write *poetry*. Slavery or pro-slavery cannot flow in poetical numbers. They have to issue in ragged prose. I do not now remember any poetry on the side of Slave-

ry. There have been rhymes, in behalf of Tyranny, such as that miserable, doggerel Hudibras,—pandering to the restored tyrants of England, against even the poor efforts at liberty made under Cromwell. It was rhyme, and had wit in it,—but it wasn't poetry. It would be a profanation of that eagle name, to call it so. Poetry is a mountain spirit—or a desert one—or an ocean. Something vast and majestic in it—comporting only with the genius of Liberty. All the Poets are to be ranked, I here venture (perhaps rashly) to say, on the side of Liberty.

"Pen and Ink Sketches," are of interviews—"evenings" and "breakfasts"—with the great modern English poets—by a correspondent of the Atlas. He seems to be an Englishman—and, by his writing and the facts he mentions of intimacy with the poets and writers of England, to have enjoyed some consideration among them. Writing here for pay, I suppose. Poor fellow, I hope he will get some. I wonder if they would pay, any of them, for *Truth*. *Important*, *reformatory*, *moral* truth, I mean. "Pen and Ink Sketches" are true enough, I presume—but they are undisturbingly so. They do not "disturb the tranquillity" of any body. Editors will pay for such,—and they can afford to. Their mercenary, torpid subscribers love to read them. And they *are* better than politics.

But I must come to an extract, which I thought I would transfer to our sheet, under a dearth of copy just at this moment. It is a digression, the writer says, from "sketches," he was making of the living. It is a sketch of the dead. And one of the most daring, soaring, mighty dead of the age—or of any ages. Of Byron. Many unamiable points about him. English points. Lord points. I am sorry he was a Lord. It was a great misfortune to him and to poetry. It was the occasion, doubtless, of that misanthropy that streams coldly through his poetry—like the "sun of the sleepless," he somewhere mentions, "which shines, but *warms* not, with its powerless rays." Had he been a man, instead of a Lord, and signed his name, human "George Gordon," instead of that marble, inhuman—"Byron," we should have had infinitely better poetry, and he might have had some enjoyment in the world. As it was, he had none. He went *sneering* through

life, as unsympathizing as a meteor that shoots on a winter night. He had no friends, and was nobody's friend. That poor Fletcher was his slave—and only worshipped him—not loved him. Byron's poetry mitigated his Lordship—but could not cure it. He was more of a Lord than a Poet—great poet as he was. He was born a Lord, and had that accursed aristocracy born into him, that curled his beautiful upper lip all his life-time, and *sneered* about it after he was dead. The Sketcher did not seem to know what ailed the "nose." I guess it was *turned up* by the distorting influence of Aristocracy and Lordship. If the Sketcher is an Englishman, he would worship it on that account. They have a *religious* veneration for Lordship, in England. For my part, I merely detest it. There is nothing endurable in it. I would not have it about.

They would not let poor Byron's clay into Westminster Abbey—the pious English. They let in Thomas Campbell's, I see, which was well—for Campbell was a Poet, every inch of him. His themes were Britain's bull-dog glory, on the sea—but poetry flamed in every line of him. They buried his clay in the same grave, it is said, with belligerent old Sam Johnson's. I have seen where they lay, in "Poet's Corner," in that old Abbey. Johnson and Garrick, there, side by side. I stood upon their Slabs—one foot on Johnson and the other on Garrick—for the surly old moralist had to lay with "Davy," at last, though he scorned to be on a *level* with him, in his life-time. I stood on both of them, and looked at *Shakespeare's* bust in half-relief on the wall of that Poet's Gallery. John Gay and Oliver Goldsmith and Joseph Addison were of the company. John Dryden stood off, in the rear, in a duskier region of the Abbey. But I must break off. We will give Byron's body a little corner of the Herald of Freedom—if they would not let it into Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey. They have not a bigger poet in it—my way of thinking.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 2, 1845.]

LET its great moral nature not be forgotten, or lost sight of, for a moment, by those engaged in it. Let not Slavery be mistaken for a physical evil, or a vicious institution of law—that can be cured by statutes or by physical violence. Let us not march the army against it—or rush, with sledge-hammers, to smite asunder the chains of the bondman, as though they were made of iron. The sledge-hammers might break the slave's legs, but never can sunder his manacles. They are not made of materials to be cloven apart by hammers or battle-axes.

Slavery is a *moral* evil. This cannot be too often inculcated, or too earnestly. On the reception of this truth, and action correspondent to it, depends entirely the success of the enterprise for Slavery's overthrow. The chains that bind the Southern slave are the moral sentiment and feeling of the people of the North. Primarily the sentiment and feeling of New England. If New England were anti-slavery in sentiment—thoroughly and energetically so—Slavery could not subsist in Carolina and Georgia. Indeed, it could not subsist there, if New England were not actively pro-slavery. If we were neutral here, Slavery could not live at the South. If we cared as much for the colored man, as we care for the Irishman, (which is little enough,) the South could not enslave him long. Could they enslave the Irish people of this country, long—provided they had them now in bondage? Would not the news that white Irishmen were sold at auction, in New Orleans, set all New England in a blaze? And would not the glare of the conflagration strike down on that gloomy man-market, and make the dark waters that surround it ruddy as with the light of a volcano?

As Slavery is a moral evil, our applications for its cure should be moral. They should not be political, or military direct, political being military indirect. They should be moral. We have got to generate a *humanity* for this country, that will not allow of Slavery. Our present humanity is low toned. It cannot deliver

the slave. It allows the poor white man to be trodden under foot. The nominal free man. The institutions among us that are so unfriendly to the white poor, will sustain the slavery of the colored man. They will enslave him. We ask them to liberate him. They reply by ordering us to hold our peace. We are surprised at this, but ought not to be. The Institutions make Slavery, and therefore cannot overthrow it. And they cannot allow us to overthrow it. The overthrow of Slavery must involve the doing away of the oppressions practised by these institutions on the white poor. White Labor is all but enslaved among us. It is the slave of Capital. Capital buys it at auction. The Capitalist bids off the bones and sinews of Labor. The laborer thinks he gets the price of it. It does pass through his hands—but Capital tells him how he must spend it, and imposes on him so many burdens to maintain the idle, that it can keep him always subject, and always poor. It is impossible for Labor to get rich or free. I mean Labor generally. The Institutions capital sets up will exhaust Labor's means, and keep it down. The black laborer it enslaves outright in this country. The means of abolishing Slavery must be employed in opening the eyes of the people to these tyrant Institutions. Anti-Slavery tells the truth about them. That is the way to get Slavery down.

Some of our anti-slavery people—of the keenest moral vision formerly—are now purblind with the dust of politics. They do not throw political dust—but they help kick it up and love to be in it. It puts their eyes out. They do not hold office, or vote—but they will hover about the polls, to watch the balloting of others, and about the State House, where they can enjoy the turmoil of legislation. It blinds them to moral truth and renders them insensible to its power and beauty. It blunts their moral sense also—makes them conservative, contemptuous and tyrannical. We push the great Temperance Reform. These people cry out we are forgetting the slave. We give out Theodore Parker's great flashes of religious freedom. They say it is extraneous. We go for Free Meeting. They cry "monomania"—and "departure altogether from the anti-slavery platform." They demand of us to be publishing accounts of corporate anti-slavery meetings—with resolves

passed by their majorities—and lists of their officers. This is anti-slavery. This is Platform abolitionism. But when our Flints let off fire on to the communion wine, and set its alcohol to burning blue; when "Prospero" touches with master hand the significant events of the times, and points out their bearing on the progress of humanity;—when our "K's" shed the light of their young genius on our movement and draw men's eyes to it by the beauty of its rainbow dyes, and make them philanthropists before they know it—and so, abolitionists; when our Weavers, with a touch delicate and native as the very spider's—"designing" their moral "parallels,"

"Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line,"

and unrolling before the delighted eye of Philanthropy, webs richer than ever were wrought in the looms of Cashmere,—they toss their solemn heads at us and taunt that we are off the platform and dealing "in spiders and things!" They don't understand. Their eyes are full of political saw-dust. Read Thomas Whalley on Authority. Is there no anti-slavery in it? Won't it do as much, to prepare the people to recognize the humanity of the slave and so give him liberty, to print that, as it would to print a list of officers in some anti-slavery society, or a resolve against the Annexation of Texas? I think it will, more.

LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 16, 1845.]

Dear John R.: I am away again and under the tedious, home-sick necessity of writing another of these away-from-home epistles editorial—and I haven't the spirits to write any thing. It is a glorious morning, and the sun is just peeping down over my native eastern ridge, into my Pemigewassett valley. Spring is opening fresh and beautiful and enough here "to charm all sadness but despair." And yet it scarce gives me elasticity of spirits enough to write you a dull line for the paper—which I told you I would do, at my hasty departure from home. Manifold

misfortunes have made me irrecoverably heavy at heart—and the heaviest of all, the cold-blooded mockery of my heart's dearest affections by betraying friends. The thought of the many noble friends I have left, scarcely consoles me. The spirit perversely dwells on what it has lost—regardless of what remains to it. To think, that that little, miserable, mad attempt to insult our poor, half-starved old Herald of Freedom, down under the foolery of Board subjection should have made such a breach among hearts. And that men of such noble capabilities as my old, admired Garrison, should take such a pitiful occasion to assault me and to poison the minds of my dearest friends on earth against me—really in my bruised state, it proves almost too much for me. The assurance of being in the right only involves me in the mortification that they are ruinously in the wrong—and a wrong that will cost them their anti-slavery lives. Those that this miserable quarrel estranges from me, are not those I can triumph over. I am ashamed at their discomfiture. My own enthusiastic admiration and eulogium of them, heretofore, come back upon me now in their madness and folly, and overwhelm me with mortification. Whom shall I dare admire and praise again.

But I must, *must* drive away this depression of spirits,—though it is a fearful task to *drive* away such an invader. I meant to have given a word of call to the abolitionists to come to the annual meeting, and had written portion of it, you know, when the stage drove up to the door to take me from home. I can't finish out what I then began, and must defer saying any thing till another week, when I hope to be at home—and delivered, for the time being, at least, from the clamors of debt. Our staunch, old Free-Meeting hearts though, will not forget the accustomed time and place of "JUNE MEETING." *The first Wednesday in June*, the time, and the old *Concord Town Hall*, the place. I trust we shall meet *every body* of them there. And I hope we shall see there too, every assailant of our old volunteer sheet, which they "assaulted with intent to kill," and struck down and plundered and left for dead. They stripped the slain too eagerly. The slain was not dead. The Herald of Freedom, stunned, not murdered, by those assassin blows—rose up again from the ground,

like fabled Anteus—renewed and invigorated by touch of his mother, the Earth. I hope we shall meet the hands that dealt those blows—both the foreign and domestic hands. Let them appear and make good their felon assault on Freedom, in free meeting of the Society in whose name they made the mad attempt. See what that Society itself will say to them. Let them hear the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society utter *its own voice* on the foul attempt to murder its volunteer sheet, and then to dishonor the Society by shielding the deed under its name.

"The Board," I see, have shrewdly forestalled the storm, by issuing a Corporation Call, in the form of town-meeting warrant, —*making out and limiting the business of the meeting!* The first time, the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society has been summoned to *such* a meeting. Let the friends of freedom mark it as a "developement." They have selected us topics for our discussion! I wonder if they have provided constables to keep the door and enforce the law on free speech! But I have not time, or spirit, to say more. My warmest greetings to the free-hearted champions of the Herald of Freedom. I will be with them again as soon as may be, when I hope to have lighter spirits. But lighter or heavier, they shall be heavy as death can shadow them, ere I will yield an hair's breadth of ground to the tyrant contemners of Free Speech, the great hope and palladium of the Anti-Slavery movement. The coming times of the cause will recognize it—if it is derided now. Truth, our great weapon—spoken in magnanimous kindness to those in the wrong—Truth, told to save them—not to defeat them—and *Speech*, to tell it—shall it not be FREE!

Yours, for it, till my own is forever dumb. N. P. R.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE AGE.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 16, 1845.]

IT seems to me, to be, the question between Authority, on the one hand, and the convictions of the Understanding, on the other. Can mankind ascertain what is right, or must they be authorita-

tively told it—and implicitly obey what is told them—or pretend to obey, which is, I suppose, all they *can* do. That is the great question. I hope it will be agitated, and kept agitated, till the truth is so far established, and men get familiarized to it, that some improvement can be made in their character and condition. Popery and Freedom, which of them is right, and which shall be the guiding genius of Christendom.

The Anti-Slavery movement demands the ascertainment of the truth in this question. Anti-Slavery goes, I think, for the overthrow of Popery in all its forms, and under all its disguises. It demands liberty for the slave, on the ground that humanity is entitled to be free—that freedom naturally and absolutely belongs to it. It refuses to rest the slave's claim to freedom, on any external authority, whatever. But from the slave's nature, and the nature of liberty, it demands liberty for the slave, as fitting for him, and essential to his happiness. Whether Constitutions of government—or any laws of states allow it him or not, or whether Scriptures sanction his enslavement or not. It demands liberty for him, because it regards liberty as good for him and slavery evil and hurtful. And when the opponents of this demand present sacred warrant for slavery, or scripture examples of slaveholding, Anti-Slavery refuses to consider the fact of the warranty or of the examples, and denies at once that they are any authority in the case. It refuses to inquire whether any text is in favor of slavery or not—or whether "holy men of old" held slaves or not, "as they were moved by the spirit." It denies to "holy men of old" the prerogative of settling this thing, for any body but themselves. It claims to the men of present time the prerogative of settling it for themselves and attaches it to them as a duty. It is answered with the charge of "Infidelity." To this charge it demurs, as Lawyers say, and says, "what of that?" What if it is Infidelity—what of that? Truth and Righteousness say, that charge of "Infidelity" is no answer at all,—and that Slaveholding must answer further.

But "Infidelity," says Authority, is an answer. If Scripture warrants slaveholding, it is justifiable. Well, another question arises, who shall decide what Scripture does warrant. There is

a good deal of Scripture—and there has been a good deal of compiling—a good deal of adopting and a good deal of excluding—to say nothing of very considerable translating from one language into another. All raising an infinitude of questions, as to the meaning of Scripture and as to what is Scripture. Who shall settle these questions? Mr. Brownson says, the Pope of Rome must settle them. Every Protestant sect says, their Priesthood must settle them, in their corporate capacity—after a "season of prayer." Here is Authority. It is all Popery, every item of it, the Protestant as well as the Catholic. They differ, as Monarchy and Republicanism do. These differ, in form—but they are both—*government*. The Republic hangs a man as sovereignly as a King does. And the individual has no voice in it. He is hanged, without his concurrence. The Protestants denounce Brownson as the advocate of arbitrary power. But are they not so, equally with himself? The Protestants refer to Scripture—and so do the Catholics. The Catholic makes the Church tantamount to Scripture, in Authority, and the Protestants receive Scripture interpretation, and compilation and selection, implicitly, through the hands of their corporation of Priesthood. They both equally deny to individuals the right and the competency of private judgment in any thing. And the answer of both to every *unadopted* truth, is Infidelity.

And what is this "Infidelity?" Why it is thinking for yourself. In other words—thinking at all. To think, is to be Infidel. To be implicit—and led ("by the blind") is religious. To think, or inquire—or look, is Infidel. To be any thing savoring of moral intelligence, is Infidelity. To have the use of any moral faculty, is Infidel. Any thing, but gaping and swallowing. And indeed these involve an activity that is in derogation of thorough-going implicitness. A true believer should not exert his muscles, "in and of himself." He should merely, not oppose the Pope's opening his mouth and putting down into his trustful stomach any thing His Holiness sees fit. I don't know but this is the true way—or that we have any positive or intelligent act to do in this world, any more than the vegetables have. I should like to know, if it is allowable.

"YOU ARE BEFORE THE AGE."

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 23, 1845.]

SAID an *abolitionist* to me, a few weeks ago, "I like your paper, though I don't take it. I like to read it—but you go too fast—you're before the age." A sensible reason, said I, for not taking the paper!

I hear this on all sides—that the Herald of Freedom is "before the age." They say it speaks the truth. An orthodox physician told me the other day, "there was too much truth in what I said in it"—alluding to what I had written, and others—respecting the Clergy and the Church, &c. It is too true, said he, with a misgiving sort of laugh. "Too much truth in it!" I suppose that is a true charge. And the reason why the paper cannot be supported. If it had less truth in it, it would get more patronage. And if it hadn't any, it would be richly maintained and caressed. Some go so far as to confess there is "talent in the paper—no mistake." Now, if it wasn't for the *truth* that is there, it would get along well enough. They like the talent—if it wasn't for the truth. I confess the charge, that there is talent in the paper—more than in any sheet, that issues of its size—and I do not know that I need put in that limitation. I, of course, am thinking of the writers who contribute to its columns, and who are not equalled by the correspondents of any sheet that falls in my way, though I think vastly more of the truth and beauty of what they say, than their talent at saying it. Why then is'nt the Herald of Freedom supported? Why haven't we a list of two or three thousand subscribers? "It is before the Age." Well, I admit it—and I say that is the very reason why it should be encouraged—read—and sustained. It *is read.* It is *before* the Age. Not *aside* from the path the Age is in, and has got to tread, but *before* it. The Age is *after* it—on the way where the Herald of Freedom is now advancing. The Age has got to come up to it. But when it does—the Herald isn't there—it has gone on—and will still be "before the Age," and the Age and the patrons of its sheets—will still be crying out against it—because it is.

"You are too fast." Well, friends, *you* are too slow. "You are altogether ahead of the times." Well, *you* are altogether in the rear of the times—astern of the times—at the tail of the times, if I must say it. And, which is the most honorable and useful position? It is ahead of the times, to denounce slavery, and demand its abandonment. But that is no reason anti-slavery is wrong—or unreasonable, or imprudent, injudicious, or any of the epithets a laggard Age casts upon it. Is slaveholding right! Are the institutions that support it, right! Are they for the happiness, benefit, improvement, usefulness, innocency of the people? These are the questions. "You are before the Age!" Well, if I were not, it's high time I were. *You* ought to be before the Age. The Age is wrong. Whoever improves must go before. He must quit the Age, wherein it is wrong, and the charge that he is before it, is an admission that he is right. When Robert Fulton told them steam was better than wind, on the water, or than horse-flesh on the land, he was before the Age—though not a great ways before. He wasn't many years ahead of it. The Age is up with him now. They will begin to build him monuments by and by, because he is dead, and it won't do him any good. They trode him under foot, when he was alive, he was so far "before the Age," and called him crazy! *Mono*maniac, I suppose they called him. One poor man got the notion, some *ages* ago, that the sun didn't whirl round the Earth—but that it was more likely and reasonable that the appearances that looked as if it did, were brought about by the Earth's turning round on its own axletree. They come nigh hanging or burning him for it. They let him off, I believe, on the ground of insanity. They made him give it up, though—publicly—to save his life. The *Solemns* got hold of him—the Reverend Divines—God's specially called, ordained and set-apart ministers—chosen of God to *guide* the people to Heaven. They must know all about the sun and stars and things up the firmament—for they are guides to Heaven. They said it was contrary to the inspired Book, to say the Sun stood still, and the Earth whirled round. It was contrary to "Joshua." So they made the man take it back. They are a *knowing* people, these Divines. They are specially

gifted of God. They *can't* mistake. They were *with* the Age. This crazy man was "before the Age"—*now*, it is admitted by the very *Solemns*, themselves, that the earth whirls over, every twenty-four hours, and the sun is still as a mouse. The *Solemns* always admit things, after "the Age" has adopted them. They are as careful about the Age as the weather-cock is about the wind. They never mistake it. You might as well catch an old, experienced weather-cock, on some ancient orthodox steeple—mistaking the way of the wind—standing all day with its tail east, in a strong out wind, as the Divines at odds with "the Age." They can smell "the Age." They *taste* it, at any rate.

I say the Priesthood is a mischievous order of men, and totally unwarranted by Christianity, to boot. Well, that is "before the Age." True, it is—but why can't "the Age" just examine it, and see if it isn't *true*. I have examined it, and find it true, as I think. I say so. They cry out, that I am "before the Age," and must be scowled down. Garrison was "before the Age" when he denounced Colonization, and went for the immediate abolition of Slavery. The Age is now getting up with him, and Reform getting *by* him—and if he does not upset himself by his *Presidency* and conservatism, they will build him a monument before the century is out. They will, before five and twenty years. And they will, however he may now bear himself. He has won the glory of anti-slavery pioneership, and can't forfeit it. But he has got to rest his fame on what is now past. He is *pioneer* no longer. He is *President* of the *American* Anti-Slavery Society. He goes for civil war between the States. He writes war songs, to set "Old Massachusetts" at war with South Carolina. Like the fiery ditty that came out in the papers about the time of the boundary line difficulties in Maine. Mr. Garrison used to be "before the Age"—but he is getting to be about abreast of it. Not quite *sane* enough, to be adopted among the Whig aristocracy of Boston. His *monomania* is of too recent a date for that. He has worn it off in some measure, but can't be depended on. It may return. "Once" crazy—"always suspected."

"Before the Age." Well it can't be helped. These "restless devils," as a very respectable acquaintance called me a short

time since, are of necessity before the Age, as the horses are before the cart, or the locomotive ahead of the cars. They have to drag the Age—and therefore must go "before" it. The Age can't be pushed. It must be pulled. Shame on the louts that ride and curse their horses—or rave at the steam that draws them. And triple shame on the worse than louts, who hang back—trig the wheels—lay things across the track to throw the Engine off, and after all, ride, on behind. If the Age is not up to its duty, every friend of his race ought to be "before the Age." If the Age is not what it should be—how shall it be advanced? By every man's keeping back, with it, and stigmatizing and discouraging those who would advance it? Can there be reform, if nobody begins it? Will the Age advance without the people; or will the people advance simultaneously, without some "monomaniac" to go ahead?

The divine and the statesman expend their energies in keeping the Age where it is. Their policy is to study the Age and to keep it from advancement. They familiarize themselves with its follies, and thrive by playing upon them. To reform the people of those follies, is to endanger the Divines' and statesmen's craft. The follies of the people are the food of the Politician and the Priest. Hence they are the deadly enemies of Reform—always. The Priests divinely hostile, the Politicians, only humanly so. One arrays against the Reformer, the terrors of the Law—the other, the terrors of the Lord.

ARISTOCRACY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 23, 1845.]

Let me give it an off-hand blow, here. Hateful, heartless Aristocracy. I detest it above all things. I was subjected to its bloated frown, when I was a boy—and I have a very early, if not a native, inborn abhorrence of it. It has no idea you have any rights or any feelings. You do not belong to the same race with your paltry, uppish Aristocrat. He does not associate with you,

when you are with him. He makes use of you. He does not recognize you as a party in interest in what is going on. You are no more a companion to him, than his horse or his dog—and you are no more than a dog or horse, if you condescend to be of his association. He belongs to the *first families*. By first here, is meant *last* and least in every thing honorable to humanity. First in idleness—first in indulgence, first in scorn of humanity. Sometimes you will find it *happening* amid the ranks of humanity and reform. It is when it is eccentric and ill balanced, that it strays in there. It will keep its eccentricity—but not part with its haughtiness. One day or other it will break out. King Richard could carouse and fight by the side of Robin Hood and the outlaws of Sherwood forest—but every now and then, outlawed freedom would tread on the toe of Majesty, and Regality would show its claws and teeth. Richard was an *odd* King—and went among the brave outlaws, and fought on foot among them. But when Outlawry took the liberty to speak to him, on even terms of fellow-soldiership, it roused the Lion in him, and he roared and shook his mane. Aristocracy has none of the Lion in it—but it *feels bigger* than a whole den of Lions. You must beware of it. You can't live with it. It regards every thing allowed you, *as* an allowance—a favor. You have no rights. If you receive any thing, you must do homage for it.

Now I like refinement—and dislike coarseness and grossness. I am disgusted at *dirtiness* of spirit. But I abominate uppishness. I like washed hands—but not these "dainty fingers." Cleanliness and elegance, to any extent, and the refined and delicate taste. These are often united with yeomanly nature—with freedom from all superciliousness and self-worship—and I love them. But this Aristocracy, I will not tolerate or endure. I have not the slightest respect for it. I will not treat it courteously even. I will not treat it at all. I will not have it about. Out of the way with it—and out of the world. It is the very genius of this accursed slave-mastery. You have got to be a slave to it.

It comes by birth. It comes by money. It comes of idleness, even. It is engendered by trade, and by office. Old wealth,

however, breeds it the most grossly and offensively—a generation or two of homage paid by poverty to bloated opulence, will breed it—*the worst kind.* It will turn up the nose of the third or fourth generation, along—so that it can hardly *smell* common folks, as they go on the ground. You can tell its nose and upper lip, as far as you can see them. And there is a dreadful *dumpsy daisy* look about the eyes and eyebrows. As much as to say, "I care considerably less than nothing about *yeh.*" And the voice too—it is amazing peculiar.

Now, any body may be as well born as they've a mind to. My father was a gentleman, as they call it—and a scholar. A good deal of a scholar. And he was educated. And was of Harvard College—not poor New Hampshire Dartmouth. Harvard College of Massachusetts. And he was of the learned profession. And his father was a learned divine, and his grandfather—and great-grandfather—and I don't know how far back. One of them, not far back, was *President of Harvard College*—and back farther yet, one was burnt at the stake. I am well descended enough, for's I know, but somehow, it never made me despise any body. I never could help seeing equal humanity in every living creature, however poor and forlorn. And my father did before me. Perhaps, if he had been an Aristocrat, I should have been one. But he had too much sense. Too much real character and manhood. I am half inclined to think, I have. That is—I haven't a vein or an iota of uppish blood in me—and it must be owing to *something.* I haven't any superfluity of sense,—but—too much to be an Aristocrat. Finally, it doesn't take much, to be an Aristocrat. I guess Aristocracy is *lack of sense,* as much as any thing. Sense—of a certain sort—may accompany it,—or be in the same creature. But it is a senseless concern—and moreover—superlatively hateful.....Above all places, Anti-Slavery is the last place where it ought to be caught. Let it keep out of the Anti-Slavery ranks. If it has strayed in there, it had better be out again. They cannot coalesce—or live together, and it will seduce the firmest Anti-Slavery spirits to betray the cause. For Aristocracy has something at stake, which Anti-Slavery endangers, and will eventually abolish. As

soon as it discovers the danger, it will bolt and betray the movement. With the Aristocrat, Humanity is nothing. With Anti-Slavery, Humanity is every thing.

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of June 6, 1845.]

I MET with him for the first time, at Boston,—and the Learned Blacksmith is a man big enough to entitle your first interview with him to remembrance. Elihu Burritt is a great man. What his defects are, I cannot say—but he has great talents. He is a great orator. At least he has made one great speech in his life, if no more, and that, I heard, before about a single handful of people, in a partly lit hall, down under the Marlborough Chapel. It was at a Peace meeting. I was passing up to the Chapel, with William B. Towne and John R. French, the last evening of the New England Convention—the hall door was open as we were passing it, and we discovered the form of the Learned Blacksmith, on the little Platform, by the side of Samuel E. Coues and the celebrated Robert Owen. For Robert Owen is now allowed a place on Philanthropy's chief seats, in the capital of *puritan* New England. A few years ago, and they would much sooner have admitted the—I don't know who. A great mark of the progress of freedom and righteousness. The Clergy think as much now, I guess, of keeping their own platform-footing, as of disturbing Robert Owen's. I had been introduced to Elihu Burritt, the day before—and was much interested in his original appearance, and desirous of knowing him further. I had not formed the highest opinion of his liberality, from some passages between his "Christian Citizen" and the Herald of Freedom. My companions and I turned into the hall to hear him speak a little, before going up into the great Convention overhead. But we soon forgot—I did—every thing but the speaker before me. The dim-lit hall—the handful audience—the contrast of both with the illuminated chapel, and ocean multitude assembled over

head—bespeak painfully the estimation in which the great cause of Peace is held in Christendom. I wish all Christendom could have heard Elihu Burritt's speech. One unbroken, unabated stream it was, of profound and lofty and original eloquence. I felt riveted to my seat till he finished it. There was no oratory about it, in the ordinary sense of that word—no graces of elocution. It was mighty thoughts radiating off from his heated mind, like the sparkles from the glowing steel on his own anvil—getting on, as they come out, what clothing of language they might, and thus having on the most appropriate and expressive imaginable. Not a waste word, nor a wanting one. And he stood and delivered himself in the simplicity and earnestness of attitude and gesture, belonging to his manly, and now honored and distinguished trade. I admired to witness the touch of rusticity in his accent, amid his truly splendid diction, which betokened, as well as the vein of solid sense that run entirely through his speech, that he had not been ed cated at the *college*. I thought of Ploughman Burns, as I listened to Blacksmith Burritt. Oh what a dignity and beauty Labor imparts to learning!

I do not know that this was sample of Elihu Burritt's oratory. If it was, I was wondering I had not heard him spoken of as the *eloquent* "Blacksmith," as well as the "learned." I can think of nothing now that could have specially inspired him that evening—unless it was his lack of audience, and the bedlam "pother" that every now and then thundered over head. He had no rhetoric—no rounded, sounding insignificant periods—no beautiful, unmeaning words. It was all meaning.

He said men would evade the prohibitions of the gospel of Chris , and fight for *Life*. Self-defence—if they couldn't find the right of it in the gospel, they would gather it farther back. They would fight for life. And if for life, certainly, for any thing dearer than life. Liberty was dearer than life. They would, of course, fight for liberty. And there was something dearer than l berty and life, and without which these were nothing. It was Honor. In defence of Honor. And there was reputation for Courage—to avoid the imputation of Cowardice. If England, for instance, bade us not enter Canada—we must go to Canada,

to escape the imputation of refraining for fear of England. And we invade Canada. And what was honor, or liberty—or life—or any thing without Property. We must fight if property is invaded, and if for any amount of it, then for every amount, however trifling, or we abandoned the right. If we would fight for Oregon, he said, why then we must for the loneliest dead pine, that stood on the remotest cliff of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. He glanced magnificently at the career of Napoleon—and touched on Waterloo with a fancy scarcely short of Childe Harold's, and when too he was tracing the hosts that encountered there in the high and terrible strife for glory—he followed them from the field of Waterloo, to the corn fields of old England, where their bones, after long whitening on the plain where they fell—gathered by peasant hands—were ground to powder, and strewed as base manure, to raise a crop of corn, instead of a harvest of renown.

I can give no sketch of his speech—but it was very original and impressive, and would be a valuable one to read—and has convinced me Elihu Burritt is a great "Blacksmith" in other respects than "learning."

IT RAINS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 4, 1845.]

While I am writing, it is raining most magnificently and gloriously, out doors. It absolutely roars, it comes down in such multitude and big drops. And how refreshing! It waters the earth. There has been but little rain, and our sandy region had got to looking dry and distressed. Every thing looks encouraged now, as the great strainer over head is letting down the shower bath. The grass darkens, as it drinks it in, with a kind of delicate satisfaction. And the trees stand and take it, as a cow does a carding. They hold as still as a mouse, while they "abide its peltings," not moving a twig, or stirring a leaf. The dust of the wide naked street is transmuted into mud. And the stages sound

over the road, as if they rattled on naked pavement. Puddles stand in all the hollows. You can hardly see the people for umbrellas—and the clouds look as if they had not done with us. The prospect for the Canterbury meeting looks *lowery*. Let it rain. All for the best. It is ext*rain*eous, but I could hardly help noticing the great Rain and saying this word about it. I think the more mankind regard these beautiful doings in Nature, the more they will regard each other, and love each other, and the less inclined to—enslave each other. The readier abolitionists they will become. And the better. The Rain is a great Anti-Slavery discourse. And I like to have it pour. No eloquence is richer to my spirit, or music. A thunder shower, what can match it for eloquence and poetry! That rush from heaven of the big drops—in what multitude and succession, and how they sound as they strike! How they play on the old home roof and on the thick tree tops! What music to go to sleep by, to a tired boy as he lays under the naked roof! And the great low bass thunder as it rolls off over the hills and settles down behind them—to the very centre, and you can feel the old Earth jar under your feet—that is music and poetry and life. And if the Lightning strikes you—what of that! It won't *hurt* you. "Favored man," truly, as uncle Pope says, "by touch ethereal slain." A light touch, compared to Disease's, the Doctor's—or Poverty's. I am no trifler with human destiny—but nothing that naturally happens to man, can *hurt* him. Earthquakes and thunder storms not excepted. Fear makes some things look unkindly—but live right, and it "casteth out fear," and Nature won't hurt any body, or any thing. If the People won't hurt themselves or one another, God never will hurt them. God is the People's friend.

THE LEGISLATURE.

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 11, 1845.]

It has just burst here, and dispersed. It has scattered this morning, (Thursday,) after a day-break session, long enough to entitle the guardians of the People's *rights* and *interests* to a day's pay out of the *State's* money. It is the State's, and therefore costs nobody any thing. Early enough this morning, they held a session, to not encroach on the day, which is devoted to their *travel* home. They are paid for their travel, as well as for their sitting, on this day. It is, as it were, two days; a day of legislative sitting, and also of legislative not sitting, but motion—travel. A day of travail and travel, both. They have two dollars apiece, the legislators, for one of the two days, and I don't know how much, (I used to know) for every mile's travel home, on the other. It costs the People nothing, for the money is taken out of the *State Treasury*, and the Legislature supply that, by legislation, without the labor or care of any body. They *raise* the money, by sort of yeas and nays—as we say "raise the wind" —"raise the d—l"—"raise Cain"—or "corn." They "raised $60,000" of it, at one lift, this time they have been together. And it is theirs, and they are entitled to it. They took a Benjamin's mess of it, this morning.

They are gone. I miss them a good deal. My garret window (and I do not have to open it to look out—it is pretty much open already) looks right out upon the great State House Yard, where they used to swarm, coming out. I go through it—going home. I shall miss the squads of members standing ruminating, legislatively, by the gravelled paths—ruminating and nominating at corners—or on the flights of steps up to the State House. I used to hear as I passed near the House, the sonorous eloquence of some orator in debate. I shall miss it now—and the long rows of hats in the great windows—all gone—all still. The yard deserted—the great stone edifice left to the Chimney Swallows, (a quorum of these, all summer) a Secretary or two, and some other officers of State.

Well, they have held a Session. They have legislated. They had a Governor—who had his Council. They sat and deliberated and governed. I saw the Governor and his Councillors. They looked same as any body. A little gravish—not much. They laughed, I saw, some of them. Bought apples of the boys at the State House door—eat them—spit round on the steps—same as any body. The Legislature spit a good deal. The stone steps are pretty much stained with it, a kind of tobacco color, where they went in and out. And little wads lying about, the size of these dorbugs—looking as if the General Court had been chewing upon them. All gone now, and it won't cost a ten dollar bill to clean all up, and make it as wholesome as it was before the session. They have really done the People service—no dispute. They took the yeas and nays, a number of times to my knowledge. I went into the gallery up above, a number of times,—a place prepared for idle and for low-spirited people to go to—and I looked down and saw what they did. They took the yeas and nays of the entire body, several times. Once they got them wrong, and the head man declared the count both ways—once, for, and once, against. They rectified it, though. All these yeas and nays are kept a record of, for the public use. And they give the go-by to several laws, that sounded to me as if they would have been very bad ones, if they had passed. They contrived to "postpone" them "indefinitely," as they called it—which I imagine means putting them by pretty permanently—at least for the present, and till another session comes round. Oh they do a good deal for the public. If it hadn't been for them, those laws would not have been "indefinitely postponed." They couldn't have been. Nobody but the General Court has the power to postpone a law indefinitely. The people couldn't get a bill "indefinitely postponed," if it wan't for this General Court. It is a very rare power, as well as a salutary. I thought I should like to see them postpone some more of their bills.

But then we must have laws. And we must have *fresh* ones. They must be made, or touched over, every year, or they would grow stale and common. The people would find them out, after a while, and would lose their respect for them. They don't know

any thing about them, now, and have a great respect for them, and place great reliance on them. The Lawyers know all about them, and so do the Judges.

They passed one law, pretty nearly, I am just told, doing away with Great Trainings. They didn't quite pass it. It wasn't "indefinitely postponed"—but then the Governor got the bill, and carried it away with him in his pocket. Another way they have of preventing the passage of a bad law, and shows the importance of having Governors. If we hadn't had a governor, the bill destroying the trainings couldn't have been prevented, *in this way*, from becoming a law, and we should have had no more Musters. Now we shall have Musters. It is a great thing, to have Governors. The Governor, I am told, put that bill into his pocket, and that stopped it at once from becoming a law. For a bill, if it has passed ever so many Houses, is no more a law when it gets into a Governor's pocket, than so much white paper. And the Houses can't get it out again, either of them—nor both of them. Not, if they were unanimous and concurred, both. If it gets into the Governor's pocket, they never can get it out again. And he can pocket all the bills they can make. And if he should take it into his head to, they couldn't pass any laws. They give him about $1000 or $1200 a year, the Governor. The People don't have it to pay. It comes out of the State Treasury. Politics costs the *Treasury* some $100,000, a year here—the State politics. If the People had it to pay, it would come hard. The State's share of National politics costs a great deal more than $100,000. But that is paid by a fore-handed old gentleman of the name of "Uncle Sam." Richer he is than Jacob Astor. He pays all the national expense. It would be terrible if the people had to pay it. That, and the State's together, would be more than the people could possibly pay. They would sink down under it. Now they get rid of it all. Old Uncle Sam pays the National bills, and the State bills are paid out of the State Treasury—money *raised* by the General Court.

"HIGH ROCK,"

[From the Herald of Freedom of Aug. 15, 1845.]

THE name of a commanding prominence in rear of the town of Lynn, Mass. It overlooks the town and the ocean, and a great distance up and down the coast—as well as far back into the country. The view from it is very extensive, varied, and striking. I do not remember such a view, from any point so easy of ascent. I went to the top of the Rock, the other day, when I was at Lynn, with my beloved friend, Jesse Hutchinson, Jr., to see the spot he has chosen, and the beginning he is making, for the site of a Cottage. He has obtained title to the summit of High Rock, and of the ground at the foot of it, where, if he succeeds, he will have an unrivaled spot. The Rock ascends nearly perpendicularly, some forty or fifty feet. At the foot of it, on the south-east side, spreads a patch of good ground for a building and garden—of, I should judge, a quarter or third of an acre. It then pitches off precipitously in front, some hundreds of feet to the level of the town below. On the sides it is accessible by carriage road, up one side of which, a road is already constructed. Jesse has dug a well and found abundance of living water, on a spot pointed out to him by a clairvoyant friend. This encouraged him to dig, when all the waking and seeing people told him it would be in vain to hunt for water at such a height. On the right of his level plat, in front, rises a splendid round rock some ten or dozen feet, on which to plant a little Summer House. The Cottage is intended to be of stone, of which there appears to be an abundant quarry, and of beautiful quality, on the very spot he wants to level for its site. Jesse is a Poet—but he can build songs, he will find, easier than he can Stone Cottages, in this flinty, hard-money world, and among the cliffs of High Rock. If he succeeds in this design, though, he will have a Home there like a Song. It will look off, over Lynn with her ten thousand people, on to the main Ocean—unobstructed on either hand as far as eye can reach. Egg Rock lays in the midst of the sea-prospect—and the ragged cliffs of Nahant. And it is

within roar as well as sight, of the sea-beaten Beach, one of the finest on the Ocean's margin—the Beach stretching more than a mile, level and smooth as a house floor, and solid as a pavement. A fine race-ground for horses and carriages, which swarm it like flies—certain times of day, in the hot season. It would be most magnificent to see a storm break upon it, from the Cottage at High Rock. Jesse means to cover the whole precipice of the Rock behind the Cottage, with one mammoth Grape Vine. It would be as sunny there, for the grapes, as Italy, or any of the vineyard-slopes of France. Off South you can see Bunker Hill Monument—its great, solemn shaft of gray towering in the haze and smoke of Boston, and the State House dome looming just beyond it, and surmounting the city—all in plain sight from the cottage window, by and bye, when Jesse has one. To the north-east, the Ocean House, and Marblehead and Cape Ann—and from the top of the Rock, the high mountains of western Massachusetts. And Jesse means in his heart, to pile a tower of rude stone on the summit of High Rock—some five and twenty or thirty feet high, with an Observatory in the top, where he will have a telescope, and the poetical creature indulges his fancy so far as to whisper he will have a *chime of Bells* there! I wish to Heaven he had the means. He would make High Rock the tallest affair on New England's "rock-bound coast." And how sweet to sit in the cottage piazza, of a summer night, and hear those sweet Bells chime in answer to the moaning Sea below upon the Beach. And the whole enhanced and surpassed some night, by the song of "The Hutchinsons" themselves—his matchless brother-band ("with a sister in it,") there from their own rocks of "the Old Granite State." Apropos—I propose here, they give Jesse a Benefit or two, to be laid out in completing and embellishing the Cottage on High Rock, in a manner that shall correspond with his genius, and be worthy their own peerless Song. It wouldn't be the first time—at least in fable—that architecture has sprung into existence at the sound of Music.

I say this much of High Rock, and its contemplated Cottage. The reader will indulge me in it, in tribute of respect to our Anti-Slavery Quire, and to their gifted brother who has given

us the finest songs of the Anti-Slavery Movement, as well as being one of the most devoted abolitionists, and most eloquent advocates of free speech.

LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 12, 1845.]

DEAR J.—Lest I should be detained over another Herald, here, I employ a few hours of this holy day, when nothing secular can be done, in preparing my quota to the paper. I am in considerable hopes to save you the five cents for its postage, by myself being its post-boy. I suppose it is no punishable violation of the Law, to carry your own letters, in the mail stage. If it be—and I should do it—this "developement" may be used in evidence against me—for I certainly will carry this to you, to-morrow, if I go home.

I went a jaunt, Thursday last, about twenty miles north of this valley—into the mountain region—where, what I beheld, if I could tell it as I saw it, would make your outlawed sheet sought after wherever our Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken in the wide world. I have been many a time among those Alps—and never without a kindling of wildest enthusiasm in my woodland blood. But I never *saw them* till last Thursday. They never loomed distinctly to my eye *before*, and the sun never *shone on them* from heaven *till then*. They were so near me, I could seem to hear the voice of their cataracts—as I could count their great Slides—streaming adown their lone and desolate sides. Old Slides, some of them, overgrown with young woods, like half-healed scars on the breast of a giant. The great rains had clothed the valleys of the upper Pemigewassett in the darkest and deepest green. The meadows were richer and more glorious, in their thick "fall feed," than "Queen Anne's Garden,"—as I saw it from the windows of Windsor Castle. And the dark Hemlock and Hacmatac woods were yet darker after the wet season, as they lay, in a hundred wildernesses, in the mighty recesses of the mountains. But the

Peaks—the eternal, the solitary—the beautiful, the glorious and dear mountain peaks, my own Moosehillock and my native "Haystacks," these were the things on which eye and heart gazed and lingered, and I seemed to see them for the last time. It was on my way back, that I halted and turned to look at them, from a high point on the Thornton road. It was about four in the afternoon. It had rained among the hills about the "Notch," and cleared off. The sun, there sombered, at that early hour, as towards his setting, was pouring his most glorious light upon the naked Peaks, and they casting their mighty shadows far down among the inaccessible woods that darken the hollows that stretch between their bases. A cloud was creeping up to perch and rest awhile on the highest top of "Great Haystack." Vulgar folks have called it *Mount Lafayette*, since the visit of that brave old Frenchman, in '25 or 6. If they had asked his opinion, he would have told them, the names of mountains couldn't be altered—and especially names like that—so appropriate—so descriptive and so picturesque. A little, hard white cloud—that looked like a hundred fleeces of wool rolled into one—was climbing rapidly along up the north-western ridge, that ascended to the lonely top of "Great Haystack. All the others were bare. Four or five of them—as distinct and shapely as so many Pyramids—some topped out with naked cliff, on which the sun lay in melancholy glory—others clothed thick all the way up with the old New Hampshire hemlock; or the daring hacmatac. Pierpont's "Hacmatac." You could see their shadows stretching many and many a mile, over "Grant" and "Location,"—away beyond the invading foot of Incorporation—where the timber-hunter has scarcely explored, and where the Moose browses now, I suppose, as undisturbed as he did, before the settlement of the State. I wish our young friend and genius, Harrison Eastman, had been with me, to see the sun-light, as it glared on the tops of those woods—and to see the purple of the mountains. I looked at it, myself, almost with the eye of a painter. If a painter looked with mine, though, he never could look off, upon his canvass, long enough to make a picture. He would gaze forever at the original.

But I had to leave it—and to say in my heart, farewell! And

as I travelled on down, and the sun sunk lower and lower towards the summit of the western ridge, the clouds came up and formed an Alpine range in the evening heavens, above it—like other Haystacks and Moosehillocks—so dark and dense, that fancy could easily mistake them for a higher Alps. There were the peaks, and the great passes—the Franconia "Notches" among the cloudy cliffs, and the great White Mountain "Gap." All that was lacking was a thunder-storm among them, which I couldn't help wishing might be got up, before we reached Plymouth—though it was coming night, and I had been all the day before confined to the bed of an attack of fever. It was an ominous wish, and perhaps a rash one—for before we got within three miles of shelter—in an open buggy—and without even an umbrella, there were musterings for a thunder-storm in more than one quarter of the sky. It was dusk when we crossed "Livermore's Bridge," at a wild, craggy narrows on the Pemigewassett. The view opens below the bridge between high cliffs on each side of the stream—and as we got about half way across, a flash of lightning from the southern horizon, gleamed on the long stretch of river mirrored below, with almost intolerable brightness. As we ascended the hill on the opposite side, came the thunder—and when we reached the top, we descried a battery moving rapidly over the bridge to the north-west—of thick, dark cloud, cleft with frequent flashes of lightning. It lightened, too, vividly and frequently in the South, so that we were between two fires, and the prospect was of winding off the day and the ride in a magnificent storm, and war of the elements. The clouds in the north-west, rose rapidly—as if driven by a hurricane, and a long line of battle underneath them, showed the edge of the shower. We were protected by the hills, and felt no wind. A half-mile from the Plymouth village (where *once* I had a home,) is the "Baker's River Bridge." (The world will know all about these localities, by and bye, when the Rail Road to Canada, traverses this valley.) We had got on to the Bridge, when, looking back, we discovered the rain had reached the nearest hills, and was already mingling with their tree tops, and was coming on at a rapidity from which we could scarcely escape. It was so grand

and magnificent, the whole array of night and storm, that unfitted as I was to encounter them, I did not, for a moment, regret being out. We rode rapidly however. The storm pursued us. The great vanguard cloud advancing distinctly before it, upright in the western heavens, like the keel of a mighty Steamer. As we entered the village, the hurricane from the hills struck down before us upon the road, and whirled a cloud of dust into the air—so we couldn't see our way. The big rain drops immediately followed, and we were at once in the thick of a tremendous thunder-storm. I have scarcely ever known it rain heavier—or a higher wind, or more sudden and violent tempest. We were out in it just long enough to witness its onset, and have a taste of its power.

I shouldn't have undertaken any thing, so much like description, as this, with my disheartened and o'erjaded pen. Time was, I could have enjoyed such exhibition of the elements, and have given some tame story of it, as it befel—but

> "My visions flit less palpably before me,"—now,
> ——"and imagination droops her pinion."

I hardly dare venture a quotation. To avoid further hazard, I will even close my doubtful epistle—for which, if I can, I will substitute you something else—from yours, and our dear friends, the readers, N. P. R.

"THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF SLAVERY."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 12, 1845.]

GEORGE BRADBURN bade me do two things—if I received a copy of Lysander Spooner's Essay—with the above title—viz. Read it all—and notice it in the Herald of Freedom. I would have readily done more than both, were it only to please so noble a heart as George Bradburn—who has been very *boardly* treated, by the way, by the Regency at Boston, who have the keeping of Garrison. I regretted Bradburn's estimation of Politics as an instrumentality for the advancement of the Anti-Slavery cause

and his active enlistment in the Liberty Party. I don't know but I may have spoken unduly of him, when I found him defining his position politically. If I did, I will do him more than justice. I guess I didn't—for I do not remember ever doubting his right to form his own opinions and choose his own instrumentalities and measures. There was never to my remembrance a particle of "New Organization" in George Bradburn's noble nature or conduct—my ground of quarrel with the origination of the Liberty Party. So far as it was a device of clerical abolitionism, to divert the Anti-Slavery storm from the Church, I quarrelled with it, and will quarrel—but with it as a mere political party—aiming sincerely for the overthrow of slavery, I have no contest, though I do not sympathize with this mode of action. George Bradburn is an abolitionist, of faithful, disinterested and much sacrificing caste, and has undergone characteristic treatment from the Board for venturing to be independent.

I have complied with one of his requisitions, as to Lysander Spooner's able pamphlet. I have read it. That is, run through it—and actually and *thinkingly* read most of it. I know what it is. I will now, as well as I can, comply with the other. Give it a Herald-of-Freedom-sort of notice. It is a laborious book to read. Not tedious, but laborious and toilsome. You have to think, as you read it. You have to read it with *mind*. The writer wrote it so, and you have to read it so. He thought, *all the way through* it. There are no mindless passages in it—no spots where thought failed the author, and his pen went on without. It is all connected keen argument, the entire way through—argument and fact.

His glorious definition of Law—"Natural Right,"—"Natural Justice." I apprehend he has pitched it too high. So high, it will exclude not only Slavery, but citizenship and subject. Exclude Government, and Law itself. Blackstone Law. That demands of you, that you give it up part of your Natural Rights, (to wit, *all* of them) to purchase of it, protection of the rest. Spooner's Law secures to the Individual, *all* natural rights, and is, itself, the Law of Nature. That Law, of course prohibits Slavery, and if nothing short of it *is* Law, if all natural injustice

is *illegal*, then Slavery is unconstitutional, allowing the Constitution, to be the *Law* of the land.

The Essay purges the Law of the country, of Slavery, in the days of the Colonies, before the Revolution. It shows the Law of England to be the Law Paramount here, then, and the decision of Mansfield, in the famous Somerset Case, was a besom, to sweep Slavery from *legal* existence, any where in the Colonies. "Slaves couldn't" *lawfully* "breathe in" America—any more than, according to *Chief Justice* Cowper, they could in "England." The Colonial Statutes, it acquits of Slavery, too, and pretty nearly, or quite, the Old Articles of Confederation. Though, I think the Old Articles—where they speak of "Free" people, in distinction from certain others—*knew* there were slaves in the country, and *meant* to recognize them.

The Declaration of '76,—so far as that made up the Law—and I don't know but it was about all "the Rebels" had—at one time, they said they *held to it*, at any rate. That would seem to conflict with such an *inequality* as Slavery. But the Constitution, the grand national Charter, the Paramount Parchment of the Land, is that pro-slavery or not—or is slavery constitutional or not, that is the point, the Essay aims to establish. With deference to Mr. Spooner, as a hundred times the Lawyer, I ever was, I would take the liberty to say, that showing the *illegality* of Slavery, before the Revolution, or before the adoption of the Constitution, in '89, is not material to interpreting the letter and spirit of the Constitution itself. That speaks, *for itself* as independently of former or existing Law, as of contemporaneous history. What did words mean about those days, and what does the Constitution say, it seems to me, are the considerations to settle its meaning. The doctrine of the Essay as to legal principles of construction—and interpretation, would *bother* the old Parchment, and make it hang its head, if it undertook to catch a runaway slave, or prohibit Congress abolishing *slave*-trades—or base its representations, in Congress, on *slaves*, as three-fifths men. Still, I think the old thing does it. Mr. Spooner makes out, that "in the gross and scope" of the Constitution and Law, they are at odds enough with Slavery, yet I think, the stately old

Parchment does connive at it. That it explicitly contemplates a three-fifths representation for the southern *slaves*; that it prohibited Congress from meddling with the importation of *slaves*, for a period; and that it means to and does make hunting ground of the *free* States, for the chase of runaway *slaves*. It, at least, as the cant phrase is—don't do *any thing else*, than these three things, in the several clauses where it touches the subject. In the "no person held to service or labor" clause—the "service" spoken of, seems to me, that of a slave if of any body. Nobody else is "*held* to service," but a slave. No *contract* service is compellable of performance. No contract compels a man to perform his promised service. The law "holds" him, only in *damages*. The language, I suppose must mean something, however *unlawful* or unjust. That is, the fault of the instrument. It speaks of persons "held to service." Nobody is held to service, under any contract he can make. If he doesn't perform what he promises, he is held to pay only—and not held then to the *creditor*. The creditor can't hold him to pay. He has to ask the Law to. He is not "held to service," to any body. To "hold him to service," would, itself, make him a *slave*.

Held "under the laws." Mr. Spooner denies that any one *is* "held to service in any State, *under the laws thereof*," and makes it out, I think. But the Constitution don't agree with him. It speaks of persons being *so* held. If they are not so held,—the more shame to the old parchment, that is all. The Constitution says they *are*. And says further—what it would not say, seems to me, of any persons but slaves, or any service, but slave-service—that escaping from it into another State, shall not discharge the person from it by virtue of any laws in that State. There is no "service a person is holden to, in any State, under the laws thereof," from which the laws of any other State would discharge him, generally—but slave service. We have slave States and non-slave States, but not pay States and non-pay States—contract States and non-contract States. The obligations of contract in one State, are obligations on the debtor in all other States. But the Constitution says there is a service under the Laws of one State, from which the Laws of another State will discharge a

person, if he runs there. This service is *no other* than slave service. Is that, or none. "But shall be delivered up" too, is another part of the section. No person is liable by law, to be *delivered up* to a claimant, but a *slave*. Slave service is not *legally due*—but the Constitution speaks of *delivering up* to the claimant, the person who owes this service. Such person must, then, be a slave. I know it makes confounded work with Law. So it does with Liberty and life and every thing. But the Constitution does it, notwithstanding. It talks of persons *held to service*—a service not binding in some of the States, by law, and binding in others—and of persons who may be delivered up to their pursuers and claimants of the service. This can only be spoken of *slaves*. And any body of whom it can be spoken, *is a slave*. If the Constitution means any body but the negro slaves, then it regards as slaves the white folks of the country. It is an *enslaving* instrument. I think the same may be made out, as to the meaning of the other two clauses. They don't mean *any thing else than slaves*.

It is a splendid Essay. If the talent laid out in it, were laid out in the bar, it would make the author distinguished and rich. I fear the author is neither. Had he been distinguished, he would not have meddled with Slavery. You would not catch Rufus Choate, or Richard Fletcher, writing about Slavery. Mr. Fletcher once made a speech, *in defence* of it. But he wouldn't do that, now. He would examine the Constitution, in behalf of a fugitive slave *client*—but not *generally*, as Lysander Spooner has done—and done greatly. Richard Fletcher is too distinguished. This Essay should give the author a name at the Boston Bar. It will, at the Bar of Posterity. But the Suffolk pleaders, I suppose, think it was a weakness in the author to write it. It should give him bread. But I fear it will only cost him part of the means he may have. It is too philanthropic to sell in Boston, or America.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Sept. 19, 1845.]

THIS great, long-faced, long-waisted, Reverend pile of *lumber:* this cap-sheaf of *board*-ship, and *wooden* despotism, and nonsense —has had a gathering, at Brooklyn, on Long Island. The Congregational Journal has a sketch of its solemn doings. The D. D.'s (chick*adee-dees*) were as thick as hops. They had *one* subject, which stirred some life in their lazy—carcasses. The New York Observer calls it "an incidental subject." Of course, it was *incidental* if they took up a subject of the slightest *sense* or *importance.* Their regular, *serious* business is as lifeless, as the soggy talk of a London Mayor and Aldermen, over a great tortoise dinner. That *incidental* subject was Slavery. The Enslavement of portion of the professors of the Religion they are exporting to the Heathen, by another portion of them. One part of their constituents *make slaves* of the rest. No great affair. Not one the Board would ever take notice of. They are terribly anxious for the moral character of the Heathen, and want to send them a religion that will make bereaved widows leave off burning themselves on their dead husband's pyre. So horrid an institution, this—(together with sundry heresies in their theology) that they would suck up, if they could, all the money of the country—they would actually reduce the country to beggary—to send them their own theology through breaches, now, wrought in the walls of Heathendom by the infernal broad-sides of the Christian Navy of Britain. They would use up, I say, any amount of the means of living of this people to send them their Andover-made theology. And all the while the solemn creatures have a pious constituency here at home, the half of which sells the other half, as a jockey sells horses—or a drover, cows, calves, pigs and sheep. They baptize them as the representatives of the God they pray to—then flog them, sell them—*cattleise* them—*enslave* them. A thing—if the Heathen are guilty of—why then, the *Heathen are as bad as this American Board*—that is all. They meet, this *wooden* Corpus—and Slavery, instead of im-

mediately swamping the whole of them in sackcloth and ashes—gets before them, *incidentally!*

Amos A. Phelps and David Root were among them. I am ashamed of them both for being caught there. They were there *as members!* But they have to recognize these wooden Corporations or they would be outlawed. I am sorry they *must*. If they didn't, they couldn't *live*. They opposed the Board's Report, on the *incidental subject*. I don't see why they should. It was as good a report as a *Board* could make. Any better one would tend to upset them. "Self-preservation is" not only the *first* law of Board-ship—but the *only* law. They ought not to ask a *Board* to make a better report, than the one the seven Solemns made for this occasion. Six Solemns, rather, and one Chancellor. It amounted, the Report, to a round-about nothing. The merit of it was the concealment of the ends of the circle, in which it run. It said, their chief business was to *save souls*, and therefore they had nothing to do, with any thing touching *live* human welfare. They were engaged in insuring a man's ghost—his gas—his vapor—the mist that exhales when his body dissolves; securing it from the penitential fires, where Hamlet's Father sweat, day times, and to which he had to hie, when the "uneffectual fire began to pale" in the glow-worm's tail, and the matin to draw nigh. To save a man's *ether*, after it quits his body, from this old popish purgatory turned into perpetual imprisonment, was the business of the Board—the Report said. That is to say, "*it wan't nothing else.*" For that is the gist of it. It is, what *isn't their* business—rather than what is—that they are after making out. So that they may shirk and steer clear of all human duties. So they can control human money and influence, and avoid all labor and responsibility. That is their great business. They don't care one red copper for mankind's *soul*—or believe any thing about it, or care any thing about it—whether mankind has any soul or not. They have a kind of imagination that they care, but they *don't. I say they don't.* And truer words never were spoken. They don't care one red cent for the souls of all creation. Rob them of one dinner, and they will show you the difference between *real caring*, and what they whiningly profess. They don't

care—and they *can't* care. I don't ask them to care for mankind—soul or body. They are a great *wooden* Horse—as full of sleek, "watery-eyed" knavery, as Hale Pettengill would call it—as ever the old Trojan Horse was of armed rascals, en-wombed there to sack a city. They are a corporation, *boarded* up with all sorts of *lumber* sawed from pitch pine—and hemlock, and what not, and pretending to be all cut from the Cedars of Lebanon. I have no patience, when I think of them. I see through them, I think. I wish mankind all did. Poor rogues, they are hungry and must eat. They are sensual and must indulge. They are proud and lazy, and won't work. Their Report was good enough!

I am too unwell, to say what I was going to, about them.

"THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 31, 1845.]

An author in Dublin, gave me, in 1840, a good-sized volume of the above title, which alone was merit enough, I thought—if the book had no other, to entitle it and its author to consideration and gratitude. We hear of the "Rights of Man." I wish we heard more of them than we do—and could see them observed as well as talked of. But who ever thought of an animal's rights—the rights of a brute. We hear it spoken of as a man's *duty to be kind* to the brutes—but never of the brute's right to just treatment. But why has not a brute rights, as well as men? What is the foundation of human rights, that is not foundation, for animal rights also? A man has rights—and they are important to him because their observance is necessary to his happiness, and their violation hurts him. He has a right to personal liberty. It is pleasant to him—permanently pleasant and good. It is therefore his right. And every creature—or I will call it, rather, every existence, (for whether created or not, they certainly exist, they are) every existence, that is capable of enjoying or suffering, has its rights, and just mankind will regard them. And

regard them *as rights*. The horse has rights. The dog. The cat, and the *rat* even. Real rights. And these rights are sacred They are not to be invaded. Mankind are to study the happiness of all beings, so far as they are connected with them. How far it is to be carried, depends upon how far the most perfect good will *can* carry it. Farther than it *can* go—it is under no obligation to go. Does any body seriously think it *right*, to trifle with animal happiness and animal suffering? They do trifle with them, and talk about dominion over them being given to man. If this dominion involve ill treatment—it was a bad gift, whoever gave it—in my opinion. They talk of dominion—and found upon it the right of capricious treatment. But that any body *thinks it right* to injure the brute, I doubt. Whoever will do it—is liable to extend the like injury to mankind. "Dominion" is claimed over portion of mankind as well as brute-kind, and by "divine right" too. More of this hereafter.

"INFIDELITY."

[From the Herald of Freedom of Oct. 31, 1815.]

A good friend writes me, that apprehensions are entertained and surmises uttered, of my "infidelity," among some who are readers of our paper—and he wishes to know explicitly of me whether I am "infidel" or not—with a view, it seems, of continuing or not, to take the Herald of Freedom. Before saying any thing on that question, I will just reprove the dear friend, gently, of the *bigotry* which prompted him to write the request. I call it *bigotry*—for I have myself been a bigot, and know what it is. It is bigotry, I think, to make any one's religious belief or disbelief a criterion of character, or a condition of fellowship. If my friend don't like the Herald of Freedom—for what *is in it*, let him discontinue it. If my principles, as declared in it, do not please him, and he, desires of the paper any thing more than a free and full opportunity to combat them in it, he wants a paper I cannot furnish. He is well disposed, I am sure, but the requi-

sition he makes on me, is, I think, a wrong one, and unfriendly to freedom.

Whether I am "Infidel" or not, in the technical sense of the word, I don't know as I could tell. I certainly should decline to tell, if asked, as I am here. I will say this—I am *free*, and mean to be—to examine every department of the religions of the day—to think of them as I may, and to speak of them as I think. Any thing I disbelieve or believe in regard to them, and have occasion to speak in the Herald of Freedom, I will speak it—and so explicitly, as not to be mistaken. If my friend is not thus free, I think him *bigoted.* He will on second thought, perhaps, agree with me. And here I will say, that I think nothing is worthier of severe condemnation, than the priestly fashion of intimidating honest, truthful inquiry by the bug-bear of "Infidelity." It is death to human freedom and happiness.

THANKSGIVING.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Nov. 28, 1845.]

I WOULDN'T grumble at any of our governmental or religious customs, that have any thing like cheer or comfort connected with them. There is, associated with this long-waisted, Puritan festival, called Thanksgiving, at least the idea of Punkin Pie—and the word "thanks," in the name. These are better than nothing.—Punkin Pie—if it is such as I used to eat, at old John Taylor Gilman thanksgivings, when a governor was an awful great man. John H. Steele, though, is more of a man than all the governors put together, that have gone before him in New Hampshire. His heart beats and his blood circulates in his veins, in spite of "His Excellency." This is more than can be said of any other Captain General. John H. Steele exercises the humanity of a tender-hearted man, even while he is officially absorbed in the State. While he is part and parcel of the Granite State, he manifests the sympathies of an individual man. A thing no Governor or Emperor ever did before him, to my knowledge—or

belief—and which no one will be likely to do after him—and which in fact he ought not to have been guilty of, himself. A governor has no right to be humane. Humanity is no legitimate ingredient of a Chief Magistrate—or any other Magistrate. The State can't pity or sympathize. John H. Steele has done both. He is therefore no governor. And the Democratic Party—democratic as he is—cannot overlook it in him—and they will hurry to supersede him, by a governor that will be obnoxious to no such charges.

But Punkin Pie and "thanks,"—it is clever to have a custom associated with them. As to Turkeys and allspice, it is not so clever. The turkeys may "thank" some of us—for we have no hand, directly or indirectly, in the slaughter of any of them—on this festive occasion. They might survive and *gobble* on, a hundred thanksgivings, for all me, and so might all the pullets, and all the beef-critters, and them, that furnish the spar'-ribs. My thanksgivings bring no dooms-day to any of them. And there are poor dogs among us, who have to be "thank"ful—without the punkin pie, even. They are thankful it's no worse. Poor folks are glad of nothing. They can take the Proclamation and go out the north-west side of their unbanked dwellings, and read it. As for "assembling at the usual places of public worship," they can't so well, for lack of—where to sit—and lack of shoes and clothes and so on. There is one class among us who are sure to have cause to thank God. The class that *read* the proclamations, thanksgiving-day. They are always sure of the turkeys, and the spice, and the punkin pie. They do the thanking God— and but for them, it wouldn't be done, and the proclamations would go unread. Next to the governors, themselves, who make the thanksgivings, are the Proclamation-readers. There are folk, that have to be thankful for potatoes and onions—if they can get the like of them, this year, when the speculator has got his eye on the lowest necessaries of life. God save the poor, this winter. I never used to think enough about them, when I had my shed full of old wood—my potato bin piled high in the cellar, and a consciousness of absolute freedom from lack of any thing, about me. I wish I had

thought more of the destitute, then. Somehow or other it is easier to think of them this thanksgiving time than ever before, to me. And yet I haven't so much as read the proclamation—and have no idea of going to any of the *thank*-meetings of the Sects. Would to God, I had the means of making every body feel free this winter of the possibility of want. I'd give them cause of gladness, if not of thanksgiving. I think I would. Thanksgiving looks gay, and brings the sleigh-rides and balls. But to many a heart it brings nothing but the snow and the cold. Behind it scowls Winter. And ah what can the poor widow do—whose husband died of drinking in the fall—and whom "thanksgivin" surprises with ragged, shoe-less little ones, and a desolate wood-yard! Let the poor trader, who sold her husband the liquor, go to meet'n, thanksgiving day, round by her dwelling. And the sleek, portly divine, under whose preaching he did it—and who has helped break up the Free Meetings of the temperance people, let him wrap his blue cloak round him, and go by the widow's, as he goes to read the proclamation and thank his God who vouchsafes him the fat of the land. But I won't taunt any body, least of all, those whom abundance cannot *begin* to make happy. Who have no sympathies—no *necessities*—no enjoyments, "painful preeminence,"—"above life's comforts," as well as "its weakness." Up there, in the unnatural cold. They better come down, among mankind—where they can endure and enjoy—and take some show in a thanksgiving besides eating a turkey and reading the proclamation.

REPLY TO A CORRESPONDENT.

[From the Herald of Freedom of January 9, 1846.]

Nothing is more welcome or grateful to me, than frank, honest disapproval of my position and opinions, like the above of H. O. S. I like it not only for its fidelity and fearlessness, but it helps me to make good my assailed foundations, if they are true. It comes in aid, as "interruptions" do—to help the truth-loving

speaker, in "Free Meeting." It helps me present my case, and helps the reader to the truth. I thank our correspondent, therefore, in my own and the reader's behalf for his valuable interposition. And now, a remark or two in reply

Our correspondent thinks I am wrong in regarding Humanity as I do, unmingled with religious considerations, or regard for God. This seems his main ground of disapproval of my position. Whether he has rightly "defined my position," or not, my past position I mean, I will not undertake to settle. I will endeavor to give my present position. Not define it—for it is indefinite—or not definite. At least, I desire to have it so. I want it to be an ever-changing—advancing—improving—learning—never stopping—*undefinable* position—if "position" that can be called, which never stops, but is always on the march. We cannot speak of the "position" of a *charging* army. It had one, in time of truce, and when it was idly in the barracks. Then, its "position" could be "defined." Amid the dust and hurricane of the charge and the encounter, and mayhap of triumphant pursuit of the routed foe—it would be hard to define its attitude—or take its likeness. I am desirous here of illustrating what The Herald of Freedom ought to be and aims to be, rather than what it is. Its indefinable motto-word—"Excelsior." I want to benefit Mankind and all animal kind and all other kind within my reach, if any other there be, that needs benefiting and can receive it at my hands.

I want, eminently, the overthrow of the Slave-system, that paralyzes the country and the world. And all auxiliary systems to it. On their own account, as well as because they sustain this crowning outrage on human happiness and rights. I think the good and the welfare of the world demand the overthrow of these systems. The glory of God may require it also. That the welfare of Humanity does, I know, or think I do. The glory of God *may*. His welfare cannot, I should imagine. I imagine it would not promote any welfare of His—so much as that of the parties here concerned—to have every system of hatred and hurt, among mankind, abolished. I may be wrong in supposing the Welfare of Mankind, an object of paramount concern with me, to the glory of God. I do suppose so. Even if I knew as well

what would glorify God, as I do what would benefit mankind, and could promote the one, as effectuately as I could the other. If any being, but God, preferred his own glory to the good of mankind, we shouldn't think well of him. If it was Bonaparte or Cæsar, we shouldn't speak well of him. We should speak ill. We should say, Tyrant—heartless, selfish Oppressor. A French soldier would worship—and cry "vive l'Empereur." And so would an old Roman Legion, as it offered itself to destruction, to save the "bald first Cæsar's" form from harm or dishonor. And our devotees would worship God, while they thought he cared more for "the honor of His great name," than for the good of mankind. And why do they do it? For much the same reason in all the three cases. It is more generous in the cases of the poor infatuated soldiers—for their worship has a savoring of sympathy in it—for their Deities were human. The religious worshipper's is based in unmitigated dread of the fury of their Divinity, and a most base desire to propitiate his profitable favor. That is, so far as their worship is real. It has in fact scarcely any reality in it. It is nearly all imaginary. The reality about it—is the inclination they feel to kill every body who won't join them in it. That is real. They carry that out. The rest is pretty much fancy and superstition, I think.

Mankind need love and help. God needs neither. We can love mankind and help them. God, we can neither help nor love. And until we have loved and helped mankind, as much as they need, and as much as *can* help and love them, we ought not to try to worship God, or to exercise emotions towards him. If we should, the emotions would be sure to be *bad* ones. We don't feel right towards mankind, till we love them as much and as well as we can and as they need. And until we do this, we are not prepared to feel rightly towards any other being. We are not in loving mood or spirit. And our worship wouldn't be agreeable to any Being that was good. The Devil, as we call him, might like it, so far as we are concerned. It wouldn't be so very flattering to *him.*

In my opinion—my present one, this moment while I am writing—before we have any duties to perform towards God, we have

got to perform *every one* we have found out, towards one another. And desire to perform these *human* duties, as we call them, will preclude all idea of duties to Divinity, as duties to Divinity preclude all idea of any to Humanity—and are resorted to—(as I think) as a subterfuge from the performance of any. I believe that Piety is a cheap and bad substitute for Humanity. And that the more pious any one becomes—the more religious—the more in love with the gods—the "Dii immortales," as the Romans used to call it—or "Almighty God," as the *Roman* Catholics have it—the less practical love he has for any human creature, and the more sublimated and hopeless is his selfishness. I believe this to be the nature of the thing. I might say here, that Christianity teaches all I here say, but I won't say it—for it will seem like taking shelter in Scripture, from the responsibility of naked, unauthorized opinion. I will say it, on my own responsibility. And it is nobody's business, if I am incorrect in the opinion. I am not accountable to any body, or to the public, for daring to say what I do. Every body has a right to say the contrary. As H. O. S. will, if he so thinks. And that is all *he* will do. He would not have me, sent for the heresy, either to Hell, or to——Hopkinton. Henry Wood might—to both. My objection to this "Piety" is, not that it is unchristian, (which it grossly is,) but that it is *un*human. The world runs to Piety. It runs reluctantly at first—but eagerly at length. Piety, in some form or other. The orthodox Piety is based in Hatred of Mankind—which it calls Love of God. It regards mankind as "totally depraved" and hateful. It has, itself, "shuffled off" its own total depravity, under a partial (but *acceptable*) sanctification. It has got insurance against the fire of the wrath of its Divinity. This is orthodox Piety, in its various, belligerent, and (if it had the power) crucifying divisions and sects. There is a heterodox Piety, that ventures to hold that Love to Mankind is not totally incompatible with Love of God. It has to repudiate the "total depravity" of mankind, in order to make it lawful to love them. This is one reason of the repudiation. It wouldn't do to love creatures abhorred of God and consigned by him to Damnation And it would hardly seem reasonable to love a God, who had

such purposes towards mankind—even if they were his enemies—and all to promote his own honor and glory. So heterodox Piety modifies the character of God and elevates that of Man, and holds to loving both. Now—if this Piety will so love God, that it can take an active, healthy part in behalf of man, if it will only worship, so that it can help us, suffering, wretched folks, here on the surface of the ground, and help us, for *our* sakes—and not merely for God's sake, I will not quarrel with their piety. I will laud their humanity. And if their piety promotes it, I will laud *that*. And if it engenders it—if it is essential to it—I will make it paramount. If their love to God is the basis of love to mankind—if piety is the foundation of humanity—righteousness—goodness—then I go for Love to God and Piety, first of all. But, really, I must have this GOODNESS. I want the wrongs of humanity first righted. I think they can be—ought to be—must be. I think we ought to be happy, here. Considerably happy—if not exstatically so. Comfortably happy. And I want that made the paramount object. To be happy, we must be right. I would have it, that we must be RIGHT—rather than happy. That *I* must be right, and my neighbor be made happy. I, right, in order to have him happy. Not right, that *I* might be happy, myself,—but that *he* might. That looks bigger and better to me, than the other—or than any other. I, right, from sheer love (approval) of the Right—and to promote the happiness of my neighbor! That strikes me, *as well as you can get it.* And nothing short of that, will do, at all. Adopt that, and the world goes well. Any thing short of that, and it will go *ill.* All creation can't make it otherwise. Disinterested Good Will will make the World what it wants to be made. Piety can't make it so. Piety makes it the contrary. Makes it what it is. The world is full of Piety and Hate and Fight and Misery. The Love that would make it happy, is withheld from its needy, suffering inhabitants, and absorbed into Devotion, which sends all its incense up into the cold sky, to God. Piety has built temples to its Gods, all over the face of the earth, at a cost that would have sheltered all mankind, including that "Son of Man, who had not where to lay his head." Multitudes of mankind have

no shelter now, but have to bide the peltings of the elements, while there are houses of God, that cost enough to build a city. One mountain-looking cathedral, I myself beheld, in the godly city of York, old England, that cost $50,000,000. The habitations of men lay round about it, like fragments of stone round the foot of a mountain, from which they had tumbled. It seemed to have absorbed and devoured the means of a city. Piety built it. Piety that loved the God of Old England, but hated the People of Old England. The walls of the mighty Cathedral, accordingly, are covered all over, on the outside, the side next to the people, with grotesque heads, making up mouths, in token of the contempt felt by Piety for the people in behalf of its God. That seems to me to be Piety, in its genuine upshot and catastrophe. Piety, with lesser means, builds its Old North meeting-houses, and its New North and its South, &c. &c. here in the pious town of Concord. We have a good deal of humanity, however, in this same town. I ask H. O. S., if it springs from the Piety that built these Houses of God? Are those houses not at war with the humanity of the town, and do they not denounce it as impiety, and is it not, in fact, impiety? A good deal of the Humanity of the town aids in maintaining heterodox worship here. It aids it, because heterodoxy had arisen in opposition to orthodoxy. And it seemed necessary to carry on that opposition in some religious form or other. Real humanity has cause to oppose orthodoxy—but not, as I think, by worship. It does not go to the Mountains of Samaria, to set up an opposition worship, against the bloody old Temple at Jerusalem. But it says "neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem." Equivalent to saying, Nor any where. I say, nor any where, whether or no. For so it seems to me it should be.

If any body loves God in addition to loving mankind *well enough*, I have no objection. If they can love God without hating mankind, I have none. If they do not hate mankind any the worse for what love of God they have, I have no objection to it. If they have a love of God resulting from a sufficient love of mankind, I have none. I like that. If love of mankind breeds it, and results in it, I want all to have it. It would do

God no good. He doesn't need it. The want of it doesn't harm him. But I will not quarrel with it. I am inclined to think, that there can be no right love of God in any breast, that does not sufficiently love humanity. Nor any right opinions of or notions about God. The best opinions in regard to God can only be entertained where there is due love to mankind. Due philanthropy. The opinions of the present *mis*anthropic world are undoubtedly erroneous.

The world, as I said, is full of religion and fight. Religion itself prompts to the fighting. It is the most belligerent thing in the world. And its fights are the most sanguinary and cruel of any. It has not proved a remedy for human ills—but aggravates them. It promotes them. Humanity would remedy them, would it not?—Enough of it would. But how much Religion would do it! How much Worship! How much Piety! "Mercy," enough of it, would do it—but how much "Sacrifice" would it take? All the "Rams" in old Spain—wouldn't do it—nor "rivers of oil," were they as wide and long as the Mississippi.

I am making a long article here. But I want to say that mankind wants the healing influences of Humanity. They must love one another more. The duty of this and the value of it, must be inculcated. It must come to be considered the duty of duties, and the remedy of remedies. Men have got to regard their neighbors' rights, as objects of *sacred character.* Objects of reverence. Objects of worship. Let the "religious sentiment" in man find vent and employment in this way. Not on abstract goodness—but on Human Rights. And on the performance of human duties. Let us venerate Humanity in others. Let us hold it sacred. Let us lay out our utmost natures upon it. At least enough to secure it its rights. If God wouldn't prefer this sort of worship, in us, to any other, there is no God, or no good one, according to my idea of goodness.

I don't mean to say any thing here against worship, only as it may involve ill will to man. I must end my off-hand article—for I am sick and weary and exhausted. I say this in excuse for the lacks in my article. I should like to hear again from H. O. S., and will write again, if I can, on the subject.

THE ATTIC WEAVER.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Jan. 9, 1846.]

WHAT has happened to him, that he yields us no webs this many a month? He might be winter-killed—but that wouldn't account for the failure of his loom and the silence of his sounding shuttle, long time before the sun had sunk beyond Capricornus, the "Mason and Dixon" of the Southern sky. He stopped sending us webs before the fall equinox. Has any thing driven him from his attic, our cunning Weaver? The termagant housewife—or house-keeper, in a fit of spiteful neatness—has she mounted to the garret, armed with her vengeful broom, and swept the Weaver from his angle among the rafters—homestead-web and all? Did she brush the poetic creature down to the floor and set her blue stockin'd foot on his life? Hang her ——picture, if she has done that. She has *crushed* out the life of The Herald of Freedom. One of its lives—for, thank heaven, it has more than one. More than nine, I should think—for no cat ever survived such doggings as have befallen it—to say nothing of the treatment it has undergone, that no dog would ever have been guilty of.

What has become of our Weaver? Has he spun himself a cocoon—that has proved his winding sheet? Or has some one betrayed his hiding place, and has that put a stop to his weaving? Some such rare, strange creatures, the moment they are discovered, stop working and never begin again. As the robin will "forsake her nest," they used to tell me—if a boy moved one of her blue eggs—ever so slightly from where she placed it. I have seen a truant insist on laying his mischievous fingers on one of them, and the next time we went to it, the eggs were all cold. The robin had been there and discovered that things were not as she left them, and had forsaken the nest, forever. Has any body sacrilegiously betrayed the retreat of the Attic Weaver? I am afraid so. I have refused, a hundred times, to answer, with a conjecture even, the inquiries of curious friends as to the whereabouts of the weaver's Attic. They have a terribly sensitive instinct—these natural operatives—these beavers and spider-web-weavers,

and the like. They have a perception, we cannot descry with a microscope of as many powers as Herschel's Spy-glass. Attenuated beyond the reach of Science. So the Indian will see tracks on the leaves in the woods, the white man never would dream of. And the hound has an instinct that infinitely outruns the sagacity of the Indian. They have no souls to save, these *animal* creations, no immortal part, as we have, who are made but a notch "lower than the angels." The Attic Weaver, I suppose, hadn't any immortal soul to save or to lose, and so if any broomstick or mop-stick has squat her foot upon him, it isn't so much matter, as if it had been on one "made in the image of God." Her own glorious, immortal self—for instance.

I don't know what has happened to our Weaver. He couldn't have spun out. His thread and his warp were of a kind, that betokened inexhaustible supply. These native weavers don't have to depend on cotton crops or the wool grower, for their material. They have their supply within and of themselves. They may spin out, in time. The web of life may be wove out. I am 'most sorry it may be, and should be sorrier still, were it not that my own runs out, too. Spiders grow old and die of old age. I wonder what is the age of the Spider. Take him, up in the angle of some old library, or some dungeon, where Sanctity has kept folks for unbelief, or the State has shut up her erring children, age after age, where broom-stuff never ventures to disturb the ancient nooks. There the gray old Spider lives and lays by her successive webs of sheeting and of duck, as successive human sufferers enter and perish out. She can remember many generations of prisoners, no doubt. And some of them, she had become intimate with, and let them see her weave, many a day, in the scanty light of their common apartment.

I will not mourn our Weaver yet, till I know he is dead and gone. When I do, I will go out, some dewy, August morning, after haying, and gather gossamer from the tufts in the grass-fields, and make him up a shroud. His Herald of Freedom might do for his winding sheet, unless it be left to stand as a monument to his memory. But I am spinning a long yarn here. If the Weaver is alive, he will take my hint. He "has a few

more left of the same sort," as somebody crankly has said, and every body else repeated. If he is dead, he will please consider this in the light of an obituary.

HENRY BROWN—CRAYON PORTRAITS.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Jan. 23, 1846.]

I HAVE had opportunity of witnessing lately, some rare-drawn portraits—done in this place, by aid of two very simple and homely materials, which I should have taken for nothing more than *chalk* and charcoal. No two substances, scarcely, (and these not mixed,) could seem less adequate to the production of the *complexioned* human face, with all its infinite diversity and *multitude* of expression—than these two, neither of which appear to have any *tendency* towards the hues of any countenance among us, legitimately admissible to the privilege of the pencil. There is, to be sure, a complexion in the land, that the *charcoal* might shadow forth, though our "white man," on the other hand, is hardly unsullied enough, to be depicted by a fragment broken off from the "Dover Cliffs." Yet these simple agents, of black and white—of light and shadow, are made, in the hands of genius, to impart to the dull drawing-paper, the living, breathing, and almost speaking (the more than talking) "human face divine"—and with a rapidity, as well as truth, almost amounting to enchantment.

The author of these portraits is Henry Brown, younger brother of our enterprising Concord Book-seller. * * * *

I did not wish to speak of him, so much, as an artist—as a person of rare genius—genius in the broad and beautiful sense of the term; of taste—sense—wide and elegant reading—elevated and free mind—unalloyed wit and talent, but too great a modesty and want of self-esteem. I don't know but these latter qualities, in excess, are always incident and inevitable to the former—and perhaps necessary to their adornment and finish. At any rate, we find them in spirits of uncommon mould—those not of the ordi-

nary, earthern-ware of the race—the porcelain. Fine, transparent, fragile. Too daintily composed for every-day use. My young friend, for such he will let me call him, has this misfortune, too common to his rare class, that he shrinks from society, even that of the most secluded kind.

I went to his chamber, at the instance of some indiscreet young friends, who are contemplating that a Book should be made up, out of the poor things I have committed to paper, in my un-*author*-ized day, and sat to his pencil, for a transcript of my exhausted and shipwrecked face, to go in on one of its *blank* leaves. And he has drawn a transcript of me—that, were it only of one of the *current* and *acceptable* originals that hung there about it, it would give sale and celebrity to a duller Book, than could be devised, I think, out of the most torpid of the materials I am here speaking of. People would buy and keep the whole Book, for the frontispiece.

My individual objection to the picture, and that of my nearer friends, is its sad degree of likeness! I haven't the fancy for furrows and trenches and desolation, that they say stout old Oliver Cromwell had for scars, when he sternly bade his portrayer, to "paint him *as he was.*" I have seen the day, and that, *not so long ago*, when I felt a lesser lack of intrepidity to venture such an injunction. Indeed my friend Henry Brown's crayons have made me the allowance of other *fingers*, than Time's, having had a *hand* in my antiquatory. I have been an abolitionist—"before the mast"—for a period longer than the Revolutionary war! Enough to make any body look in sad earnest! And *friends* have touched me, as well as foes and time! But too much said of this. I intended none of it. I did not intend a word of any originals, but only of these *pictures*, and their author, yet both these are originals, though one are copies.

Most dalliers with "the fine arts," betake themselves to them, ambitiously, or for thrift. Henry Brown seems to be one born to them. He seems naturally of them and master of them. I should think he was one who might be at ease in any of the whole circle of them. His gift of portrait-drawing he seems to undervalue, and almost to contemn it—as Zerah Colburn came

to contemn his tremendous genius for numbers—and to be ashamed of it. I remember seeing him, after he had risen, from the mathematician that would have amazed La Place or Sir Isaac Newton, to be a *Methodist preacher*, when he treated his peculiar powers with solemn contempt, and seemed to regard their possession as almost a sin. He had learned to intonate, and whine, in true methodistical dismality; and his keen, piercing look, like the pearl-diver's, or the fish-hawk's, (from looking after things at the bottom of the Sea;) his far-off gaze, that reached down into the abyss and Great Deep of Numbers, was exchanged for the stolid and self-sufficient blank of the Methodist minister. Henry Brown reminds one of him in "nothing else," of course, but this single disregard of extraordinary powers.

I am speaking of all manner of things here—and in all manner of ways—in a notice of an ingenious friend and some of his off-hand drawings. But I am in haste to get an *article* ready for the paper. I have *several* things I have had to care about, this morning, besides this writing, and have to write, where *several* other persons are busy about me—engaged in *sundry* things—some of them quite *youngerly* persons. Not the most favorable *circum*stances to concentration, or directness, or pertinency of thought. I should like to have penned here, a trim, modest, moderate notice of my young and valued friend—giving a warrantable sketch of his pictures—with a word, a little descriptive, of himself. Some ideality in it, but the ideal-*real*, such as he throws over his pictures, when he has in hand a head and features he deems somewhat worthy of his pencil. Not the fanciful ideality, but the rational. I have failed of it. I am too weary of the manual labor of penning this, to attempt another, or to correct this, and it must go. So of all the little things I ever attempted to do. I set out for one thing, and it turns out another! Pretty apt to be true. Always truly intended, so far as there was *intent*. On the whole, I wish people generally were less *intentional*, than they are; less *designing*. (I *don't speak* of *artists*.) People, in their *lives*. Even writers, in their writings. Especially, editors. Above all, preachers. We should get at some heart then—and, oftener than now, some mind.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH PENALTY, BY C. C. BURLEIGH.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Jan. 23, 1846.]

Our readers generally are familiar enough with the name—and many of them with the person and powers, of our beloved Anti-Slavery orator. Many in the country, not directly interested in the Anti-Slavery movement, have heard him advocate the abolition of the Gibbet, and know with what clearness—fullness and conclusiveness of reasoning, he does it. All such can anticipate with what unanswerable ability he has written this work, and will, I should think, be desirous of reading it. I have gone over the "Thoughts," as particularly as I am able to, a Book, and can bear witness to its being all that the reader has a right to expect from the powers of the writer. It is arranged with great judgment and order, and winds about the poor old gallows tree an uninterrupted chain of argument for its destruction. Chain-lightning, I wish it might prove, to strike it and splinter it to the very roots, as I have seen a White Pine, that had been just visited by one of these touches from the clouds. But then, the Gallows may well enough be left standing, among a *hanging* community. It is perhaps as merciful a way as any other, for the relentless Public to give vent to its vengeance, on the offending Individual. And, so long as people think they ought to be killed for crime—perhaps they better be hanged. Or so long as others think they ought. A murderer, with this horrid idea pursuing him, perhaps may as well be relieved, by hanging. They better let him hang himself, though. And not try to deter him from it, by denying his corse "christian burial." If he hangs himself, nobody else will be guilty of it, but himself—and he won't be here. Queer, that they won't allow a murderer to hang himself! But they think he *ought* to be hung? If he does it, himself, isn't it done? Isn't he dead—as dead as he can be—or as they want him to be? Isn't he out of the way—and as incapable, as they can make him, of killing any body more? Or is it the killing him, *herself*, that the old State has such a fancy for? *She* will kill a man for murder—but won't let him kill himself for it—or any body else kill

him. If any body else kills him—does what she intends to—she will kill *him*. She would kill a murderer, for killing himself—(even for hanging himself, after her own favorite fashion) if she could break his neck over again. It is because she wants the monopoly of strangulation, in her own heaven-ordained hands. The "hangers-that-be," they "are ordained of God." Inspiration says so. "Our Father, which art in Heaven," *he* has ordained—that His family of children, here, *under* heaven, the brothers and sisters of us, we that say "*our* Father," &c., when we pray—should, in a family way, throw ourselves into corporation form—turn into a Board—and constitute a Committee, with physical powers to down with any individual of us—or any small, *unincorporated* gang of us, that may casually be thrown together, and put them to death—or to any torture they choose, short of death. And as soon as the whole of us do it—or as few of us as can continue to make the whole believe they can't help it, if they try, why, then, there is the Government, divinely "ordained," and let down, as it were from God out of the concave over head. "He that resisteth, shall receive unto himself damnation." (He will be likely to, *strangulation*—as matters *stand*.) And all for resisting *the Board*. Not for putting a live man to death—but for any body's doing it, beside the *father*-in-heaven-ordained Board or State. What would one of these total-depravity-"fathers," here on the earth, think of *his* family of children, who should set up such an "*institution*," out in his door-yard—where they go to play—and should string up little Charley—or Anna—or whoever, by the neck—for some childish misdemeanor, done without permission of the majority of them? How would he feel—the "depraved" old gentleman—coming out, some time, to enjoy the glee of the young ones—to find one of them dangling by the neck, and older brother Sam—or Jim, standing dismally by, as Chaplain? And then Jim or Sam roll up the white of their eyes, and charge him with having "ordained" what they had been about.

If the family are of a gibbety temper and character—why let them have gibbets—and be *hanged* to them. And if they don't hate one another quite bad enough for that, and do, for shutting

up in dungeons, for life or for years—let them have dungeons. Or fine—or whip—or crop ears—or whatever the *family* are malignant and hateful enough, to do. When they come to love one another, they will leave it off. Cross children will snap at each other, and quarrel. Deprave them sufficiently—make them bad enough, and they will *strangle* one another.

I have received a quantity of Burleigh's Books to sell for him. Some are at Brown's Book store here, and some in the garret of the Herald of Freedom. A trimmer, abler, more masterly *argument*, has not been put together in words. Parson Cheever is Burleigh's antagonist. Burleigh doesn't leave a rag of his parson's gown on his back. Nobody makes an argument *perfect* and *unanswerable*, but Charles Burleigh. Give him a good cause, at the Bar, as good a one as he has here—and let him speak first, and the adversary counsel never would reply. The Court wouldn't let him. His client wouldn't let him—if he had common sense. The counsel wouldn't, himself—for he wouldn't find an *inch of ground left to start on.* I never knew so *absolute* an arguer, as Burleigh. And he has displayed himself completely in this work.

Argument, however, isn't the thing needed to abolish the gallows—in my opinion. It must be chopped down (if lightning don't strike it,) by the axe of STATEMENT!!

INSTRUMENTALITIES.

[From the Herald of Freedom of Jan. 23, 1846.]

GENERALLY we imagine that none are of any power, unless they consist of physical force, or are connected with it. We want you to do so and so—(different from what you are doing,) and if you don't, we'll *make* you. We'll drive you. Or we'll scare you. That is what is called "*doing* something." All else is "mere talk." And "what signifies talk, unless you *do* something!"

Now, I think talk signifies *every* thing, provided, always, you do not accompany it with attempts to *do*. If you will merely

talk, you can accomplish any thing that is right. You must have it right, or talk won't effect it. If your object is wrong—one that won't bear talk, you must bring other instrumentalities in. The fear of the halter and the dungeon—or the fear of Hell. You must enlist political party, or religious. You must legislate and punish for breach of your law—or you must influence, by threats of Damnation. If you want to bring about any thing, that is right, you can do it by talk. You can do it by nothing else—and you will not incline to *try* any thing else. The first thing you'll ask—and the last—is free speech and a hearing. And you feel certain of success.

Talk is safe, as well as powerful. The French Revolution was begun by talk. Voltaire begun it. He begun it with his omnipotent pen. For by talk, I mean writing, as well as speaking. Voltaire accomplished the French Revolution, as well as begun it, with his almighty pen. At the height of his strength, there wasn't a sword, or an army, or a throne—or all the swords and armies and thrones of Europe combined, or of the World—that were a match for his single pen—or that were not in awe of it. Frederick the GREAT, didn't feel contented till Voltaire filled up the measure of his glory by consenting to go and reside at his court. Yet Voltaire never *did* any thing, other folks *did* and kept *doing*—and Voltaire *talked* about them, and his ridicule was the "King of Terrors." It was *just*, and they could not stand under it. He prostrated the Catholic Religion and the Divine Right of Kings, with his little quill. And the Revolution was a safe one.

They say it was a bad revolution. No matter as to the question of the efficacy of Talk. Talk wrought it, and "nothing else." They fought, after it was over, but the fighting did not achieve the revolution, and *was no part of it.* I think the revolution was a good one. Wholly good. They undertook some *doing*, after it was over. The Government and Priesthood undertook to reconquer the Revolution, and to annihilate it, by the sword. The People foolishly left talking, and went to fighting, —and the glory of the Revolution was tarnished and obscured. Had the Revolutionized people been peaceful, and relied

upon their *speech* for protection, the French Government and Priesthood, (which is always but parcel of Government) would have perished and disappeared forever, and the People now been free. And probably, all the world free. Look at O'Connell and Great Britain. O'Connell has trusted to his tongue, and conquered that Government, "the bend of whose eye doth awe the World." His object was political. He hasn't accomplished that, and probably can't. But the Government attempted to crush him. He confined himself to speech, and he beat them. They *did*, and O'Connell talked. They "did something." With him, it was "all talk and no do." The result is, the government was baffled and defeated, O'Connell stands unhurt and erect from the terrible conflict, like the Eddy-stone Light-house the morning after its conflict with the most dreadful tempest that ever beat upon the coast of England.

LETTER FROM LYNN.

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 6, 1846.]

Lynn, Mass., March 2, 1846.

DEAR "K."—I thank you, in behalf of our friends, for the paper furnished them, last Herald of Freedom. I hope one such good turn will produce another. I am still tarrying here away from home, seduced by kindness and a *tality* that is a good deal more kindly than *hospi*—a *tiality* it is—a par-tiality, nay, it is above par. I am cherished, together with my entire "family"—in the vocal sense of the word, at the cottage with a *barn* to it, where I was so *taken in*, last August, as my Herald friends may remember. I should have broken away and been at the Herald of Freedom's garret, but for the shrewd idea that if I kept away, we might get another paper out of you. Give this a place in it, if it comes in season. I liked exceedingly what you say of the true character of an anti-slavery paper. For my own part, I regard that as the most genuine and efficient—which is, apparently to the superficial eye, the remotest from the subject. That, that says least about

plantations and cowskins and cats—and even about colored people. Principles, that lie at the foundation of the character of this generation—the principles of which Christendom is made up—are the matters to be agitated for the overthrow of slavery. You can make people hate a master, by telling how he flogs a slave—but it will have no tendency to give either slave or master their liberty. A master must have a whip. And to have it to any purpose, he must use it. No slave is afraid of a whip, that is never used. A slave can't be governed without the whip. It is the only thing he can be governed by, unless you take something worse. It is the most merciful implement of mastery. The southern master, no doubt uses it as gently as he can and live. The slave would use it more severely about his fellow-slaves if it were in his hand instead of his master's. And when you berate the master for the cruel use of it—he *knows* you do him injustice. He is not cruel (in the general) and he knows it and he despises and spurns you as a calumniator, when you charge him with it. The cruelty of the Slave system isn't there. It lies farther off from the plantation. It lies up at the fountains of opinion and moral character in the non-slave states of the country. In the neighborhood of its worship. The god of the country is an overgrown master. The worship of the people is the worship of Slaves. The result is the ground-down—powdered: *pulver*ised poverty and misery of the laborer—and his open enslavement if he is black. And I am not sure but what chattelization is the mildest form, in which the worship of the country can immolate black Labor. It is certainly made more endurable, than free-negroism. The countenance of the Slave has been, heretofore, the least wo-begone of the two. On the same ground, that the horse is less sad than the human vassal that sometimes holds the plough in the furrow behind him. The latter never prances or pricks up his ears. The horse and the dog are blessed, in comparison of him. Mastery never insults the Slave. But poor Labor, it does insult. That has to endure the degradation of a dog with the terrible sensibilities of a man. Now, I say, in Humanity's name, either reduce Labor to Doghood, that it may have a dog's endurance—and insensibility—or else elevate it to Man-

hood's rights and prerogatives. Don't combine the two natures—or the human nature, with the brute condition.

Let mankind have the right of Thought. Let us have the accompanying right of Speech. Let us get into the free exercise of it. And do it here at the north. Not ask it, first, for the slave in the rice field. It would be too *inconvenient* to have its exercise attempted there. It *can't* be tolerated there. There must be silence there, and it must be maintained by the whip or the pistol. Let us get freedom to speak, here—where we are a little farther off from the powder-magazine. Where it is a little safer to carry fire. Freedom of Speech here will result (and speedily) in the abolition of slavery there. It is better for the master and for the slave, that the relation cease. It hurts the master, desperately, to be one—and the slave, to be a slave. And the Yankee, to be pro-slavery. And the priest, to be what makes the lay Yankee a jack-slaveholder, and the people of the plantation masters of slaves. All these positions are the natural eruptions on the surface of such moral character as ours. The only remedy is in *talking it freely up.*

When a dog is hit by a stone or club, he sometimes turns about and grabs at it, as if it were the real assailant, and while he is breaking his teeth upon the insensible thing, the arm that threw it hurls another at him and hits him harder. It isn't the way for him to bark at the stones and clubs—or to bite them. If he bites any body, he better go back a little among the causes of his stoning. So in Anti-Slavery.

Anti-Slavery shouldn't threaten or hurt any body. It should neither hurt with the pen or tongue, nor with the sword. A physical non-resistance, that will belabor and doom, with ill-natured goose quill or priestly voice, is only cowardice pretending to be peace. If you get indignant at intolerable wrongs—why, say so—and show it. It is stronger, perhaps, not to get out of patience. But it is hypocritical and wicked to affect a patience one does not feel. But never undertake to reform any body by brutal or unfriendly treatment. And of all the ill-treatment in the world, the most hateful to me is that boardly sort, that looks smiling (or solemn) and quotes a soft text, while it is hatefully aiming at your

life. I hate this authority-righteousness—this loving-kindness, that will cant about "overcoming evil with good," and at the same time wish you to the *devil*, and cry, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

I am not sticking to the point here, very pertinaciously. But would say, on the whole, the way to lift a load with the lever, is to go off to the long end of it, as far as you can get from your load—not lay head-long shoulder to the load itself, nor get so near it as to be within your fulcrum or turning point. Lay hold and keep hold, of the long end of the pry.

It is a real March morning, this Monday here at Lynn. The wind has been blowing half the night perhaps, sheer north-east, and the waves come in on Egg rock—the Nahant head lands and the Lynn beach, in majestic style. It is appalling to see the slow-tossing surf heave white over the ridges of rock. It isn't at its height yet—but wants to blow twenty-four hours steady, before the great thing gets under way. Then it will take time to assuage it again. I saw the Cambria, yesterday, pass here, on her way to England. She was to leave the Boston wharf at two in the afternoon. Granting her time to travel a dozen miles, we begun to look for her to appear beyond the Nahant point—and within a minute or two she presented herself—her plume of smoke thrown superbly off over the sea—and white as wool in the western sun. It was magnificent to see her address herself to so mighty a voyage, forth into that interminable deep, which, awful and sublime as it is, begins to look subordinate beside this human power that has mastered it. It isn't true—what Byron says—"His (man's) control stops with the shore." It doesn't stop there. It doesn't stop any where. He is an overmatch for any and all the elements. To be sure, they sometimes turn upon him and take him at disadvantage and destroy him. As the horse does on his heedless driver, or the reindeer in the sledge upon the Laplander. Yet the horse and the reindeer are servants—not masters. And so are the elements and the great boisterous Sea. The Cunard packets navigate it with such regularity, that they seldom vary four and twenty hours in a voyage. They are looked for almost as confidently as the cars or the mail stages. People will by and

by take out their watches and look at them, in expectation of the Steamer from Liverpool—or from India. And men will harness wind and steam and water to their chariots—and yoke up the Lightning and make it plough the water and "harrow the valleys after them." The races united and in kindly activity, can find out every thing and accomplish every thing, that is true. They will subject the elements then, instead of subjecting one another. The elements are made for subjection. Their broad shoulders are spread for service. It doesn't degrade them or weary them, or impoverish them, to be made to work. Yea they are willing to work. All they want of intelligent mankind is, that it will stand out of the way and give them elbow room and a chance.

Dr. Kittredge is introducing the Water Cure into Lynn. He will make fine work of it—superadding water to his long experience and ample attainments in the healing science. I congratulate the people here on his being among them as their physician. Water will work wonders in his strong and sagacious hands. * * * * *

Yours for myself, and all our readers, N. P. R.

WAR.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 22, 1846.]

At last the Country is involved in this favorite pastime of Kings. They are at War. The Government has involved the People in it. It has proclaimed War, and, so far as I can judge, has provoked it and brought it on. I don't mean any particular party has done it. All have done it—especially the party in power. I don't believe there was any cause for it. I don't believe the miserable occasion existed, that commonly exists. There was probably no more occasion for this strong country going to war with feeble Mexico, than for a six-foot Bully to have a fight with any feeble school boy. The great strong brute might exasperate the boy and *put upon him*, till he would have to show quarrel, if he had any resentment and spirit in him. And after the brute

had got the boy to strike, he'd feel justified in falling upon him and smashing him up.

This nation ought to have more sense than to go to War, with any people—strong or weak. But a *nation* never has any sense. It is never any thing but a great "Board." A great, *wooden* Corporation. It has no sense, of course, any more than a smaller "Board" has. If the nation had half wit, it would never get into such a scrape as War. It will do the country more mischief than it can recover in a hundred years of most successful industry after it is over. It would be as ruinous to the People, as a seven years' Lawsuit is to a middling farmer. Look at some of the *lesser* results. The killings. Thousands of the people get shot to death. Thousands get crippled for life with the hideous hardships and exposures of "the service." Multitudes come home with an eye less than they went—or an arm or a leg, and go hobbling without, to the grave—compensated with a chance of telling what battles they were in, and with *drink* to make 'em forget their misery. Some of 'em will get a pension, along towards the grave, to buy the drink with. Then there is lots of widows—to say nothing of orphans. They say Marblehead is full of widows—wives of fishermen lost at sea. Last war, it is said, they were mightily multiplied by the fishermen going into the navy and army. The whole country will be one Marblehead. It will be marble-hearted, at least. War will indurate the general heart to petrifaction. The press will harden it like the petrifying waters, that, in certain regions, turn every thing within their flow—things and animals, into adamant. And the widows will be nearly all poor folks' widows. The people killed will be generally working people, that will be missed by the country. The great folks wouldn't be. If they perished, they could easily be supplied—or if they wa'n't, the loss wouldn't be severe.

> "A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
> But a brave Peasantry—the country's pride,
> When once destroyed—can never be supplied."

I don't call them *Peasantry*, but the destruction of the working people is so much taken right out of a country. War's widows are generally *theirs*. Now and then an officer gets shot. His

widow is looked after by government. Congress will grant her a pension. The soldiers' widows get their pensions in the Poor House. There don't occur any widows of Congress-men—or Secretaries or Presidents. War doesn't bereave *their* ladies. It is *fighting* makes the widows, not *declaring* the war. Congressmen declare the war and leave the people to fight it. It is the blood of the people that gets shed. It is their women that are made the widows and not the ladies of the Congress-men. A Statesman's Lady gets bereaved once in a while—but it is by her Lord's drink—or his duel. He hardly ever falls in battle. All he has to do with War is to declare it, and vote the lives and money of the people to carry it on. Orphans, the war will make, acres of orphans. Motherless, as well as fatherless—for your war-widowhood is a decaying sort. It thins off the widows, "worst kind." They don't "*stay*" widows, long. That makes out the orphanage complete, on both sides. And a *whole orphan*—fatherless and motherless—is a pretty sight. War multiplies them. It breeds them.

There will be glory got, too. And it is time the country got a little glory. It is some time—getting to be—since we got any glory. Glory is amazing wholesome for these Republics! It made the old ones we read of, *last*. It will probably make this one immortal. And territory too. There wants a little territory. It is some time since there was any territory *annexed*. It might be well to have a little. This Mexico lays dreadful handy to the United States—all of it. And they are rather scant for land. Rather narrow contracted. If they could get the rest of the *strip*, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific, it would be handy. And they tell of Jewelry and Gold in the Meeting-houses off there in Mexico. It would be a pretty thing enough—if our people could get hold of some of them. May be they might be put into some of our meetin' houses. Oh there is no telling the profits of these wars! England may be coaxed into the scrape. And that would help the matter. The more the merrier. We can afford to lick all creation—only get us mad enough. And we can be got so, after a while. * * * *

Are the People aware that we are in that dreadful predicament,

called War? That infernal, barbarous predicament—that relic habitude of barbarous ages and savage people! Do the New Hampshire people know the fact, and that slaughter is now mutually dealing out, on our South-western border, and the war fever beginning to inflame the pulse of the whole country? The mad Government has applied a torch that may conflagrate the civilized globe. All our Christendom is combustible, ready for explosion. They have touched match to the border of it. It wouldn't be strange, if in six months the world was in a blaze. The fire may not spread. It depends something on the *wind*. Lesser "matters" have "kindled" the greatest "fires." The fire has been set, as regardlessly as woodman ever put brand to a piece of clearing in a dry time. But it is vain for Truth to lift up its cry. Let them fight—as many as will.

THE DEATH OF TORREY.

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 22, 1846.]

CHARLES T. TORREY, of Salem, Mass., is dead. He has died in Baltimore Prison. He has suffered death there. After eighteen long, dreary, endless months of felon's imprisonment,—shut away from his home and from the sunshine and air of heaven—"Shut from the living whilst among the living"—buried alive, he has perished there. Poor Torrey, I was going to call him, but I will not. He is not to be mentioned with pity now. He has died for his principles. He has risen to the awful sublimity of Martyrdom. It becomes the country—if its frenzied attention can be arrested a moment from its Mexican wars and Texan acquisitions—to ponder the death of Torrey. He has been sacrificed to Slavery—who is at this hour of the country's history—its chief Deity—its Jupiter and Moloch. The people offer one another to him in sacrifice. They stand by and see one another offered up, in dumb silence—like the Hindoo looking on upon the funeral pile of the widow, or on the devotee, ground to powder under the lumbering felloes of their four-wheeled Divinity. It is scarcely to be believed that

they have dared to murder Torrey—so near the confines of the Northern States. Why, who was Torrey and what had he done? He was a citizen of Massachusetts—a Salem clergyman, one of the most unexceptionable of the New England ministers. And they have put him to death deliberately, in the face of the whole country. And for what! Why, at the worst, for an undue exercise of philanthropy. They pretend it is according to their Law. But it cannot be. And if it were—a law so barbarous as to put a man to death for such a cause would disgrace any nation or tribe of people on the continent. And it isn't according to their Law. They have no law against such acts as the one for which they have killed Torrey. They have laws against negro stealing, and, it may be, against aiding negroes to escape from their masters with intent to defraud the master. But no law against the interposition of mere Philanthropy in aiding the escape of Slaves. They haven't enacted a statute making *Humanity* penal—*admitted* humanity. Not humanity by pretence, with other and culpable motive underlying it. But confessed Humanity. The South calls it fanaticism. Well, if it is, they have no law against it. They might have one, perhaps—though they could hardly have the front to enact one now, in the face of mankind. But they haven't had one. The laws they have, were provided for negro abstraction such as might take place before the Anti-Slavery movement began. For offences against Negro property, such as might be committed from mercenary motives and by men who regarded negroes as subjects of ownership. They had no laws to reach the case of Torrey. They haven't made such motives as actuated him, penal. They have murdered him in violation of their own slave laws even. The only way they could have done it in conformity with the slave code, would have been to kill him by Lynch Law. That is the only *legal* process by which they could have done it. And Lynch law has been superinduced, to meet cases like this, that do not come within the purview and reach of their regular Law.

They should have Lynched him! They should have tried him before Judge Lynch. To try him before their criminal Judges, was to bring him *coram non judice*—before an incompetent tri-

bunal—before a court not having jurisdiction, whose law doesn't know of his offence. As they tried Cassius M. Clay. They didn't bring Clay before the criminal court that tried Torrey. They should have brought Torrey before the court that tried Clay. Before his Honor Judge Lynch. If they had done this—if they had seized Torrey and murdered him—and had been called to account for it in the regular criminal courts—they might have pleaded the *other Law* of the country, and the other tribunals to which alone they were answerable. They couldn't have convicted Clay in the Court House. Neither could they Torrey, legally. They didn't dare bring Clay there. He would have been defended and they must have acquitted him or trampled the law of Kentucky under foot. As they did the law of Maryland, in the conviction and execution of Torrey. I repeat there is no law in Maryland against *such* negro-taking as Torrey's. Slavery never anticipated any such taking—and therefore made no provision against it. And had Torrey been a Marylander—instead of a Northern fanatic, they never would have dared apply their law to his case. They would have had to Lynch him.

Will New England—will the non-slaveholding North, let the murder sleep? Had Algiers done thus to a Massachusetts citizen—would not some Decatur of the country be demanding vengeance for it at the mouth of Old Ironsides' guns, before the walls of Tripoli? Had Mexico done it, wouldn't it have been better cause of war than any they can bring for the war now waging against her—good as it may be?

A New England citizen has been imprisoned and put to death without pretence of criminality—for mistaken philanthropy, at worst—*for philanthropy, undeniably.* But what can be done? Nothing, because of the spell Slavery has shed over the land. Slavery may perpetrate any thing—and New England can't see it. It can *horse-whip* the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts and spit in her governmental face, and she will not recognize it as an offence. She sent her Hon. Sam. Hoar to Charleston, on a state embassy. Slavery caught him and sent him most ignominiously home. The solemn great man came back in a hurry. He returned on a most undignified trot. He run. He scampered—

the stately official. The Old Bay State actually pulled foot—cleared—*dug*—as they say, like any scamp with a hue and cry after him. Her grave old Senator, who no more thought of ever having to break his stately walk, than he had of being flogged at school for stealing apples, came back from Carolina upon the full run—out of breath, as well as out of dignity. Well, what's the result? Why, nothing. They no more think of showing any resentment about it, than they would if Lightning had struck him. He *was* sent back, actually, "by the visitation of God." And if they had lynched him to death and stained the streets of Charleston with his blood—a Boston Jury, if they could have held inquest over him—would have found that he died by the visitation of God. And it would have been "Crowner's quest Law." Slavery's "Crowner's."

They have murdered Torrey. But there can be no inquisition. They have brought his body home. They "gave it to his friends," as they do the body of a man hung on the gallows. These have brought it to Boston. And they talk of having a public funeral and an oration. They thought of having it in Park Street Meeting House. They might as well have expected it, for celebrating the obsequies of Tirrell, had he been hanged for murder—as the obsequies of the murdered Torrey. "Park Street" don't open to such obsequies. And such obsequies ought not to go in there if it did open. "Park Street" is at the bottom of the murder. Boston is hand in glove with it. The Bay State is. The Nation is. It is as insensible as a dead dog to the murder of Torrey—when it ought to stir the Land like the massacre of the 5th of March, 1770—when they shot down Monk in the streets of Boston—and "Maverick and Gray—Caldwell, Attocks and Carr!" In the old days of Hancock and Warren.

I will make no ado about it. It would be like clamoring to a Burying Yard. Torrey, to be sure, is murdered—but what of that? Who cares? He has been killed by Slavery.

"PASTORAL CONVENTION."

[From the Herald of Freedom of May 22, 1846.]

"PASTOR," means Shepherd. Shepherds are *keepers of sheep—overseers of flocks.* The clergy call themselves "Pastors." Have they *Human sheep* in custody? The name implies it. They are Pastors of *flocks.* Not of quadruped flocks—but two-footed. Of *human* flocks. A pretty daring relation to claim to mankind. And it is the one they actually sustain. That of *sheep-keepers!* The People are sheep—*flocks* of *sheep*, the clergy are their *Shepherds!* It may be all fitting—but let the fact be known and noticed. The clergy regard the people as sheep, and themselves as their shepherds. Shepherds *lead* their sheep, *drive* them—at times *dog* them—*fold* them, and SHEAR them! The Shepherd *fleeces* the sheep! Is there any *pastoral* illustration in *sheep-shearing?* They sometimes make *mutton* of some one of the flock. Of some lamb, that is *tender*—or some wether, that is *fat*—especially if they are regardless of *fences.* Does this *muttoning* illustrate "excommunication?" The pastor sometimes visits excommunication on a *breachy* church-member. This used to be a truly muttoning process, transforming the living sheep, on whom it was visited, into dead mutton. But of late, it has become comparatively harmless—and hundreds of sheep—from all sorts of pens, rather be thus *muttoned*, than stay and be sheared. The pretence of the pastor is, to keep off the Wolf, (the Devil.) Sometimes he is "Wolf," himself. He then puts on the "clothing" of these he has in charge, in order to appear to be of the flock. For the time he has to content his wolfship with the wool—keeping an eye, however, on the *mutton.*

The New Hampshire Shepherds are about to hold a convention in this place. It is announced by *the Reverend* Henry Wood in his Journal. He is one of the Sheep-guardians, and has had goodly experience of both carcass and fleece. He announces with great pomp, the *doings* cut out for the Convention. I call the people's attention to them—as indicative of the character of these Shepherds and of their importance and value to

the people. Will their quadrupedships please venture to attend to me a moment. I ask them to suspend their *nibbling*, and look at their Reverend Shepherds in Convention. A "Concio" is first to be performed. The Reverend Jonathan Clement is to perform it. It is a *Latin* thing. What it is, no *English* yankee can tell. Something *solemn*, no doubt. They used to have 'em at the College, at Commencement. "Concio ad Clerums," these were. This is simple "Concio," without any "Clerums." Then a "Sermo" is to be performed. *The Reverend* Archibald Burgess is to perform that. A "Pastor" that looks as if he had seen sheep in his day—live ones and dead ones. A natural-born Pastor he looks like—one "dyed in the wool." After the Sermo—a collection for the "Widows' Charitable Fund." *Whose* widows, doesn't appear in the programme. But it is *pastors'* widows. The Brotherhood's widows and nobody's else. Every Brotherhood looks out for its own widows. The Masons used to for theirs. The sheep have *privilege* of contributing to this widows' fund, I presume. As to the sheep's widows—the sheep must look out for them themselves. The Pastors never contribute to the sheep's widows' fund. Deacons of old used to look after *all sorts* of widows. The modern Priesthood looks only after its own.

There are questions coming before the Pastors for discussion. Do they concern the sheep's welfare? Hear them and see. First, "Is it Congregational, that every Church have final action in discipline?" Two old heroes—I will not say Bruisers, are designated to tug at this thundering Query. Archibald Burgess and Abraham Burnham. I guess either of them if he spoke his mind, would say the church had no right of action at all, final or other, aside from the Pastor. For what have the *sheep* to do with discipline? It would be amusing to hear these old theological Rams, (to borrow a *pastoral* simile) butt on such a tremendous question. "Has every church *final* action?" That is, is there any appeal from a church to an association?—Of what consequence is it to any mortal creature whether these corporations have *any* action or not? What is their business but to try folks for staying away from meeting or communion? It is a mere question

of *ecclesiastical* jurisdiction, in which individuals have no interest whatever. The Pastors treat it as if all creation depended upon it—and designate it a year beforehand, and hold holy convocations about it. In solemn truth, it is all fudge!

The second dreadful question, is no less than this—"What is intended by the laying on of hands of the Presbytery?" It is an *awful* question. The welfare of souls depends upon it! If I were to say "what was intended by the laying on of hands of the Presbytery,"—I should say that the Presbytery "intended" to impose on the dupe whose heads they laid hands on, and on the abused spectators. That's "what is intended" by the Presbytery. Another thing "intended" is what is always intended by *laying hands* on any body or any thing, that is, to *appropriate* it. The Presbytery means to make a tool of the one they lay hands on. That any thing is intended by it more than by any other jugglery of necromancers, is all delusion and imposition. A wicked piece of vanity and witchcraft—to make the ignorant stare and the superstitious wonder. It is playing the rogue, and the shrewd, old ecclesiastical foxes know it—as well as the Romish Priests know the trickery of their hocus pocus. It is just as efficacious as the old Royal touch, to cure the Scrofula. Those old English Kings used to poke swelled necks, with their greasy fingers and thumbs, to cure them of Scrofula—which, from the circumstance, came to be called "King's Evil." The real "King's *evil*" was the *touch*, and not the swelled necks. I am out of all patience, when I think of the impositions played off on wretched mankind. Are they *always* to be practised upon them! If these Pastors were honest men, I would go into this Pastoral Convention, and tell them their delusions. But if they were honest, they would not be under them. Another question is, "whether Scriptures authorized Lay ordination?" Scriptures don't say any thing about "*lay*," that I remember—any more than about *set* or *hatch*. This matter of "lay" and clerical, is of modern invention. Christ would have told it to "get behind him," if they had broached it in his presence and hearing. He had none of their distinctions of this sort—about among his folks. All were equals with him. He knew no laymen, in degraded

distinction from any other. It is a distinction cooked up by modern Jesuitry. But it is no use to say it. The "Pastors" will look *glum* and *solemn*, and that is an answer to any thing, that can be said.

But the grand question is concerning the inviolability of the Pastors. That is "open for general discussion." I should like to witness it. It is whether *lay*-eyes may gaze on the infirmities of a Pastor. Would the people believe it? Would they believe their own ears, if they heard such a question started by the divines as this? But read. "Is a minister, while unimpeached" (by the clergy, of course) "unimpeached *as a minister*—liable to discipline by a church, as a private member?" That is to say—can the church *behold* the short comings of a divine, until after his peers—his brother divines—have impeached him, and thrown him down among them from the top of Olympus? That is the question. Is it not virtually saying, that the conduct of the priest, so long as he is in with the Brotherhood—is sacred from the scrutiny of the people? And that they may not see his iniquities? And that it is in the option of the Brotherhood, whether they will make him ever subject to the people's scrutiny or not? Isn't this it? Palpably, it is. Though nothing is palpable, about the Priesthood. They may say what they please—and do what they please—and remain *invisible* to the people. The people's eyes are *holden*, that they cannot see them—any more than sheep can see what their pastors are about. Well, it may be, the common people are sheep—made to be sheared and bamboozled. If so, let them be. I feel at times as if it was a horrible imposition. But perhaps I am mistaken.

TILLING THE GROUND.

[From the Herald of Freedom of July 10, 1846.]

THIS is the only thing mankind can do that deserves the name of occupation. To till the ground and raise the bread out of it, "the staff of life." This is occupation. I don't mean, raise it

by slave labor, or even by paid labor—or the people's labor in any shape, but by your own labor. The sweat of your own, identical, *bona fide* forehead. Nobody with health enough to labor with his hands and with a chance to get at the face of the earth to vex it with the plough or the glorious *hoe*, and wit enough to work, should eat any bread, unless he earned it in ground labor. Every mechanic should also be a worker on the land to the extent of raising the amount of his own bread. Health demands it. Duty to our mother earth, whose face needs culture and dressing, demands it, and duty to the laborers among our fellowmen, demands it, who, but for that, will have to sustain us, ever and always maintaining themselves and theirs. Human happiness and advancement demand it at the hands of every body. It will take that amount of manual labor on the ground, to make any body content with human life. A man can't be happy without it any more than a bird can without a chance to sing or to fly. The human muscles claim that amount of *stretch*, and if every body would afford them that, mankind are all provided for, and the dear, old Mother Earth would be all of a blossom, like a rejoicing young apple-tree in the Spring. It would be a pretty place, this Earth, then to live on. Sightly. Now the mass of it is good for nothing but to run away from, or make roads over, for folks to abscond on, from other like places.

And it should be the chief ambition of young men to know how to do this labor and to succeed in actually doing the most of it, to the best advantage. The genius for it should be regarded as the first genius—above all your lawyers, doctors, divines, traders, politicians, and even your poets.

The first man on "God's Earth" should be the best farmer on it. The man, who has done the most *with his own hands*, towards making the best farm. The handsomest place to live and the most productive of the beautiful and good things of this life. The prettiest place to look at, for folks going by—travellers. Not the greatest place, but the smallest that would answer the great purpose of family existence and elegant supports. By elegant support, I don't mean what most people would think I did. The farmer's dress should be the standard of fashionable beauty—the

homespun frock and trowsers. They may be made becomingly. And when their wearers lead the ton of *fashionable life*—their dress will become the standard. The glorious, coarse blue and white, that sturdy labor wears at the plough-tail, it is princely to the right eye, beyond any thing that tailors can conjure out of broadcloth and satin. Only let it be heroically worn, and it is more becoming than the dashiest Uniform, or the latest cut of the metropolis. Fashion can make it so, as it has now made it otherwise. It is fashion only, that could render present dress—and dress generally—tolerable to the eye or endurable to the limbs and body. Let fashion and habit be brought to correspond with nature and natural taste. It would prevail if the adopters of it would take the rank in society that really belongs to the producers of the staff of life.

Toward *Labor on the Ground*, then, let the young ambition of mankind be directed, and let the idle vocations go take their places behind it. Then Labor would be sought instead of shunned, as it now is, as degrading to respectable mankind and fitted only for slaves.

BURSTING OF THE PAIXHAN GUN.

[From the Herald of Freedom of March 15, 1844.]

THE reader has heard, by this time, of the terrible catastrophe on board the nation's War-Steamer, Princeton—where five of our governmental chieftains were stricken down at once by the exploded fragments of a great death-engine—intended by them for the destruction of others. They were practising with it, and amusing themselves with exhibitions of its hideous power. Five chieftains, and a *slave* killed, John Tyler's slave. The bursting of the Paixhan gun has emancipated him—and left his owner behind. How busy death has been on every side of that owner, since he was thrown up into power by the fermentation of 1840! Above him and below him, in place, "the insatiate archer," (as poetry has called a dull genius, that never shot an arrow in his life,) has brought down the tall men, and left him

standing, like an ungleaned stalk, in a harvested corn-field. He seems to have been the subject of a passover. I saw account of the burial of those slaughtered politicians. The hearses passed along, of Upshur, Gilmer, Kennon, Maxcy, and Gardner,—but the dead slave, who fell in company with them—on the deck of the Princeton, was not there. He was held their equal by the impartial gun-burst, but not allowed by the *bereaved* nation, a share in the funeral. The five chiefs were borne pompously to the grave, under palls attended by rival expectants of the places they filled before they fell, (not those they now fill) but the poor slave was left by the nation to find his way thither as he might,—or to tarry above ground. Out upon their funeral—and upon the paltry procession that went in its train. Why didn't they inquire for the body of the *other man* who fell on that deck! And why hasn't the nation inquired—and its press? I saw account of the scene, in a barbarian print called the Boston Atlas—and it was dumb on the absence of that body—as if no such man had fallen. Why, I demand in the name of human nature, was that sixth man of the game brought down by that great shot—left unburied and above ground?—for there is no account yet, that his body has been allowed the rites of sepulture. What *ailed* him, that he was not buried? Wasn't he dead? Wasn't he killed as dead as Upshur and Gilmer? And didn't the *same* explosion kill him? And won't his corse decay, like theirs? Don't it want burying as much? Did they throw it overboard from the deck of the steamer,—to feed the fishes? What have they done with it! Six men were slain by the bursting of that gun—and but five were borne along in that funeral train. Where have they left the sixth? Could they remember their miserable color-phobia, at an hour like this? Did the corses of those mangled and slaughtered secretaries revolt at the companionship of their fellow-slain, and demur at being seen going with him to the grave? If not, what ailed the black man, I ask again, who died on the deck of the steamer with Abel Upshur and Thomas Gilmer, that he couldn't be buried? Are they cannibals, at that government seat, and have they otherwise disposed of that corse? For what would not *they* do to a lifeless body—who would enslave

it, when alive? I will not entertain the hideous conjecture—though they *did enslave* him in his life-time. But they didn't. bury him, even as a slave. They didn't assign him a jim-crow place in that solemn procession, that he might follow, to wait upon his enslavers in the land of spirits. They have gone there without slaves, or waiters. Possibly John Tyler may have had a hole dug somewhere in the ground, to tumble in his emancipated slave. Possibly not. Nobody knows, probably—nobody cares. They mentioned his death among the statistics of that deck, and that is the last we hear of the slave. His tyrants and enslavers are borne to their long home, with pomp and circumstance, and their mangled clay honored and lamented by a pious people. The poor black man—they enslaved and imbruted him all his life-time, and now he is dead, they have, for aught appears, left him to decay and waste above ground. Let the civilized world take note of the circumstance.

FREE SPEECH.

[From the Liberty Chimes, September, 1845.]

How can we ask freedom for the plantation slave, if the abolitionist himself may not be trusted with liberty of speech! If the advocates of humanity are not competent to meet together, and *talk* about freedom, without first being fettered, how can wild-passioned men hope to live free amid the stern excitements of conflicting life!

It seems to me, abolitionists had better first ascertain, whether any degree of freedom is possible to themselves. Whether any liberty—the liberty of thought—is practicable to any of the race. Whether unfortunate humanity be not in fact, here on the earth, incapable of self-regulation, and only to be kept in a state of endurable servitude, by fear of the aggregated brute force of Community. We have gone manacled from our birth, and have got to thinking chains are natural to us—and that they were born with us. They were born with *us*—or we with them,—but we

better not have any more born so. We inherited fetters from our "fathers"—but we better not transmit them.

The right of speech—it is the right of rights—the paramount and paragon attribute of our kind. It is glorious among the brutes, when it is free. The roar of the lion—it is majestic and sublime in his native desert. Not so, when he *grunts* under the stir of the *poker*, in the menagerie. The scream of the eagle, in the sky—or on the crag, where he lives and has his home—how unlike his most base croak, when they withhold his allowance in the cage that you may hear him make a noise. The one is free speech, in "free meeting." The other, speech-making, under chairs, boards and business committees. How different the wild note of the fife-bird, in the top of the high pine, when the setting sun awakens her throat after the shower,—how different, from the chitter of the poor caged canary, in the pent-up street of the city. But illustration fails. The glory and beauty of freedom cannot be illustrated. It must be witnessed—experienced, and felt.

Speech is the only terror of tyrants. It is the thing they cannot control or encounter. Brute force has no tendency to match it. "Four hostile presses," said Bonaparte—the most formidable brute the modern world has seen—"are more to be dreaded, than a hundred thousand bayonets." So, he might have said, is *one* hostile press—if it is free. And if it is free, it will be hostile to tyranny. It is as hostile to "Boards," as it is to bayonets, and as formidable. It is "the king of terrors" to both. The Board has nothing to oppose to it, but the bayonet. The bayonet is the Board's argument,—and only argument. A Board without a bayonet, is a hornet without a sting—or a toothless hound. But it will try to worry and bark down free speech, if it cannot bite. And as the bayonet is the Board's only argument, so only Boards ever wield that ugly and hateful implement. Individuality never can hold or maintain it. The individual can resort only to the truth.

"Stop his mouth!" cries alarmed and exasperated tyranny. Stifle his outcry! Mankind will hear him! Shut him up, where he cannot be *heard!* Let his dungeon be deep and his walls

thick,—not so much to keep him, as to keep him from being *heard!* I must not hear him, myself. "It disturbs my tranquillity." Keep him *alone!*

It is the uttered word, that awakens the dead and that moves mankind. Words are the storm that "awakens its deep." Words revolutionize society and nations, and change human condition. They bring those "changes," the "fear" of which "perplexes monarchs." Monarchy builds its bastiles to imprison them. It erects them amid the silence of the people, and it is only Speech that can throw them down. The bastile of France, that fell at the outbreak of her dread revolution,—it was not artillery that prostrated its walls, but they were shaken down by the thunder and earthquake of the voice of the people, and had France known the power of that voice, she would have shaken down with it every throne in Europe. But she took the bayonet, and it failed. It failed even in the hand of Bonaparte, the strongest hand that ever grasped it to conquer the world. It failed, and France is again in chains. Kings build their bastiles again in their borders, for the imprisonment of the people, but they have to build them in a different style of architecture than the old Gothic, for fear the sight of that would awaken again the people's voice.

And Bonaparte himself, with a wall around him of half a million of bayonets, trembled at the slightest breath of free speech. The creature *sued* men for *libel* in the English Courts. At a time he was at war with her—when the proud island stood dismayed at his threatened descent upon her,—when he hovered with his dreadful Marshals on the edge of the British Channel, the English Common Pleas was resounding with the call of the Crier, to "*John Smith*, to come into Court and answer to the complaint of Napoleon Bonaparte, or his default would be recorded." The Emperor had no confidence at all in his terrible Marshals,—or the armies of Italy and of Egypt, so long as free speech could libel him with impunity in the coffee-houses of London. And did it strike any body as ludicrous, that Bonaparte should be scared at a *libel?* Not at all. His folly was, that he sought to defeat it by a lawsuit. Had he been a man. he would have sent

an article against the libeler, to the British press. He did not dare to. He was a tyrant—the truth was against him,—free speech was uttering it. It scared him, and he stupidly went to law. I forget whether he got the case!

To come nearer home, and to the fields of moral strife. Corporation is the same coward and tyrant-foe of free speech, in the chair—the board—the business committee, as in the camps and courts of kings: and free speech, the bane and terror of corporation in all its forms. Its motto and banner-words,—No Committees—nor commitment. No Boards, on which to lay humanity out, for a living burial. Association—but of associate individuals—whole individuals—unabated and undiluted. Concert of action—but of individual, personal action—where no combination can bring upon individual freedom, the wizard spell of the majority—where that monstrosity is not known—where unfelt and unacknowledged, is the influence of members and the authority of names—where are no great men—no leaders; that sends out its great truths, backed up by no external or extrinsic farce, to make their own way to the free and unawed heart of the people. This is the "anti-slavery society." The New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society is such. The humblest and poorest of anti-slavery bodies. Poor in every thing but its principles, its love of liberty and its fidelity to the cause of Humanity. In these it is rich. It proffers its hard right hand of working fellowship to the anti-slavery of the land, and especially to the field-tried and service-worn handful in little Rhode Island. It is "auxiliary" to all anti-slavery society,—subsidiary to none, as indeed no real anti-slavery body would claim of it subordination or homage.